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TOUR

IN

ENGLAND, IRELAND, AND FRANCE,

IN THE YEARS 1828 & 1829;

WITH REMARKS ON

THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE INHABITANTS,
AND ANECDOTES OF DISTINGUISHED
PUBLIC CHARACTERS.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.

Z.h.27

BY

A GERMAN PRINCE.

S6143

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

EFFINGHAM WILSON, ROYAL EXCHANGE.

1832.

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TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

The following work being the genuine expression of the thoughts and feelings excited by this country in the mind of a foreigner whose station, education, and intelligence seem to promise no common degree of aptitude for the difficult task of appreciating England, it has been thought worth while to give it to the English public. The Translator is perfectly aware that the author has been led, or has fallen, into some errors both of fact and inference. These he has not thought it expedient to correct. Every candid traveller will pronounce such errors inevitable; for from what class in any country is perfectly accurate and impartial information to be obtained? And in a country so divided by party and sectarian hostilities and prejudices as England, how must this

difficulty be increased! The book is therefore given unaltered; except that some few omissions have been made of facts and anecdotes, either familiar to us, though new to Germans, or trivial in themselves.

Opinions have been retained throughout, without the least attempt at change or colouring. That on some important subjects they are not those of the mass of Englishmen, will, it is presumed, astonish no reflecting man. They bear strong marks of that *individuality* which characterizes modes of thinking in Germany, where men are no more accustomed to claim the right of thinking for others, than to renounce that of thinking for themselves. This characteristic of the German mind stands in strong contrast to the sectarian division of opinion in England. The sentiments of the author are therefore to be regarded simply as his own, and not as a sample of those of any sect or class in Germany: still less are they proposed for adoption or imitation here. The opinion he pronounces on French and

German philosophy is, for example, by no means in accordance with the popular sentiment of his country.

The Letters, as will be seen from the Preface, were published as the work of a deceased person. They have excited great attention in Germany; and rumour has ascribed them to Prince Pückler-Muskau, a subject of Prussia, who is known to have travelled in England and Ireland about the period at which these Letters were written. He has even been mentioned as the author in the Berlin newspapers. As, however, he has not thought fit to accept the authorship, we have no right to fix it upon him; though the public voice of Germany has perhaps sufficiently established his claim to it. At all events, the Letters contain allusions to his rank, which fully justify us in inscribing them to *a German Prince*. They likewise furnish internal evidence of his being a man not only accustomed to the society of his equals, but conversant with the world under various aspects, and with literature and art:

of fertile imagination; of unfettered and intrepid understanding; and accustomed to consider every subject in a large, tolerant, and original manner.

The author of the '*Briefe eines Verstorbenen*,' be he who he may, has had the honour and happiness of drawing forth a critique from the pen of Göthe. None but those incapable of estimating the unapproachable literary merits of that illustrious man, will be surprised that the Translator should be desirous of giving the authority of so potential a voice to the book which it has been his difficult task to render into English.

The following extracts from Göthe's article in the *Berliner Jahrbuch* will do more to recommend the work than all that could be added here:—

"The writer appears a perfect and experienced man of the world, endowed with talents, and with a quick apprehension; formed by a varied social existence, by travel and extensive connections; likewise a thorough, liberal-minded German, versed in literature and art.

* * * * "He is also a good companion

even in not the best company, and yet without ever losing his own dignity. * * * * *

"Descriptions of natural scenery form the chief part of the Letters; but of these materials he avails himself with admirable skill. England, Wales, and especially Ireland, are drawn in a masterly manner. We can hardly believe but that he wrote the description with the object immediately before his eyes. As he carefully committed to paper the events of every day at its close, the impressions are most distinct and lively. His vivacity and quick sense of enjoyment enable him to depict the most monotonous scenery with perfect individual variety. It is only from his pictorial talent that the ruined abbeys and castles, the bare rocks and scarcely pervious moors of Ireland, become remarkable or endurable: —poverty and careless gaiety, opulence and absurdity, would repel us at every step. The hunting-parties, the drinking-bouts, which succeed each other in an unbroken series, are tolerable because he can tolerate them. We feel, as with a beloved travelling companion, that we cannot bear to leave him, even where the surrounding circumstances are least inviting; for he has the art of amusing and exhilarating himself and us. Before it sets, the sun once more breaks through the parted clouds, and gives to our astonished view an unexpected world of light and shadow, colour and contrast.

"His remarks on natural scenery, which he views with the eye of an artist, and his successive and

yet cursive description of his route, are truly admirable.

"After leading us as patient companions of his pilgrimage, he introduces us into distinguished society. He visits the famous O'Connell in his remote and scarcely accessible residence, and works out the picture which we had formed to ourselves from previous descriptions of this wonderful man. He next attends popular meetings, and hears speeches from O'Connell, Shiel, and other remarkable persons. He takes the interest of a man of humanity and sense in the great question which agitates Ireland; but has too clear an insight into all the complicated considerations it involves to be carried away by exaggerated hopes.

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"The great charm, however, which attaches us to his side, consists in the moral manifestations of his nature which run through the book; his clear understanding and simple natural manners render him highly interesting. We are agreeably affected by the sight of a right-minded and kind-hearted man, who describes with charming frankness the conflict between will and accomplishment.

"We represent him to ourselves as of dignified and prepossessing exterior. He knows how instantly to place himself on an equality with high and low, and to be welcome to all. That he excites the attention of women is natural enough,

—he attracts and is attracted; but his experience of the world enables him to terminate any little *affaires du cœur* without violence or indecorum.

"The journey was undertaken very recently, and brings us the latest intelligence from the countries which he viewed with an acute, clear, and comprehensive eye. He gradually affords us a clue to his own character. We see before us a finely constituted being, endowed with great capacity; born to great external advantages and felicities; but in whom a lively spirit of enterprise is not united to constancy and perseverance; whence he experiences frequent failure and disappointment. But this very defect gives him that peculiar genial aimlessness, which to the reader is the charm of his travels. * * * * * * *

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"His descriptions are equally good in the various regions for which talents of such different kinds are required. The wildest and the loveliest scenes of nature; buildings, and works of art; incidents of every kind; individual character and social groups,—are all treated with the same clear perception, the same easy unaffected grace. *

* * * * * * * * *

"The peculiarities of English manners and habits are drawn vividly and distinctly, and without exaggeration. We acquire a lively idea of that wonderful combination, that luxuriant growth, —of that insular life which is based in boundless wealth and civil freedom, in universal monotony

and manifold diversity; formal and capricious, active and torpid, energetic and dull, comfortable and tedious, the envy and the derision of the world.

"Like other unprejudiced travellers of modern times, our author is not very much enchanted with the English form of existence: his cordial and sincere admiration are often accompanied by unsparing censure. * * * * * *

* * * * * * * * * *

"He is by no means inclined to favour the faults and weaknesses of the English; and in these cases he has the greatest and best among them —those whose reputation is universal—on his side."—GÖTHE.

PREFACE OF THE EDITOR.

THE Letters which we now lay before the public have this peculiarity,—that, with very few and unimportant exceptions, they were actually written at the moment as they appear in these pages.

It may, therefore, easily be imagined that they were written without the most distant view to publicity. The writer, however, is now numbered with the departed. Many scruples are thus removed: and as his Letters contain not only many interesting details, but more especially internal evidence of a real individuality; as they are written with no less uncoloured freedom than perfect impartiality,—we thought that these elements are not so abundant in our literature as to render such a work a superfluity.

It was, I must confess, an infelicity which attended the deceased author during life, that he set about every thing in a manner different from that pursued by other men; from which cause few things succeeded with him. Many of his ac-

quaintances thought that he affected originality. In that they did him injustice. No man was ever more sincere and genuine in his singularities; none, perhaps, had less the appearance of being so. No man was more natural, in cases where everybody thought they saw design.

This untoward fate still, in a certain degree, pursues the appearance of his Letters. Various circumstances, which cannot be explained here, compel us, contrary to all usage, to begin with the last two volumes, which the public must accept as the first. Should these meet with approbation, we hope soon to be able to publish that *preceding sequel* which will be found no less independent than these. For the convenience of the reader, we have annexed a short table of contents, as well as occasional notes, *ad modum Minellii*; for which we beg pardon and indulgence.

B——, October 30, 1829.

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LETTERS

ON

ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

LETTER I.*

Cheltenham, July 12, 1828.

My dear Julia†,

I left London at two o'clock in the morning, very ill and out of spirits; in harmony with the weather, which was perfectly 'à l'Anglaise‡'. It blew a hurricane, and rained waterspouts. About eight o'clock, however, the sky cleared. I had

* In the original this letter is numbered XXV,—the cause of which may be seen in the Preface.

† This name is feigned, as we are not authorized to give the real one. We have also thought it expedient to disguise some initials and circumstances connected with family and social relations.—Editor's Note.

‡ The words or phrases distinguished by single inverted commas are such as occur in the original in any language other than German.—Translator's Note.

been lulled into a gentle slumber by the rapid and easy roll of the carriage; all nature shone with an emerald brightness, and a delicious fragrance poured in at the open windows from every field and flower; and your care-worn, melancholy friend was again, in a few moments, the light-hearted child rejoicing in the beautiful world, and in its mighty and merciful Creator. Travelling in England is, indeed, most delightful. Could I but witness your pleasure in it! Could I but feel my own doubled by your participation! It rained occasionally through the day, but I was little incommoded by this in a close carriage, and found the air mild and balmy. The former part of the country through which our road lay, teemed with all the luxuriant vegetation of the most beautiful park; the next presented boundless corn-fields without hedges, which is a rarity in England; and the last nearly resembled the rich plains of Lombardy. I passed many large parks, which, however, weather being uncertain, and time limited, I left unvisited. It is not easy, after my long park and garden chase through half England, to find any thing new of this kind. In Cirencester I visited a beautiful gothic church of great antiquity, with windows of coloured glass in pretty good preservation, and curious grotesque carvings. It is a

grievous pity that the gothic churches in England, without exception, are defaced by tasteless modern gravestones and monuments.

Late in the evening I reached Cheltenham, an extremely pretty watering-place, of an elegance nowhere to be found on the continent. Even the splendid gas-lights and the new villa-looking houses, each surrounded by its little flower-garden, put the mind into a cheerful and agreeable tone. I arrived, too, just in the hour when the contest between the light of day and the artificial illumination produces a peculiar and, to me, pleasing effect. As I entered the inn, which I might almost call magnificent, and ascended the snow-white stone staircase, ornamented with a gilt bronze railing, and trod on fresh and brilliant carpets, lighted by two servants to my room, I gave myself up, 'con amore,' to the feeling of 'comfort' which can be found in perfection nowhere but in England. In this point of view, it is a country completely made for a misanthrope like myself;—since all that is unconnected with social life, all that a man can procure *with money*, is excellent and perfect in its kind; and he may enjoy it isolated, without any other human being troubling himself about him.

A larger mass of varied and manifold enjoyments may certainly be found in England than

it is possible to procure with us. Not in vain have wise institutions long prevailed here. What especially soothes and gladdens the philanthropist is the spectacle of the superior comfort and more elevated condition in the scale of existence, universally prevailing. What with us are called luxuries, are here looked upon as necessaries, and are diffused over all classes. Hence arise, even in the smallest and most ordinary details, an endeavour after elegance, an elaborate finish and neatness; in a word, a successful combination of the beautiful with the useful, which is entirely unknown to our lower classes.

The distress, in truth, consisted in this; that the people, instead of having three or four meals a day, with tea, cold meat, bread and butter, beefsteaks or roast meat, were now obliged to content themselves with two, consisting only of meat and potatoes. It was, however, just harvest-time, and the want of labourers in the fields so great, that the farmers gave almost any wages. Nevertheless, I was assured that the mechanics would rather destroy all the machinery and actually starve, than bring themselves to take a sickle in their hands, or bind a sheaf: so intractable and obstinate are the English common people rendered by their universal comfort, and the certainty of obtaining

employment if they vigorously seek it. From what I have now told you, you may imagine what deductions you ought to make from newspaper articles.

July 13th.

This morning I visited some of the public walks, which fell short of my expectations; and drank the waters, which have some resemblance to those of Carlsbad. I found them very heating. The doctors here say, as ours do, that they must be drunk early in the morning, or they lose a great part of their efficacy. The joke is, however, that here, *early* begins exactly where it ends with us, namely, at ten o'clock.

The weather is unfortunately not favourable; cold and stormy, after a continuance of heat pretty long for England. For travelling, however, it is not bad; at least I find myself in far better spirits than in London, and am in great delight at the anticipation of the beautiful scenery of Wales, towards which I am now bending my course.

I entreat you to be with me, at least in thought, and let our spirits journey together over sea and land, look down from the summits of mountains and enjoy the sweet repose of valleys: for I doubt not that spirits, in forms as infinitely various as infinity itself is boundless, rejoice, throughout all worlds, in the beauty of God's magnificent creation.

I will first lead you to the seven sources of the Thames, which arises two or three miles from Cheltenham. I set out on this excursion in 'a Fly' (a kind of small landau, drawn by one horse), on the top of which I sat, that I might enjoy the beautiful prospect from the highest station.

After a long ascent, you come to some solitary grassy hills; on the top of these, under the shade of two or three alders, is a little group of plashy springs, which trickle away, forming, as far as the eye can follow them, an insignificant brook. Such is the modest infancy of the proud Thames. I felt a tide of poetry come over my mind, as I thought, how, but a few hours ago, and but a few miles hence, I had seen these same waters covered with a thousand vessels; how this glorious stream, in its short course, bears on its bosom more ships, more treasures, and more human beings, than any of its colossal brethren; how the capital of the world lies on its banks, and by her omnipotent commerce may be almost said to rule the four quarters of the globe. With reverential admiration I looked down on the gushing drops, and compared them, one while with Napoleon, who, obscurely born in Ajaccio, in a few years made all the thrones of the earth tremble;—then with the avalanche, which, loosened from its bed under the foot of a sparrow, in

five minutes buries a village;—then with Rothschild, whose father sold ribbons, and without whose assistance no power in Europe seems now able to carry on war.*

My driver, who was at the same time an accredited Cheltenham cicerone, took me from this spot to a high hill called Lackington Hill, from which there is a celebrated view, with the appendage of a pleasant inn for the accommodation of visitors. Hidden under a bower of roses* my eye commanded an extent of seventy English miles;—a rich plain studded with towns and villages, among which the cathedral of Gloucester is the most striking and stately object. Behind it rose two ridges, the Malvern Hills and above them the Welsh mountains. Beautiful as was all around me, the distant blue mountains, bathed in air, awoke in me only an intense longing after home. How gladly should I have flown to your side with the aid of Fortunatus's cap!

Up to this time black clouds had chased each other across the heavens; just as I turned away from the prospect the sun provokingly broke forth: it lighted me through a beautiful beech-wood to the charming seat of Mr. Todd, who has built a

* It is one of the greatest beauties of English landscape, that during the whole winter almost every house is adorned with the luxuriant blossoms and garlands of the monthly rose.

smiling village in the midst of the leafy shade, consisting of straw-roofed cottages and pretty moss houses. In the centre of a green level turf stands a noble lime-tree, surrounded by three tiers of benches for as many generations. Not far distant, on the withered trunk of a tree, is a sun-dial, and on the edge of the hill overlooking the valley, a rural seat, sheltered by a little arched roof covered with heather, and its sides tastefully interwoven with roots. On holidays it is often covered with evergreens and flowers, and lighted at evening with gay lamps. In the neighbouring park, which has many distinguishing beauties, are the ruins of a Roman villa: they were accidentally discovered about eight years ago by the sudden sinking in of a tree. Some baths are still in good preservation, as are also two tessellated floors; they are however of rather coarse workmanship, and bear no comparison with those discovered at Pompeii. The walls are in part covered with red and blue stucco, two inches thick, and the brick pipes for conveying heat are of a quality and durability now unequalled. About three quarters of a mile further on, the Roman road is distinctly to be traced, and a portion of it is indeed in actual use: it is to be distinguished from the English road chiefly by its running, like a north-German 'chaussée,' in a

perfectly straight line. It is to be hoped, however, that the taste of the Romans was too good to allow them to inclose their roads between two endless rows of Lombardy poplars, and thus inflict a two-fold torture of monotony on the unfortunate traveller. How different from an English road, which winds around the hills in soft and graceful sweeps, avoiding deep valleys or reverend trees, instead of following the one inveterate idea of a straight line, at a sixfold cost, through thick and thin, over hill and valley.

On my return to Cheltenham, I passed through a large village, where I visited for the first time what is here called a tea-garden. The ingenuity with which a small space is made to contain a hundred little niches, benches, and picturesque, nay, often romantic seats, is quite extraordinary, and forms a curious contrast with the phlegm of the gaily dressed multitude who rather garnish than animate the scene.

As it was rather early when I reached the town, I took advantage of the beautiful evening to visit more of the mineral waters, and I found that in the morning I had stumbled on the least important. These establishments are extremely splendid, ornamented with marble decorations, and still more with flowers, green-houses and pretty plantations.

As soon as a thing is the fashion in England it becomes the subject of enormous speculation. This is to such a degree the case here, that the value of an acre of land in the neighbourhood of the town has risen within fifteen years from forty to a thousand guineas. The gardens and grounds which are destined to be places of public resort and amusement, are here, and I think rightly, laid out in a totally different style from the gardens and parks of private gentlemen. Broad and shady walks, and distinct open spaces, are rather to be aimed at, than picturesque views or a large and landscape-like whole. Their manner of planting shady walks pleases me. A strip of ground about five feet wide, on each side the way, is dug and thickly planted with a mixture of various trees and shrubs. The most flourishing trees are afterwards left to grow, and the others are kept down by the shears as irregular underwood. Between this and the top of the high trees the prospect is as it were set in a beautiful frame; the whole is fuller and more luxuriant; and wherever the country is uninteresting, it may be shut out by merely suffering the underwood to grow.

Worcester, July 14th.

Yesterday, 'entre la poire et le fromage,' I received the twice-declined visit of the master of the

ceremonies,—the gentleman who does the honour of the baths, and exercises a considerable authority over the company of an English watering-place, in virtue of which he welcomes strangers with most anti-English officiousness and pomposity, and manifests great care and zeal for their entertainment. An Englishman invested with such a character has *mauvais jeu*, and vividly recalls the ass in the fable, who tried to imitate the caresses of the lapdog. I could not get rid of my visitor till he had swallowed some bottles of claret with me, and devoured all the dessert the house afforded. At length he took his leave, first extorting from me a promise that I would honour the ball of the following evening with my presence. However, I had so little inclination for company and new acquaintances, that I made 'faux bond,' and left Cheltenham early in the morning.

The country continued most lovely, the near ground full of soft meadows and deep green clumps of trees; the horizon bounded by the mountains, which at every mile grew in magnitude and distinctness of outline. At almost every stage I passed a considerable town, which was never without its towering gothic church. The situation of Tewksbury struck me as peculiarly delightful. Nothing can be more tranquil, more pastoral; and yet all

these blooming plains were bloody battle-fields in the times of the countless civil wars of England, whence they retain the names, now so inappropriate, of Bloody Field, Field of Bones, &c.

Worcester, where I am now writing, the chief city of the county, has nothing remarkable except its magnificent cathedral; the windows contain but small remains of ancient painted glass: to these new has been added, which is very little inferior either in softness or brilliancy to the old. In the middle of the nave King John is buried: his effigy in stone reposes on the tomb; the oldest monument of an English king which Great Britain contains. The tomb was opened some years ago, when the skeleton was found in good preservation, and in precisely the same dress as that represented in the statue: as soon as it came in contact with the air, the materials of which it was composed crumbled into dust; the sword was entirely consumed by rust, and only its handle remained.

Another very interesting monument is that of a Templar, of the year 1220, with this Norman inscription: "Ici gist syr guilleaume de harcourt fys robert de harcourt, et de Isabel de camvile." The figure of the knight (whose costume, by-the-by, is totally different from that of Count Brühl's

Templar at Berlin*) is an admirable piece of sculpture, and reposes with an ease and 'abandon' which would do no discredit to antique art: his dress consists of boots or stockings (whichever you choose to call them) of mail, and golden spurs; the knee is naked; above the knee is again covered with mail, which so completely incloses the whole body, and even the head, that only the face is visible. Over this shirt of mail is a long red mantle, falling in folds below the calf; and over this a black baldrick, from which hangs a sword in a red scabbard: the left arm supports a narrow pointed shield bearing the family arms, and not the cross of the Temple. This is found only on the tomb. The whole figure is, as you perceive, painted, and the colours are from time to time renewed.

As the greatest of all curiosities, strangers are shown Prince Arthur's tomb, the intricate stone tracery of which is really like the most exquisite carvings in wood or ivory. On one side of the chapel are fine rows of small figures, one above another. The order is as follows: on the lowest row the abbesses; above them bishops; above them kings; then saints; and at the top of all,

* Count Brühl is Inspector of Theatres at Berlin, and in virtue of that office exercises *surveillance* over the costumes, on the correctness of which he piques himself.—TRANSL.

angels. 'Quant à moi, qui ne suis encore ni saint, ni ange, souffrez que je vous quitte pour mon diner.'

Llangollen, July 15th.

If I had the honour to be the wandering Jew (who of course must have money *ad libitum*), I should most certainly spend the greatest part of my immortality on the high road, and specially in England. 'Tis so delightful' for a man of my opinions and character. In the first place, no human being troubles or constrains me. Wherever I pay well, I am the first person (always an agreeable feeling for the lordly sons of men), and meet with none but smiling faces and obliging people, full of zeal to serve me. Continued motion, without fatigue, keeps the body in health, and the rapidly succeeding changes in beautiful, free nature have the same strengthening influence on the mind. I must confess that I am partly of Dr. Johnson's opinion:—he maintained that the greatest human felicity was to drive rapidly over an English road in a good postchaise, with a pretty woman by one's side.

It is one of the most agreeable sensations in the world to me to roll along in a comfortable carriage, and to stretch myself out at my ease while my eye feasts on the ever-changing pictures, like those of

a magic lantern. As they pass, they awaken fancies serious and gay, tragic and comic; and I find an intense pleasure in filling up the sketches thus presented to my eye. What strange fantastic shapes often start up with the rapidity of lightning, and flit before my mind like figures in the clouds. Then if my fancy droops her wings, I read and sleep in my carriage. I am little troubled with my baggage, which from long practice is so well arranged that I can get at every thing I want in a moment, without tormenting my servants. Sometimes, when the weather is fine and the country beautiful, I walk for miles together; in short, I can desire no more perfect freedom than I enjoy here. Lastly, it is no slight pleasure that I can close the day by devoting a tranquil hour to conversing with the friend of my heart on all that has passed before me.

But to return to my narrative.—I travelled all night, after witnessing an extraordinary sport of nature in the clouds. From the top of a hill I saw what appeared to me a gigantic range of black mountains, and at its foot a boundless lake: it was long before I could persuade myself that it was only an illusion, created by mist and cloud. The sky above was of an uniform light gray; upon it lay a coal-black mass of clouds thrown together in the

form of the wildest mountains, the upper edge of which shaped itself into a bold and abrupt outline, while the lower was trans-sected by a horizontal line of mist. This wore the appearance of a boundless extent of silvery water; and, as the green foreground of sunny wooded plains which lay beneath my feet was immediately bounded by it, the illusion was indeed complete. As I descended the hill, step by step, the magic picture faded from before my eyes.

The most beautiful reality, however, awaited me this morning in Wales. The vision of clouds seemed to have been the harbinger of the magnificence of the vale of Llangollen,—a spot which, in my opinion, far surpasses all the beauties of the Rhine-land, and has, moreover, a character quite its own, from the unusual forms of the peaked tops and rugged declivities of its mountains. The Dee, a rapid stream, winds through the green valley in a thousand fantastic bendings overhung with thick underwood. On each side, high mountains rise abruptly from the plain, and are crowned with antique ruins, modern country-houses, manufactories, whose towering chimneys send out columns of thick smoke, or with grotesque groups of upright rocks. The vegetation is everywhere rich, and hill and vale are

filled with lofty trees, whose varied hues add so infinitely to the beauty and picturesque effect of a landscape. In the midst of this luxuriant nature, arises, with a grandeur heightened by contrast, a single long, black, bare range of mountains, clothed only with thick, dark heather, and from time to time skirting the high road. This magnificent road, which from London to Holyhead, a distance of two hundred miles*, is as even as a 'parquet,' here runs along the side of the left range of mountains, at about their middle elevation and following all their windings; so that in riding along at a brisk trot or gallop, the traveller is presented at every minute with a completely new prospect; and without changing his position, overlooks the valley now before him, now behind, now at his side. On one side is an aqueduct of twenty-five slender arches, a work which would have done honour to Rome. Through this a second river is led over the valley and across the Dee, at an elevation of a hundred and twenty feet above the bed of the natural stream. A few miles further on, the little town of Llangollen offers a delightful resting-place, and is deservedly much resorted to.

* Where the contrary is not specified, the reader will always understand English miles, four and a half of which go to a German mile.—EDITOR.

There is a beautiful view from the churchyard near the inn: here I climbed upon a tomb, and stood for half an hour enjoying with deep and grateful delight the beauties so richly spread before me. Immediately below me bloomed a terraced garden, filled with vine, honey-suckle, rose, and a hundred gay flowers, which descended to the very edge of the foaming stream. On the right hand, my eye followed the crisped waves in their restless murmuring course through the overhanging thicket; before me rose two lines of wood, divided by a strip of meadow-land filled with grazing cattle; and high above all, rose the bare conical peak of a mountain crowned by the ruins of the old Welsh castle Dinas Bran, or the Crow's Fortress. On the left, the stone houses of the town lie scattered along the valley; the river forms a considerable waterfall near the picturesque bridge, while three colossal rocks rise immediately behind it like giant guards, and shut out all the more distant wonders of this enchanting region.

Permit me now to turn to some less refined and romantic, but not less real, enjoyments of sense—to my own room; where my appetite, enormously sharpened by the mountain air, was most agreeably invited by the aspect of the smoking coffee, fresh Guinea-fowls' eggs, deep yellow mountain butter,

thick cream, 'toasted muffins' (a delicate sort of cake eaten hot with butter), and lastly, two red spotted trout just caught; all placed on a snow-white table-cloth of Irish damask;—a breakfast which Walter Scott's heroes in 'the highlands' might have been thankful to receive at the hands of that great painter of human necessities. 'Je dévore déjà un œuf.'—Adieu.

Bangor.—Evening.

The rain, which with short intervals accompanied me from London, remained constant to me today; but the weather seems now inclined to change for the better. I have all sorts of things to tell you, and a very interesting day to recount. Before I left Llangollen I recollected the two celebrated ladies who have inhabited this valley for more than half a century, and of whom I had heard once as a child, and again recently in London. You have doubtless heard your father talk of them,—'si non voilà leur histoire.' Fifty-six years ago, two young, pretty and fashionable ladies, Lady Eleanor Butler, and the daughter of the late Lord Ponsonby, took it in their heads to hate men, to love only each other, and to live from that hour in some remote hermitage. The resolution was immediately executed; and from that time neither lady has ever passed a night out of their

cottage. On the other hand, no one who is presentable travels in Wales unprovided with an introduction to them. It is affirmed that the 'scandal' of the great world interests them as much as when they lived in it; and that their curiosity to know what passes has preserved all its freshness. I had compliments to deliver to them from several ladies, but I had neglected to furnish myself with a letter. I therefore sent my card, determined if they declined my visit, as I was led to fear, to storm the cottage. Here, as elsewhere, however, in England, a title easily opened the door, and I immediately received a gracious invitation to a second breakfast. Passing along a charming road, through a trim and pretty pleasure-ground, in a quarter of an hour I reached a small but tasteful gothic cottage, situated directly opposite to Dinas Bran, various glimpses of which were visible through openings cut in the trees. I alighted, and was received at the door by the two ladies. Fortunately I was already prepared by hearsay for their peculiarities; I might otherwise have found it difficult to repress some expression of astonishment. Imagine two ladies, the eldest of whom, Lady Eleanor, a short robust woman, begins to feel her years a little, being now eighty-three; the other, a tall and imposing person,

esteems herself still youthful, being only seventy-four. Both wore their still abundant hair combed straight back and powdered, a round man's hat, a man's cravat and waistcoat, but in the place of 'inexpressibles*,' a short petticoat and boots: the whole covered by a coat of blue cloth, of a cut quite peculiar,—a sort of *middle* term between a man's coat and a lady's riding-habit. Over this, Lady Eleanor wore, first, the grand cordon of the order of St. Louis across her shoulder; secondly, the same order around her neck; thirdly, the small cross of the same in her button-hole, and, 'pour comble de gloire,' a golden lily of nearly the natural size, as a star,—all, as she said, presents of the Bourbon family. So far the whole effect was somewhat ludicrous. But *now*, you must imagine both ladies with that agreeable 'aisance,' that air of the world of the 'ancien regime,' courteous and entertaining, without the slightest affectation; speaking French as well as any Englishwoman of my acquaintance; and above all, with that essentially polite, unconstrained, and simply cheerful manner of the good society of that day, which,

* *Inexpressibles* is the name which this article of dress has received in England, where "in good society" a woman sometimes leaves her husband and children and runs off with her lover, but is always too decorous to be able to endure the sound of the word *breeches*.—EDITOR.

in our serious hard-working age of business, appears to be going to utter decay. I was really affected with a melancholy sort of pleasure in contemplating it in the persons of the amiable old ladies, who are among the last of its living representatives; nor could I witness without lively sympathy the uninterrupted, natural and affectionate attention with which the younger treated her somewhat infirmer friend, and anticipated all her wants. The charm of such actions lies chiefly in the manner in which they are performed,—in things which appear small and insignificant, but which are never lost upon a susceptible heart.

I began by saying that I esteemed myself fortunate in being permitted to deliver to the fair recluses the compliments with which I was charged by my grandfather, who had had the honour of visiting them fifty years ago. Their beauty indeed they had lost, but not their memory: they remembered the C— C— very well, immediately produced an old memorial of him, and only expressed their wonder that so young a man was dead already. Not only the venerable ladies, but their house, was full of interest; indeed it contained some real treasures. There is scarcely a remarkable person of the last half century who has not sent them a portrait or some curiosity or antique

as a token of remembrance. The collection of these, a well furnished library, a delightful situation, an equable, tranquil life, and perfect friendship and union,—these have been their possessions; and if we may judge by their robust old age and their cheerful temper, they have not chosen amiss.

I had made my visit to them in a tremendous rain, which continued undiminished as I proceeded on my journey past the ruins of an abbey, and then by the palace of Owen Glendower, a personage whom you must remember from my Shakspearian readings at M——. The variety of the scenery is extraordinary; sometimes you are hemmed in by a chaotic heap of mountains, of every form; in a few minutes you have so extensive a view before you that you could almost believe yourself in a level country: the scene shifts again, and you are in a road inclosed and overshadowed by wood. Further on, the stream turns a peaceful mill, and immediately after rushes foaming over masses of rock, and forms a magnificent waterfall.

But the vale of Llangollen is only the proem to the true epopea, the high mountain district. After quitting the waterfall and riding for about half an hour through a nearly level country, all at once, a little beyond the inn at Cernioge Maur, you

enter the holy of holies. Huge black rocks form a sublime amphitheatre, and their jagged and rent peaks seem to float in the clouds. Below, at a depth of eight hundred feet of perpendicular rock, the mountain torrent forces its difficult way, leaping headlong from chasm to chasm. Before me lay mountains rising one above another in endless perspective. I was so enchanted that I exclaimed aloud with delight. And in the midst of such scenery, it is impossible to say enough in praise of the road, which, avoiding every great inequality of surface, allows the traveller to enjoy at his ease all the 'belles horreurs' of this mountain region. Wherever it is not protected by the rocks, it is fenced by low walls; at equal distances are niches neatly walled in, in which are deposited the stones for mending the roads: this has a much better effect than the open heaps by the sides of our roads.

The mountain region of Wales has a very peculiar character, which it is difficult to compare with any other. Its height is about that of the Riesengebirg, but it is infinitely grander in form, richer in striking and picturesquely grouped peaks. The vegetation is more varied in plants, though there is less wood, and it contains rivers and lakes, in which the Riesengebirg is quite deficient. On the other hand, it wants the majestic, imper-

vious forests of the abode of Rübezahl*; and in some places cultivation has already occupied the middle ground in a manner which would harmonize better with the beautiful than with the sublime. The road from Capel Cerig to within a few miles of Bangor is, however, wild and rugged as can be desired; and broad masses of red and yellow heath flowers, ferns and other plants which do not bloom in our severe climate, clothe the rocks and replace the trees which do not flourish at such an elevation. But the most striking variety of the picture is produced by the strange, wild and colossal forms of the mountains themselves: some of them are much more like clouds than solid masses. The peak of Trivaen is surmounted by such extraordinary basaltic pillars, that travellers can hardly be persuaded they are not men: they are only mountain spirits keeping the everlasting station to which Merlin condemned them.

I was struck with the good taste which had rendered all the houses along the high-road so perfectly in keeping with the scenery: they are built of rough stone of a reddish colour, roofed with slate, in a heavy, simple style of architecture, and inclosed by iron gates, the gratings of which are so disposed as to represent the intersecting

* A mountain spirit. See Musäus's Popular Tales.—Trans.

rays of two suns. The post-boy pointed out to me the remains of a Druidical castle, into which, as my guide-book informed me, Caractacus retired after his defeat at Caer Caredoc. The Welsh language sounds like the cawing of rooks. Almost all their names begin with C, pronounced with a guttural explosion which no foreign organs can imitate. The ruin is converted into two or three inhabited huts, nor are the boundaries of the original building even distinguishable.

A more remarkable object is a rock a little further on, in the form of a bishop with crozier and mitre, as if he had just started from the caverns of the mountain to preach Christianity to the heathen. Whence comes it that when Nature plays these sportive tricks, the effect is almost always sublime; when Art seeks to imitate them, it is invariably ludicrous?

A minor 'tormento' in this region is the multitude of children, who start up and vanish like gnomes: they pursue the carriage, begging with inconceivable pertinacity. Wearied by their importunity, I had made a positive determination not to give anything to anybody; a single deviation from which rule insures your never being rid of them for a moment. However, one little girl vanquished all my resolutions by her perseverance: she ran at least a German mile, up hill and down dale, at a

brisk trot, sometimes gaining upon me a little by a foot-path, but never losing sight of me for a minute. She ran by the side of the carriage, uttering the same incessant tone of plaintive lamentation, like the cry of a sea-mew, which at length became so intolerable to me that I surrendered, and purchased my deliverance from my untireable pursuer at the price of a shilling. The ill-boding tone had however taken such possession of my ear, that I could not get rid of it for the whole day.

August 16th.

I have slept admirably, and am now sitting at the window of an inn on the sea-shore, and enjoying the sight of the ships cutting the transparent waters in every direction. On the landward rises a castle built of black marble, surrounded by ancient oaks.

As I am very comfortably housed, I shall make this inn my head-quarters, and begin my excursions by this castle. I found here, very unexpectedly, an amusing countryman. You know the clever A——, who is so thin, and yet exhibits such magnificent calves, so elegantly dressed, and yet so frugal, so good-natured, and yet so sarcastic, so English, and yet so German. Well, this same A—— ate a second breakfast with me, without any

visible diminution of appetite from the former one; and, in return, regaled me with the most diverting conversation. He came from S——, concerning which he told me as follows.

JEST AND EARNEST.

You know, my dear friend, that in Vienna, every man who can eat a roast fowl, and (N. B.) pay for it, receives the title of *Euer Gnaden* (Your Grace). In S——*, on the other hand, every man who has a whole coat is called, *in dubio*, *Herr Rath* (Counsellor); or still better, *Herr Geheimer Rath* (Privy Counsellor). They do not trouble themselves with the distinctions between an actual and a nominal *Rath*, a half, (that is a pensioned,) or a whole, (that is a full-payed,) and a payless *Rath*, a titular nullity. The attributes and functions of this mysterious Counsellorship are wonderfully various. In the first place comes the invalid statesman in the *Residenz*, who, from respect for his declining years, and as a reward for living over half a century, has been invested with the yellow griffin; or a provincial chief president, more remarkable for his prepossessions in his own behalf than for his public labours, whom his services on occasion of the visit of some foreign sovereign have

* By S——, the author apparently means Berlin.—TRANS.

raised to honours and to orders. Here we find the vigorous prop of the finances, or that 'rara avis,' a man of influence near the throne, yet as full of modesty as of merit: there a vegetating *Excellenz*, who knows no other occupation than that of going from house to house dishing up antiquated jokes and *jeux de mots*, which for half a century have enjoyed the uninterrupted privilege of delighting 'la crême de la bonne société' in the capital. Next we see it in the person of one who is equally delightful as man and as poet, and who has never trodden any but the straight forward path. A little further we recognize it in the form of a less brilliant but more comprehensive genius, which, although consecrated to Themis, has an acute eye for the glories of the theatrical, as well as the celestial stars. This Proteus then transforms itself into a *Cameralist*, celebrated for his breed of sheep and his political economy, who manures his fields;—then into a physician, who performs a similar good office on the churchyard. It is also to be found in the invincible *Landwehr*; nay even the post*, the lottery, &c., cannot exist

* In every nation the post ought to be extra-post. Many people indeed regret that the greater part of the State-machine is not driven by it. This might give it a jog, and put an end to the halt which it has made for half a century.—Editor.

without it. The court-philosopher, and court-theologian, all shake hands as *Geheime Räthe;* for so they are, have been, or shall be hereafter: in short, no nation under the sun is more richly provided with counsel, and truly of the most privy kind; for such is the modesty of these countless counsellors, that many of them keep their talents buried in the most profound secrecy.

It is, however, a real pleasure to see with what unconstrained and touching 'bonhommie' they bandy titles and compliments, every one exalting the other, and awaiting in return a grateful reciprocity of good offices.

The various adjuncts and applications of the poor word *geboren* (born) must doubtless for ever remain a mystical enigma to all foreigners who endeavour to acquire the German language. Without plunging deeper into this labyrinth, I will only mention for their information, that with us the meanest beggar will no longer condescend to be merely *geboren;* that *Edelgeboren* * (nobly born) begins to be a sensible affront to the lower order of official persons; and *Wohlgeboren* (well born) no less so to the higher, but not noble

* The English reader must be told, what to him will sound strangely enough, that "Wohlgeboren" is a higher title than "Edelgeboren."—TRANSLATOR.

functionaries. For my part, I am very careful to write to my tailor, "*Hochwohlgeborner Herr*" (High-well-born Sir). He was moreover a very distinguished man, a descendant of our old friend Robinson Crusoe, who has attained to historic importance by the daring and inimitable cut of uniforms: he was therefore deserving, at the least, of an order of merit*.

That no restraint may be imposed on this arbitrary distribution and assumption of titles, matters are so favourably arranged, that with all this avidity for rank, there exists no real and fixed order of rank, either determined by the court, or by birth, or grounded on opinion and custom, so general and rooted in the nation as to have nearly the force of law. Sometimes it is birth, oftener place; sometimes merit, sometimes favour, sometimes irresistible impudence which seizes precedence wherever accident or circumstances offer it. This gives occasion to many strange anomalies, which an old nobleman like myself, a Baron von Tunderdenronk, "qui ne sauroit compter le nombre de ses

* I am acquainted with other qualities of this 'artiste,' which would do honour to many of the 'industriel' noblemen of our time. For instance, he sends in his bill only once in five years, and is the most magnanimous of creditors. 'Avis aux lecteurs.'

ânes," as general P—— said, cannot understand. Complaints, affronts, and anxieties are therefore endless in society. There is only a certain lively and excellent old lady, who has the sole and proper art of maintaining the first place almost everywhere, and under all circumstances. She unites great talents with remarkable bodily strength and bravery; and by means of these mingled advantages, sometimes by wit, sometimes by unimaginable rudeness; sometimes, when nothing else will do, by a hearty push, she takes and maintains precedency at court and on all gala occasions. I know from good authority that Countess Kackelack, at one of our courts (for you know we have many,) felt herself slighted and aggrieved by a certain court party, and by the advice of her friend the Starost von Pückling addressed a petition directly to our upright and equitable ruler, praying that her place might be officially determined. It was allotted immediately after that of the Princess Bona, who (for once, on account of the services of her late husband,) is in possession of the first. The Grand-Marshal (*Grosswürdenträger*, Grand-dignity-bearer) Prince Weise, brought her the order, and added, "But, my dear Countess, you must yield precedence to Baroness Stolz, for with your slender person what can you do against her? A single blow

from her elbow lames you for ever. Do therefore let her go first; for you know even the police is afraid of her since the famous challenge she put forth some years ago."

Every thing must yield to force; and this shows how difficult it is to secure precedence to mere merit without universal and declared rules:—merit is so relative. If a minister or a general is a great man,—who can deny that the best of cooks, the loveliest of opera-dancers, has great merit? merit which, as history teaches us, monarchs and states have recognized and honoured.

In England, where antiquity of title gives precedence (be it remarked, by-the-by, the safest and best adapted to a monarchy *), the great Field Marshal and Prime Minister Wellington must yield precedence to the little Duke of St. Albans, (who is known, indeed, but not very illustrious,) because the latter is an older Duke; that is to say, the services of his progenitress Nell Gwynn, an actress and mistress of Charles II., are of more ancient date than those of the Duke of Wellington,

* N.B. When the nobility is fitly constituted; that is to say, when it is a true national nobility, such as England in part possesses, or such as Grävell well describes in his "Regent."—EDITOR.

and consequently entitle her descendant to all the rights of precedence over the great general.

In our capital it is otherwise. We are generally too well accustomed to bad eating to estimate very highly the merits of a good cook, and are of late universally become so virtuous that nobody has a mistress. As to rewarding merit, that is a thing which does not often come under contemplation*.

What really and mainly gives rank and consideration here, is *to be a servant* of the state or of the court, 'n'importe lequel et comment.' "Beati possidentes." The good old German proverb applies here, "When God gives a place, he gives brains to fill it." The Bureaucracy has taken the place of the Aristocracy, and will perhaps soon become equally hereditary. Even now the Government itself cannot dismiss any of its 'employés' without regular trial and judgement: every

* My departed friend doubtless means to apply this to a certain class of functionaries, who, for good reasons, love nothing so well as mediocrity; for if I guess the scene aright, nowhere is merit more nobly honoured in the highest places. Of this the whole nation recently saw a most gratifying example in the affectionate respect paid to a revered statesmen, whose merits are as exalted as his station. If there is a man who doubts of the former, it can be no other than himself.—EDITOR.

man regards his place as his most stable property, and it is not to be wondered at that place-holders laud this state of things to the skies. Strange, that nevertheless all states which have a free constitution,—all, in which it is a recognized principle that the nation, and not any privileged class—not even that of its official servants—is the main object,—follow a totally opposite system *.

The middle classes are, in another way, happy in their disregarded state: they enjoy their competence 'con amore,' and, as the salt of life, they indulge themselves now and then with a lawsuit, for which the ministers of justice afford them every possible facility. The merchant, whether Christian or præ-Christian, finds his account in this, and, if he knows how to come at it, useful patronage. Indeed to have a great deal of money is almost as good as to be a *wirklicher Geheimerath* (actual

* If I were not certain that my friend wrote this passage in the year 1827, I should take it to be a reminiscence of President Jackson's first speech. The President proposes that all the public officers of the United States (with very few exceptions) be changed every fifth year. "Eheu jam satis!" What would our *Regierungs Räthe* (Government counsellors) say to such a scheme? Entire general commissions broken up, in the fullest sense of the word, at a blow! For who knows whether, at the end of five years, they would be thought worth the money they cost, and renewed at all?—EDITOR.

privy counsellor)*; and rich bankers, who keep a good house, are reckoned among the privileged classes, and not unfrequently for these high deserts elevated to nobility.

In this manner, all manage to get something; the unfortunate nobles, especially those of ancient date, are the only people with whom it goes hard. Without money, without any land of which he has the free disposal, his titles affording an example of infinite multiplication, and his hereditary estates of infinite division, without any share in the legislation, long stripped of his ancient endowments and benefices †, unnecessarily and unfairly annoyed by the authorities, his ill-supported claims often bringing upon him not only ridicule and con-

* Privy counsellors who have any functions, are distinguished from those who have none by the addition to their title of *wirklicher* (real, actual).—TRANSL.

† The intention of this law was noble and liberal, though it cut the knot rather roughly. But how has it been executed? A book might be written, *ought* to be written, on this subject. The execution of this business is precisely in the style of a certain Herr von Wanze, who, in the disguise of a farmer, taught the opulent peasant Pharao at Kirmesse[1]. "You put down your money," said he, "and I deal the cards right and left. What falls to the left I win; what falls to the right you lose."—EDITOR.

[1] A village festival.—TRANSL.

tempt, but hostility and persecution, the nobleman has, *as member of a Corporation*, lost all dignity and importance in the eyes of the people, and he retains scarcely any other distinction than that of serving as the only stuff out of which to make chamberlains and lords in waiting, in the respective courts of the capital;—doubtless always a most enviable lot.

This last truth is duly known to many; and a great deal of talent has been displayed thereupon by a celebrated authoress, who was some time ago engaged in a sort of amicable rivalry with her husband on the field of romance,—a contest which used to produce two or three works of that nature, consisting of as many volumes each, every Leipsig fair, to the great joy of the public. The most extraordinary part of the story is, that the works of the husband were characterized by the overflowing tenderness of a female pen; those of the wife, on the contrary, by a somewhat unwieldy quantity of masculine knowledge, a lead which even the alchemical hand of an amiable and accomplished prince could not turn to gold. The works of both, especially the former, have outlived their vogue; and the graceful and child-like simplicity of the Northern heroes, who tilted at each other with tenderness, looked on their slain friend

with clear blue eyes, and imprinted upon his lips the kiss of peace; nay, even their wondrous steeds, who galloped over precipitous crags and swam after their lords through seas, have been forced, spite of all their marvellous gifts, to give way to Walter Scott's unbreeched Highlanders.

The poetical young lords of the chamber, and the learned tea-parties of the noble lady, had long before been deserted as somewhat insipid. In such a tea-party did Ahasverus, (as we read in the memoirs of the Devil,) after his long and restless wanderings, first find repose, and sink into a refreshing sleep. Since that time, the thick volumes of the distinguished authoress have dwindled to small tales,—pretty ephemera,—which live but a day indeed, but are well requited by the honour of circulating exclusively in courts and ante-chambers, among princes, ladies in waiting, and maids of honour, lords of the chamber, equerries and grooms of the chambers (for nothing within the precinct of a court is to be treated lightly). Haunted rooms were lately introduced, but the ghosts were so dull and *fades*, so like white-washed boards, 'avec un bel air de famille,' that the utmost they could do was to make one *think* of a cold shudder, never to excite one. The most piquant of all these stories was unquestionably

that which 'persifflait' the society of the capital, in which poor Viola played a very suspicious part, and a fashionable lady was introduced, who sold her for a large sum to an illustrious person. This story was justly called moral, for it excited in every person of good feeling, who read it, detestation of calumny and of hasty condemnations. The ill-natured, however, were delighted with it for other reasons; and so in one way or other it was not without value. It might fairly be called a masterpiece when compared with the "tales of the middle ages," full of virtue and distress, of Christianity and indecency, of Italianism and Germanism, which the necessities of journal and almanack-literature call into existence by myriads, and of which we may say with Schiller, "When people are gorged with vice, set virtue on the table." These do not reach either the one or the other; but, from the beginning to the end, one suffers the moral 'pendant' of a so-called medical cure by nausea. After enduring all sorts of allusions, the whole thing burns in the pan, and so far from being fit to bring to table, the unfortunate reader is for a long time disgusted with all food whatsoever*.

* It is but fair, however, to say that the exceptions to this description are many. When for instance Göthe does not disdain to send forth "a man of forty" among the minors;

But to return to the learned and amiable lady, of whom we were just speaking. At the time I was in those regions, a strange swarm of insects sported in the wintry sun of her courtly and literary celebrity,—ycleped in the great world a coterie, which, I believe, establishes it as a principle (who has not principles now-a-days?), that nobles have really and truly a different sort of blood in their veins from that of other men; and that if a common tree can be ennobled at all, it can be only by the process of grafting; for instance, by the insertion of some illegitimate scion of a noble stock. They teach that this nobility should remain, before all things, pure and distinct; it must dishonour itself neither by trade nor by any speculations of public utility, which latter offence has lately been denounced as the cause of the decay of the nobility of the land by a certain Frau von Tonne in a very voluminous work. To

when Tieck takes pity upon us, and gives us a *real genuine* "*Novelle;*" when L. Schefer moves our heart and spirit by his wild lightnings; Kruse makes a criminal trial graceful and attractive; or some Therese, Friederike, &c. discloses the otherwise impenetrable mysteries of the female heart (not to mention the varied merits of our other best tale-writers);—it is evident that there are workmen who could supply excellent and perfect wares if the whole manufacture were not spoiled by the established machinery.—EDITOR.

dabble a little in authorship and artistship is lawful (even for money, nay for burghers' money), seeing that artists * occupy a sort of middle region between the noble and the *bourgeois*. A constitutional high nobility and a representative government are by no means to the taste of this party; from the very natural reason that under any such terrible system, men, the date of whose nobility is known to nobody but themselves, and whose encumbered estates are split up into portions of microscopic invisibility, would be condemned to the horror of being compelled to take their seat in the chamber of Commons (where else?). Who can blame them, therefore, under circumstances, for preferring the chambers of princes, especially if they can lord it there? Which Heaven forfend! It is to be hoped they will remain merely titular, and not actual *privy* counsellors and *lords* of the bedchamber.

Evening.

I could bear no longer to sit still in my room, while the castle opposite to my windows tempted me forth. As soon therefore as A—— had taken

* It is only in English that the word *artist* is absurdly restricted to painters, sculptors, and engravers. An artist is, in the German sense, a man who cultivates the fine arts,—poetry, painting, music, &c.—TRANSLATOR.

his departure, I procured a mountain pony and rode out in high spirits. This remarkable edifice was built by the proprietor of the slate quarries, situated about three miles distant, which bring him a yearly income of 40,000*l*. He has laid out a part in the most delightful situation on the sea-shore; and has pursued the strange but admirably executed idea of erecting every building within its inclosure in the old Saxon style of architecture. The English falsely ascribe the introduction of this style to the Anglo-Saxons: it arose in the time of the emperors of Saxon line; and it is quite certain that none of the numerous Saxon remains are to be traced to an earlier date. The high wall, which surrounds the park in a circuit of at least a German mile, has a very singular appearance; pointed masses of slate three or four feet high, and of irregular shape, are built upright into the top of the wall. At every entrance a fortress-like gate with a portcullis frowns on the intruder,—no inapt symbol, by-the-by, of the illiberality of the present race of Englishmen, who shut their parks and gardens more closely than we do our sitting-rooms. The favoured visitor must then cross a draw-bridge before he passes the gate-way of the imposing castle. The black marble of the island of Anglesea, rudely hewn,

harmonizes admirably with the majestic character of the surrounding scenery. The pure Saxon style is preserved in the minutest details, even in the servants' rooms and meanest parts of the building. In the eating-hall I found an imitation of the castle of William the Conqueror, at Rochester, which I formerly described to you. What could then be accomplished only by a mighty monarch, is now executed, as a plaything,—only with increased size, magnificence and expense,—by a simple country-gentleman, whose father very likely sold cheeses. So do times change!

The ground-plan of the building, which the architect had the politeness to show me, gave occasion to certain domestic details, which I am glad to be able to communicate toyou; because nearly all large English country-houses are constructed on the same plan; and because in this, as in many other things, the nice perception of the useful and commodious, the exquisite adaptation of means to ends, which distinguishes the English, is conspicuous. The servants never wait in the ante-room,—here called the hall,—which, like the overture of an opera, is designed to express the character of the whole: it is generally decorated with statues or pictures, and, like the elegant staircase and the various apartments, is appropriated to

the use of the family and guests, who have the good taste rather to wait on themselves than to have an attendant spirit always at their heels. The servants live in a large room in a remote part of the house, generally on the ground-floor, where all, male and female, eat together, and where the bells of the whole house are placed. They are suspended in a row on the wall, numbered so that it is immediately seen in what room any one has rung: a sort of pendulum* is attached to each, which continues to vibrate for ten minutes after the sound has ceased to remind the sluggish of their duty. The females of the establishment have also a large common room, in which, when they have nothing else to do, they sew, knit, and spin: close to this, is a closet for washing the glass and china which comes within their province. Each of them, as well as of the man-servants, has her separate bed-chamber in the highest story. Only the 'housekeeper' and the 'butler' have distinct apartments below. Immediately adjoining that of the housekeeper, is a room where coffee is made, and the store-room containing everything requisite for breakfast, which important meal, in En-

* This pendulum may be used by acute servants as a sort of thermo- or hygrometer of the patience of their respective masters and mistresses.—EDITOR.

gland, belongs specially to her department. On the other side of the building is the washing establishment, with a small court-yard attached; it consists of three rooms, the first for washing, the second for ironing, the third, which is considerably loftier, and heated by steam, for drying the linen in bad weather. Near the butler's room is his pantry, a spacious fire-proof room, with closets on every side for the reception of the plate, which he cleans here, and the glass and china used at dinner, which must be delivered back into his custody as soon as it is washed by the women. All these arrangements are executed with the greatest punctuality. A locked staircase leads from the pantry into the beer and wine cellar, which is likewise under the butler's jurisdiction.

I followed a very romantic road, which led me through the park, and then along the bank of a beautifully wooded mountain stream, and in about an hour arrived at the slate quarry, which lies in the midst of the mountains, six miles from the castle. From what I have already told you, you may imagine what a vast work this is. Five or six high terraces of great extent rise one above another on the side of the mountain; along these swarm men, machines, trains of an hundred

waggons attached together and rolling rapidly along the iron railways, cranes drawing up heavy loads, water-courses, &c. It took me a considerable time to give even a hasty glance at this busy and complicated scene. In order to reach a remote part of the works, where they were then blasting rocks with gunpowder,—a process which I had a great desire to see,—I was obliged to lie down in one of the little iron waggons which serve for the conveyance of the slate, and are drawn by means of a windlass through a gallery hewn in the solid rock, only four feet in height, four hundred paces in length, and pitch dark. It is a most disagreeable sensation to be dragged through this narrow passage at full speed, and in Egyptian darkness, after having had ample opportunity of seeing at the entrance the thousand abrupt jagged projections by which one is surrounded. Few strangers make the experiment, spite of the tranquillizing assurances of the guide who rides before. It is impossible to get rid of the idea that if one came in contact with any of these salient points, one would, in all probability, make one's egress without a head. After passing through this gallery, I had to walk along a path at the edge of the precipice, only two feet wide, and with-

out any railing or defence; then to pass through a second low cavern, when I reached the fearfully magnificent scene of operations.

It was like a subterranean world! Above the blasted walls of slate, smooth as a mirror, and several hundred feet high, scarcely enough of the blue heaven was visible to enable me to distinguish mid-day from twilight. The earth on which we stood was likewise blasted rock; just in the middle was a deep cleft six or eight feet wide. Some children of the workmen were amusing themselves in leaping across this chasm, for the sake of earning a few pence. The perpendicular sides were hung with men, who looked like dark birds, striking the rock with their long picks, and throwing down masses of slate which fell with a sharp and clattering sound. But on a sudden the whole mountain seemed to totter, loud cries of warning re-echoed from various points,—the mine was sprung. A large mass of rock loosened itself slowly and majestically from above, fell down with a mighty plunge, and while dust and splinters darkened the air like smoke, the thunder rang around in wild echoes. These operations, which are of almost daily necessity in one part or other of the quarry, are so dangerous, that, according to the statement of the overseer himself, they calculate

on an average of an hundred and fifty men wounded, and seven or eight killed in a year. An hospital, exclusively devoted to the workmen on this property, receives the wounded; and on my way I had met, without being aware of it, the body of one who had fallen the day before yesterday; 'car c'est comme un champ de bataille.' The people who escorted it were so smartly dressed and so decorated with flowers, that I at first took the procession for a wedding, and was shocked when, in answer to my inquiry for the bridegroom, one of the attendants pointed in silence to the coffin which followed at some distance. The overseer assured me that half these accidents were owing to the indifference of the men, who are too careless to remove in time, and to a sufficient distance, though at every explosion they have full warning given them. The slate invariably splits in sharp-edged flakes, so that an inconsiderable piece thrown to a great distance, is often sufficient to cut a man's hand, leg, or even head, clean off. On one occasion this last, as I was assured, actually happened.

As we ourselves were not far enough from the 'foyer,' I instantly obeyed the signal, and turned on the left through the infernal gallery, to inspect the more peaceful operations: these are extremely varied and interesting. Paper cannot be cut more

neatly and rapidly than slates are here; and no deal board can split more easily and delicately than the blocks which the workmen with one single stroke of the mallet divide into slices, from three to four feet in breadth, as thin as the thinnest pasteboard. The rough blocks come from the region I have just described, down Parisian 'montagnes russes' to the stone-hewers; and, as in those, the downward impetus of the loaded waggons sends them up again when empty. The iron railways are not here, as they commonly are, concave, but convex, and the waggon wheels correspond.

July 17th.

The day has passed in rest, writing, and reading; so that it affords few materials. But before I go to bed I must indulge the delightful habit of chatting with you. I was just thinking of home, and our honoured friend L——, who is now travelling, and has sent me a whole volume of his former lucubrations. Shall I send you a specimen?

Listen then.

"REFLECTIONS OF A PIOUS SOUL OF SANDOMIR, OR SANDOMICH*.

"1. *On occasion of the quantity of Schnapps drunk at my expense by the Saxon postillions.*

"How much better is our country in all respects than any other! Really one witnesses strange things! For instance, it is certainly an extraordinary circumstance,—and yet after repeated experience I cannot doubt it,—that when the horses here are tired and lazy, (which alas! is too often the case,) the postillion has only to drink Schnapps, to render them brisk and active. The wisdom of Nature and her hidden powers are unfathomable! The above-mentioned phenomenon may perhaps be elucidated by the well-known fact, that wine begins to ferment in the cask when the vine blossoms†. At the last stage before Torgau, my companion Count S——, Lieutenant

* The inhabitants themselves cannot perfectly decide which termination is the right*.

† N.B. Not to forget to ask our learned Professor Blindemann what he thinks of this interpretation.

* This is a joke which will be understood only by those who are acquainted with the peculiarities of the Berlin dialect. The inhabitants continually confound verbs which govern the dative *mir* (to me), with those which require the accusative *mich* (me); for which they are much laughed at by the rest of Germany. The first syllable of course alludes to the sandy plain in which Berlin stands.—TRANSL.

of the Guards, from Potsdam, upon whom the light of Grace hath not yet broken, and who consequently is unduly moved by worldly things, was so angry with the postillion that he shook his stick at him, and called him a Saxon dog. 'O Lord! no, sir,' answered the fellow stupidly; 'there you're mistaken—we have been Prussian dogs these ten years and more.' This is a plain proof that the people here are entirely destitute of that high civilization which prevails among us.

"2. *After my signal deliverance on the 6th of July*, 1827.

"For four weeks I have not been able to write! With thankfulness and deep inward feeling I now take up my pen for the first time, to set forth the wonderful dispensation I have experienced. As I was travelling to M—— last month, I was overturned directly before the door of the toll-house, and broke my right arm. My first exclamation —I confess it to my shame—was a shocking curse: but my second, thanks, fervent thanks to the Creator that I had broken my arm and not my neck. In such events we clearly perceive the 'unfathomable ways' and the protecting arm of Providence, which is ever at hand to help us at the moment of need. Did not my life hang upon a hair? and was it not the Lord's pleasure herein to

give me an impressive proof that it depends on him alone to close my eyes for ever, or still to preserve my young life, which perhaps (for what is impossible to him?) is reserved for great and weighty things? Yes, ye philosophers, with heartfelt joy and triumph do I feel it, Faith alone makes us happy.

"3. *On occasion of my being nearly drowned in the Elbe, near Torgau.*

"Certain it is that we ought not to venture into the water till we can swim, as a Grecian sage hath very justly remarked. I was so imprudent as to bathe yesterday without having acquired this art, (for I ever kept myself far aloof from all revolutionary gymnastics and exercises of that sort,) and being seized with cramp in the calf of my leg, and consequently somewhat frightened, I should perhaps now be among the dead, had it not been for a man whom Heaven led in this direction, *exactly at this time*, for my preservation. Can I be blind to such repeated proofs of special interposition in my favour? The whole Elbe is, nevertheless, become rather disagreeable to me. I strive with this as a blameable feeling, since we ought to recollect how useful this river is to many of our fellow-creatures*. The remark has I believe been made

* Among others, to the Commissioners of the Elbe Navi-

before, but it nevertheless is not the less worthy of attention—that wherever we find a large city, we almost invariably find a great river by the side of it;—but so wisely, so graciously has a kind Providence arranged all things for our good, though we men acknowledge it but too seldom! Yes, Nature, like a good mother, has taken care for all. To the bee she gave her sting, to the beaver his tail, to the lion his strength, to the ass patience; but to man his lofty understanding, and—on subjects which this, with our deceitful reason, cannot reach—divine revelations. O how thankful do I always feel when I think rightly on this! I, who moreover have so much more cause than numbers of my brethren to be thankful for the manifold bodily and mental advantages I enjoy. May I never forget them! —Amen.

"4. *On occasion of my being forced to pay Abraham the Jew my twice prolonged bill, with 'alterum tantum.'*

"I have been sorely disquieted by the doubt, whether the Jews are really to remain to the end of the world; and, in spite of the curse which lies upon them, scattered and oppressed as they are on

gation, who have just made such a noble end of their labours, and have all received Orders for the same. I wonder whether Providence will also bestow an Order on me?

earth, to continue for ever to cheat us so astonishingly as they do.

"Yet is not this very doubt a sin? since we are assured in many holy books that this will certainly be the case. Besides, the conversion of these misguided wretches is now proceeding from our country, whence the greatest light formerly went forth. But alas! here a new fearful doubt besets me: Will all the inhabitants of the earth ever *be called* Christians? It is indeed so declared: but in the course of my learned studies I lately met with a calculation which, to my horror, showed me that out of eight hundred millions of souls on the earth, only two hundred millions are called by the true name. Let us hope, however, that the worthy and admirable Bible Societies will do their part, and not weary. The English cannot be truly in earnest in this matter, seeing that as yet they have hardly made a convert in India. It is probable that they, as usual, have only political ends in view*. I read lately that a Hindoo audaciously

* To add a word in earnest: I would ask, Who does not honour the humane motives which gave rise to the Bible and Missionary Societies? But are these, even were they not subject, as unfortunately too often happens, to the most scandalous abuses, the right means to the end? The result in almost every case teaches us the direct contrary. It ought to be considered that God sent Christianity as the

answered a missionary who was trying to convert him, 'I shall not suffer myself to be converted to Christianity by you, till you consent to be converted

second covenant; the *first* was based entirely upon *earthly* interests and *despotic power*.

If I did not fear to appear to treat the matter too lightly, I should almost be inclined to say that we ought to begin by converting savages into Jews, before we attempt to make them Christians. This would also harmonize in a peculiar way with that powerful lever, commercial interest. Men would be civilized much more quickly by the business of buying and selling, than by Paul's Epistles to the Corinthians.

This might also serve as an index or guide; and the conformity of such a course with the laws of nature would be proved by repeated experience, wherever the same process were to be gone through. To try to make men Christians who are in so low a state of civilization as the almost merely animal inhabitants of parts of Africa, appears to me nearly as unreasonable as to send teachers of European languages to the apes. To this stage of human culture two things are applicable, self-interest, and force beneficently employed: and in this point of view, even conversions by the sword are not so injudicious and absurd as those by Bible Societies; always provided, that they are accomplished without unnecessary cruelty, and undertaken from truly benevolent motives[a]. (It is assumed, be it observed, that we have a vocation and a right to endeavour to raise people to our stage

[a] It cannot be denied that the most efficient attempts at conversion, and those which left the most permanent consequences, were those of Charlemagne, and of the Spaniards in South America. It was only a pity that the Spaniards forced their own idolatry upon men who were, in act, better Christians than themselves.

to the religion of Brama by me. I believe in the truth of my religion, as you believe in the truth of yours: and what is right for one, is fair for the other. Some fables and abuses may perhaps have crept into both, but they are of the same family.' What dreadful views! I myself, who,—I say it without vain-glory,—persuaded an old Jew, whose trade had fallen off, to be baptized, (for which I still allow him a pension,) sought also to contribute

of civilization without any will of theirs; but this we shall not discuss here.)

The other method, namely, to work upon savages by their own present and obvious interest, can be accomplished only by trade, and appears the most just and mild of all; but it must also be accompanied by a certain degree of compulsion and constraint, to produce any rapid and permanent results. The worst effect of the attempts to hasten on the universality of Christianity is doubtless this; that as soon as the savages come in collision with Christians, they must perceive that the latter,—whether governments, corporations, or individuals,—while they preach benevolence, do in fact, in almost every case, act hostilely both to each other and to them. Their simple understandings, which are not rectified by higher culture, can in no way reconcile this contradiction. And as they, like children, take in little of a new faith but the mythos, it is not much to be wondered at if the liberals or freethinkers among them exclaim, "Fable for fable, murder for murder, slave-dealing for slave-dealing, where is the difference?" Had the Christian powers *really* abolished the slave-trade, and destroyed the nests of robbers which, to the shame of Europe, still exist on the coast of Africa;—had England, instead of sending one solitary tra-

my mite by the spiritual change of a *real* Indian, who after many wonderful adventures had been driven into our hyperborean regions, where the Herrnhuters had long, though vainly, laboured at his conversion. He heard me very patiently; and, to say the truth, I was so carried away by the momentous nature of the circumstance, that I wondered at my own eloquence. But what was the result? he smiled at me, took my gift, shook

veller after another (men who made themselves ridiculous and contemptible by displaying their Anglo-Christian arrogance, without the means of supporting it,) to be assassinated by the natives, or to die of the climate,—sent into the interior an expedition fitted to command respect, and seasoned by a previous residence on the coast;—had this expedition been so constituted as, by its dignity and by beneficent compulsion, to give a more humane character to trade; and had it sought to remove all obstacles to this object, even were it sometimes by force of arms;—it is indubitable that a great part of Africa would at this moment be infinitely more civilized than it will be by centuries of missions and Bible importations. Some may ask, 'A' quoi bon tout celà?' others, What right we have to meddle in other people's affairs? The answer to these questions would lead us too far. For my own part, I confess I so far agree with the Jesuits, that I acknowledge that a noble end,—that is, a project calculated for the greatest possible advantage of others, and united with the power of carrying it into effect,—sanctifies all appropriate means which are, in the same sense, noble, so far at least as open force is concerned; for deceit, treachery, and dishonesty can never lead to good.—EDIT.

his head like a Chinese idol, and left me without an answer.

"P.S. I have just heard, to my inexpressible horror, that the Jew I converted is dead; and being seized on his death-bed by pangs of conscience (would anybody think it possible?), turned Jew again.

"5. *On returning from Madame R——'s funeral.*

"A most remarkable incident occurred here a few days ago. About ten years since, a pretty and, what is far more important, a pious young woman served in a confectioner's shop. Although exposed by her sweet occupation to many temptations, (for all young men who frequent confectioners' shops have not my morals,) she would listen to no one; and found all her pleasure in godliness. She never missed a prayer-meeting at President S——'s, or at any other house where she could gain admittance; and above all, went to church at least once every Sunday. One Sunday however, (it was St. Martin's day if I mistake not,) she forgot her duty and staid at home, busied with worldly attire. Then did the Tempter draw near in the form of a young man, to whom she had long been secretly attached. It seems probable that on that fatal day he made great advances in her favour, since they were shortly after married.

At first they lived very happily, and had several children. By degrees she exhibited a sensible falling off in piety, in consequence of the cares and distractions of married life. The unhappy woman appeared greatly attached to her duties as wife and mother, and henceforth preferred them to the comfort of prayer-meetings and pious readings. But the consequences of her carnal-mindedness soon appeared: her husband was assailed by numerous and, as I am assured, otherwise undeserved misfortunes; some of her children died; the whole family fell into poverty; and the husband, at length, into the deepest melancholy. Last Sunday, exactly on the tenth anniversary of that fatal Sunday on which the misguided girl did *not* go to church, her husband in a paroxysm of madness horribly murdered himself and his wife. —Here may be seen that the divine wrath if slow, is so much the more sure. I refrain from all severe animadversions:—but he who is not rendered serious by this warning, who does not see how sinful and dangerous it is to neglect, even for once, regular attendance at church, is truly an object of my pity. He can be made wise only by his own suffering; and well is it for him if he become so in time!

"6. *On my last disappointment at D——.*

"I am very unfortunate in love,—a circumstance which it is difficult to understand; but it is nevertheless true that another of my best-laid plans has miscarried!

"For a long time I had loved Miss M—— with all the fire of my impetuous character. I did not venture to declare it; but my eyes, which I fixed upon her for hours with languishing tenderness, spoke too plainly not to be understood. Nevertheless, I had never been able to win aught but a scornful smile from my adored fair; when an important epoch, viz. her eighteenth birthday, arrived. I determined now to lay storm to her heart by some distinguished act of gallantry,—which I could do with the greater propriety, and without any stings of conscience, since I never entertain any but the most virtuous designs. I now meditated long what to choose;—roses, and all sorts of botanical presents, as fruit and the like, are so common-place;—dress would not do, for that would have looked like an insinuation that I thought her vain;—still less could I offer her anything costly, which would have appeared an indirect accusation of a mercenary spirit: I dared not choose a pious hymn-book, or other godly work, lest I should sinfully profane what is holy by using

it with an earthly aim;—no, it must be something tender, and containing a delicate allusion to our situation. Suddenly, like a flash of lightning in a dark night, the thought occurred to me that the season of new herrings was at hand. The word electrified me, and, with the wonted rapidity of my conceptions, I instantly saw the meaning which lay hidden. I immediately sent an estafette to Berlin, where, as is well known, every thing new is to be had, in order if possible to get the above-mentioned creatures of the Lord before the annual advertisement of them appeared in the two blotting-paper journals of that city. Every thing succeeded according to my wishes:—ere many days had elapsed, a couple lay before me. I had them laid upon some leaves of artificial 'forget-me-not' instead of parsley, and once more reflected upon all that their mute language (I mean the herrings') could convey.

"It would perhaps appear too far-fetched were I to urge how *herring* resembles *hymen*; these words having clearly an etymological relation, since both begin with a great H*, and a little *n* occurs in both. But there was one circumstance which spoke plainer, viz. that they were a *couple*—the principal point of view from which they were to be regarded.

* In German all substantives begin with a capital letter. TRANSL.

The blue colour, which reminds us of heaven, signified our mutual gentleness and meekness; and the strong salt wherewith they were salted, the acuteness of our understandings and our attic wit. The unfading leaves cried aloud, 'Forget me not!' and at the same time clearly alluded to that never-fading delight we should find in each other! But in my opinion the crown of the whole was the pretty play of words which is in the name itself—*herring—here-ring*. It was impossible for me to declare my love and my honourable intentions more plainly, and at the same time more delicately (in every sense of the word, for new herrings are a great delicacy in Prussia and Saxony). To make all doubly sure, however, I laid on them a beautiful rose, painted and cut out of Chinese rice-paper, in the leaves of which I concealed with a trembling hand the first effort of my youthful muse, in which I expressed all these tender and delicate ideas.

"Who could believe that all would be in vain! The mother answered me in plain prose, briefly and carelessly, that her daughter was very sorry that she had always had an idiosyncratical antipathy to herrings; so strong indeed, that she had not been able to sit out the last play of the celebrated Wilibald Alexis, having accidently heard that his real name was Herring. She therefore sent

me back my fish and the accompanying poetry, with many thanks for my good intentions.

"Happily, godliness consoles a spirit truly possessed by it for every thing; but I was obliged to read the Bible two hours before I recovered my accustomed patience and composure. I read for my edification the history of Jonas; and although the whale which swallowed him was so very large, it continually disappeared in my fancy before the luckless herrings.

"In my anger (which alas! I have not yet completely conquered) I must now censure some things in the two blotting-paper periodicals above mentioned. They ought not only to strive after a more correct orthography in their advertisements, but to pay some attention to the sense. In a collection of national curiosities made by a Berlin friend of mine, I find two of the above-named newspapers, containing the two following notices of deaths inserted by the same unfortunate father; and an old advertisement of a concert.

1. 'This day the Lord, on his journey through Tettow, took to himself my youngest son Fritz, with his teeth.'

2. (A month later.) 'This day the Lord again took to himself my daughter Agnes to eternal blessedness.'

3. 'On Monday a concert will be given at the theatre. The receipts are to serve as the basis of a fund destined for the support of our countrymen who fell in defence of their country.'

"Now I ask anybody whether this is not making death ludicrous,—certainly a grievous sin, even when done unintentionally."

So far friend L——.

But the night grows pale—already the morning dawns. I must say therefore, like Moore, It is day—therefore good night. I send you this long letter, which an acquaintance takes to London to-morrow morning, through our embassy; and with it a hearty kiss, which I hope the P—— custom-house will suffer to pass undisputed.

Your faithful L——.

LETTER II.

Caernarvon, July 19th, 1828.

MY BELOVED FRIEND.

I AM now returned, dog-tired, from ascending Snowdon, the highest mountain in England, Scotland, and Wales; which indeed is not saying much. Excuse me till morning, when I will give you a faithful relation of my 'fata.' Meantime, good night.

July 20th.

As soon as I had committed the packet for you to Mr. S——, with the strongest injunctions to care, I left Bangor as quickly as four post-horses could convey me. On the way I visited some iron-foundries, which, however, I shall spare you, as I observed nothing new in them. I was rather unwell when I arrived at the inn at Caernarvon, where a most beautiful girl with long black hair, the daughter of the absent host, did the honours with great grace and sweetness. The following morning at 9 o'clock I set out in tolerable weather on a 'char-à-banc,' drawn by two horses of the

country. My driver was a little boy who did not understand a word of English. He drove like mad, 'en train de chasse,' over the narrow cross-roads of this rocky country. All my shouts and expostulations were vain, or seemed to be interpreted by him in the very contrary sense from what I intended; so that we went nine miles from the lake of Llanberis in less than half an hour, over stock and stone: I do not understand how the horses and carriage bore it. By the fishermen's huts which lie scattered along the shore, I found a gentler mode of conveyance, a pretty little boat, in which I embarked with two robust mountaineers. Snowdon now lay before us, but unfortunately had, as the country-people say, put on his night-cap, while the lower mountains around shone in the brightest sunshine. It is not more than about four thousand feet high, but has a very imposing aspect, in consequence of its immediate rise from the shore of the lake, whereas most other mountains of the same class spring from a base of considerable elevation. From the point where we embarked, to the little inn at the foot of Snowdon, the lake is three miles over; and as the wind was very high, our voyage was rough and tedious. The water of the lake is black as ink; the moun-

tains bare and strewed with rock, and only varied by occasional small green glens: here and there are a few stunted trees, but the general aspect is wild and desert. Not far from the small church of Llanberis is the so-called Holy Well, inhabited by a solitary trout of enormous size, who has for centuries been exhibited to strangers. Frequently, however, he will not be tempted from his hiding-place; and the country-people think it an unlucky omen if he appears immediately. As I am an enemy of all oracles, I did not visit it. My companions also told me a history of a wondrous amazon of gigantic strength, who long led a wild masculine sort of life here: and described to me certain enormous bees, which the Welsh admire and venerate so much that they think them natives of Paradise. Excellent salmon are caught here: the manner of catching them is strange; they are hunted by small dogs trained to the sport, who drag them out of the mud into which they occasionally creep.

As soon as I arrived at the inn I secured a 'poney' (a small mountain horse,) and a guide, and hastened to set out, in hope that the threatening clouds would break about noon. Unfortunately, the very contrary happened;—it grew darker and darker, and before I had climbed half

an hour, followed by my guide leading the poney, one uniform mantle enshrouded hill and valley; and a heavy rain, against which my umbrella did not long protect me, beat upon us. We at length took refuge in the ruins of an old castle; and after I had laboriously climbed a decayed winding staircase I reached the remains of a balcony, where I found shelter under a dense mass of ivy. Every thing around me wore an air of profound gloom; the crumbling walls, the wind which moaned plaintively through their fissures, the monotonous dropping of the rain, and the disagreeable termination of my hopes conspired to throw me into a melancholy frame of mind. I thought with a sigh, how nothing,—not even the smallest trifle,—falls out as I wish it;—how all that I undertake looks ill-timed and eccentric as soon as *I* undertake it; so that everywhere, as here, what others accomplish in light and sunshine, I must toil through in storm and rain. Impatiently I left the old walls, and once more climbed the mountain. The weather was, however, now so terrible, and the increasing storm so dangerous even, that we were once more compelled to seek shelter in a miserable ruinous hut. The inside was filled with smoke, in the midst of which sat an old woman spinning in silence, while some half-naked

children lay on the ground, gnawing dry crusts of bread. The whole family seemed hardly conscious of my entrance; at least they made no pause or change in their occupations. For a moment the children stared stupidly and incuriously at me, and then fell again into the apathy of wretchedness. I seated myself on the round table, the only piece of furniture in the house, and once more gave audience to my thoughts, which were not the most exhilarating. Meanwhile, as the storm raged more furiously, my guide earnestly advised me to turn back. This would doubtless have been the most reasonable course, particularly as we had not yet ascended a third way up the mountain. But as I had long resolved to drink your health, dear Julia, on the summit of Snowdon, in champagne, and had brought a bottle with me from Caernarvon for that express purpose, it seemed to me of ill omen to give it up. With the cheerfulness which a firm determination and fixed purpose, whether in great things or small, never fails to impart, I said, laughing, to my guide, "If it were to rain stones instead of water, I would not turn back till I had been at the top of Snowdon." I made the poor old woman a little present, which she received with apathy. The road was become extremely difficult; it lay

over loose and smooth stones washed by the rain, or over very slippery turf. I admired how my active sturdy little beast, shod as he was with smooth English shoes, could step so securely forward on such a road.

Meanwhile it soon became so piercingly cold, that, drenched as I was by the rain, I could keep my seat no longer. I am so out of practice in climbing, that I was sometimes nearly overpowered by weariness; but as the Knight in the Romance of old Spiess was cheered by the sound of the bells of the twelve sleeping virgins, so I was continually exhorted to perseverance by the "*ma —ma*" of the mountain sheep, who were feeding in hundreds on the thin herbage around me. I thought of our pet lamb at home, and stepped vigorously onward, till at the end of an hour I had recovered from my fatigue, and felt fresher than at setting out. I was not compensated for my sufferings by the view, for, shrouded as I was in clouds, I could hardly see twenty paces before me. In this mysterious 'clair obscur' I reached the wished-for summit, the way to which lies over a narrow irregular wall of rocks. A pile of stones, in the centre of which is a wooden pillar, marks the highest point.

I thought I met my *wraith*, as a young man

emerged from the mist who precisely resembled me, that is to say what I was when I wandered over the Swiss Alps sixteen years ago. He had, like myself, a light knapsack on his back, a sturdy staff in his hand, and a substantial dress, which may be called the classical costume of mountain travellers, contrasting as strongly with my London boots, stiff cravat, and tight frock-coat, as the youthful freshness of his face with the yellow, city hue of mine. He looked like the young son of Nature; I like the 'ci-devant jeune homme.' He had ascended the mountain from the other side, and, without stopping, asked me eagerly how far it was to the inn and what sort of road it was. As soon as I had given him the information he desired, he bounded away over the rocks, singing carelessly, and soon disappeared from my sight. I scratched my name near a thousand others on a block of stone, took out the drinking-horn which my host had lent me, and ordered the guide to draw the cork of my bottle of Champagne. It must have contained an unusual portion of fixed air, for the cork flew higher than the top of the pillar by which we stood; and you may therefore, without imitating Münchausen, assert, that when I drank your health on the 17th of July, 1828, the cork of the Champagne bottle flew four thousand feet

above the level of the sea. I filled the horn to the foaming brim, and shouted with stentor voice into the dim obscure, 'Long life to Julia!' with nine times nine (in the English style). Three times I emptied the cup; and thirsty and exhausted as I was, never did I relish Champagne more. After my libation was completed, the prayers I sent up were not words, but profound emotions; the most fervent amongst which was the wish, that it might be Heaven's will to grant happiness on earth to you, and then, 'if possible,' to me;—and see, a pretty lamb sprang forth from the cloudy veil, and the mist opened and rolled away, and before us lay the earth suddenly gilded by a momentary gleam of sunshine. But in a minute the curtain fell again,—an emblem of my destiny: the beautiful and the desirable—the *gilded* earth—appear now and then like delusive meteors before me: as soon as I seek to grasp them, they vanish like dreams.

As there was no hope that the weather would become permanently clear in these elevated regions, we resolved to return. I found myself so strengthened that I not only felt no trace of weariness, but experienced a feeling unknown for years, in which walking and running, so far from being irksome, are in themselves a source of elastic en-

joyment I sprang, therefore, like my youthful *double*, so rapidly over the rocks and down the wet rushy slopes, that in a few minutes I accomplished a portion of the way which it had taken me an hour and a half to ascend. I emerged at length from the interminable cloud; and if the prospect were less magnificent than from the summit, it still afforded me great delight. I was still about seven hundred feet above the level of the sea, which lay in boundless extent before me. The Island of Anglesea reposed on its bosom; and in the mountain-gorges, which intersected each other in every direction, I counted above twenty small lakes; some dark, some so brightly illumined by the sun that the eye could scarcely bear to rest upon their mirror-like surface. Meanwhile the guide had overtaken me; but as I could now perfectly distinguish the 'terrain,' the evening was beautiful, and I felt no fatigue, I let him and his clever little horse return home by the straight road, and determined to take my solitary way across the most striking points, 'et bien m'en prit,' for since I was in Switzerland I remember no more delicious walk.—I followed a defile along the wild pass of Llanberis, celebrated in the wars between the English and the Welsh, and where the latter, under their great prince Llewel-

lyn, often contemplated the destruction of their foreign invaders, perhaps from the very spot where I then stood.

The jagged walls of rock which in many places sank perpendicularly to the pass, are a good exercise for heads subject to giddiness. I gradually ascended many considerable peaks of the same kind, and found only an enjoyment the more in the slight shudder which my perilous station excited. "L'émotion du danger plait à l'homme," says Madame de Stael. My solitude was not complete. The mountain sheep which I have already mentioned, much smaller than the ordinary breeds, wild and agile as the chamois, often bounded before me like roes, and in their flight leaped down crags and precipices where it would not have been easy for any one to follow them. The wool of these sheep is as remarkable for coarseness, as their flesh for tenderness and delicacy. The London 'gourmands' set a high value upon it, and maintain that a man who has not eaten roast mutton from Snowdon has no conception of the *ideal* in that kind.

I came almost into collision with a large bird of prey, which hovering slowly with out-spread wings, had fixed its eyes so intently on something beneath, and had so little calculated on making my acquaintance in this impracticable path, that

I could almost have seized him with my hands before he perceived me, He darted away with the velocity of an arrow, but did not for a moment lose sight of the object of his eager pursuit; and I saw him for a long time like a point, poised in the blue æther, till the sun sank behind the surrounding mountain.

I now endeavoured to reach the hut at which I had before stopped, in as straight a line as possible. Not far from it a girl was milking her cow, which afforded me a refreshing draught. Here too I found my guide, and thankfully availed myself of his services during the rest of my way, wrapt in my cloak and resting most luxuriously on my sure-footed 'poney.' After returning to my inn and changing my clothes, I set out afresh and embarked on the lake, now splendidly burnished with the glow of evening. The air was become mild and soft; fish leaped sportively from the water, and herons wheeled their graceful flight around the sedgy shores; while here and there a fire gleamed upon the mountains, and the heavy thunder of blasted rocks resounded from the distant quarries.

Long had the moon's sickle stood aloft in the deep blue heavens, when the dark-locked Hebe welcomed me back to Caernarvon.

July 21st.

I was still somewhat fatigued by my yesterday's expedition, and contented myself with a walk to the celebrated castle built by Edward I. the conqueror of Wales, and destroyed by Cromwell. It is one of the most magnificent ruins in England. The only thing to regret is, that it stands so near to the town, and not in solitary grandeur amid the mountains. The outer walls, although in ruins, still form an unbroken line, inclosing nearly three acres of ground. The interior space, overgrown with grass and filled with rubbish and with thistles, is nearly eight hundred paces long. It is surrounded by seven slender but strong towers, of different forms and sizes. One of them may still be ascended, and I climbed by a crumbling staircase of a hundred and forty steps to its platform, whence I enjoyed a magnificent view over sea, mountain, and town. On descending, my guide showed me the remains of a vaulted chamber, in which, according to tradition, Edward II., the first prince of Wales, was born. The Welsh, in consequence of the oppressions of English governors in the earlier times of partial and momentary conquest, had declared to the king that they would obey none but a prince of their own nation. Edward therefore sent for

his wife Eleanor in the depth of winter that she might lie-in in Caernarvon castle. She bore a prince; upon which the king summoned the nobles and chiefs of the land, and asked them solemnly whether they would submit to the rule of a prince who was born in Wales, and could not speak a word of English. On their giving a joyful and surprised assent, he presented to them his new-born son, exclaiming in broken Welsh, *Eich dyn!* i. e. "This is your man!" which has been corrupted into the present motto of the English arms, *Ich Dien.*

Over the great gate still stands the statue of Edward, with a crown on his head and a drawn dagger in his right hand, as if after six centuries he were still guarding the crumbling walls of his castle. He might justly have broken out into indignant complaint at the desecration I witnessed. In the midst of these majestic ruins, a camel and some monkeys in red jackets were performing their antics, while a ragged multitude stood shouting and laughing around, unconscious of the wretched contrast which they formed with these solemn remains of past ages.

The tower in which the prince was born is called the Eagle Tower; not from that circumstance, but from four colossal eagles which

crowned its pinnacles, one of which is still remaining. It is believed to be Roman, for Caernarvon stands on the site of the ancient Segontium, which .... But I am wandering too far, and am in the high road to fall into the tone of a tour-writer by profession, who thinks himself privileged to *bore* if he does but instruct, although his information is generally the result of a weary search through road-books and local descriptions. 'Je n'ai pas cette prétension, vous le savez, je laisse errer ma plume,' heedless whither it leads me.

The Marquis of Anglesea has lately established a sea-bath here, which is supplied by a steam-engine, and very elegantly fitted up. I availed myself of it on my way back from the Castle, and observed in the entertaining-room a billiard-table of metal set in stone. It is impossible to desire one more accurate;—whether the steam-engine performed the office of marking, I forgot to ask. This is by no means impossible, in a country in which somebody has gravely proposed to establish steam-waiters in coffee-houses, and in which affairs would go on much the same if a forty-horse-power steam-engine sat upon the throne.

Dear Julia, a traveller must be allowed to

speak often and much of weather and of eating. The Novels of the Illustrious, erst Unknown, or the Illustrious Unknown, derive no inconsiderable part of their attractions from the masterly pictures of this kind they contain. Whose mouth does not water when he sees Dalgetty, the soldier of fortune, display at the table a prowess even greater than in the fight? I am really not in joke when I assure you that when I have lost my appetite, I often read an hour or two in the works of the Great Unknown, and find it completely restored. Today I wanted no stimulus of this or any kind. It was sufficient to see the most excellent fresh fish and the far-famed 'mountain mutton' smoking on the table, to induce me to fall on them with ravenous hunger; for a sea-bath and the ascent of Snowdon have a yet greater influence on the stomach than Walter Scott. My dark-locked maiden, who, as I was the only guest in the house, waited on me herself, was at length impatient of my reiterated attacks on the mutton; and said somewhat sullenly that I did nothing but eat, except when I was rambling about. She was of a much more ethereal nature, and in the short time I had been here had read through half my portable Novel library. Every time I saw her she presented me with a newly devoured volume, and

begged so earnestly for another, that I must have had a hard heart to refuse her.

July 22nd.

A large packet has been sent after me to-day from Bangor. I vainly searched it for tidings from you; but could not refrain from laughing heartily over a letter from L——, who writes to me in despair at the scrape he is in. He tells me that he suffered his "Reflections" (the beginning of which I sent you,) to be printed in fragments, and a certain party which feels itself too sore not to be over-sensitive 'y a entendu malice.' They have inserted a furious article against him in the Lamb's Journal; and poor L——, who knows the people he has to deal with, is afraid that he will certainly be rejected at his examination. As this Philippic is not long, and is very characteristic of our times, and as I have a holiday to-day, I shall transcribe it with some abridgments.

"*On the* REFLECTIONS *of a pious Soul of Sandomir: A Discourse by Herr von Frömmel, Adjutant of his Highness the Prince of* ———. *Pronounced in the Nobility's pious Conventicle for both sexes, at A*———, *No.* 33, *Zion Street, May* 4*th*, 1828. *(Reprinted separately, from the Collection, for true Christians.)*

"High and high-well-born, pious brethren and sisters! Truly is it said there be many wolves in sheep's clothing! The Author of these Reflections is doubtless the wearer of such a sheep-skin. It is not difficult to discover that under the mask of godliness, and of a simplicity approaching to silliness, are heard the hissings of that same mischievous serpent who seduced our pious mother Eve, who has since incessantly vented his venom upon our holy Religion, and still labours to overthrow the throne and the altar. But we, my brethren, will not resemble our, alas! too credulous Mother, but will exterminate the satellites of the Devil wherever we find them, with fire and sword.

"Yes, my friends, *you* know and are certain that the Devil is, and lives—not as the unbelieving herd say, *in us*, as the demon of anger, of vanity, of hatred, of sin;—no, bodily he roams over the

earth, like a roaring lion, with goat's horns and a long tail and pestilential stench, wherever he chooses to show himself. He who does not *thus* believe on the Devil, has no true religion. But wherefore do I urge this? *We* are no reasoners—no worldly-wise: here are none but simple lambs, one flock under one shepherd.

"A warning is, however, necessary; and therefore I now give the alarm. We have as yet seen only fragments of these poisonous "Reflections," and know not how far the author means to go;—but they are aimed at us; of that there is no doubt; and, God be praised! we find already enough fully to justify our denouncing him as an Atheist. Is it not obvious that he jests at Providence and its omnipotence? We hope, we pray, therefore, confidently and earnestly, that Omnipotence will speedily avenge itself, and give this presumptuous soul a foretaste of what awaits him in the everlasting flames. And may the all-merciful God do this promptly and fearfully, that no innocent lamb of our flock may be led astray by that unclean one.—Certainly, my friends, a fiend, a vampire, an atheist wrote these words. Nothing is sacred to him. He attacks not alone the Creator but even the Redeemer of the world.

"Oh my brethren and sisters! horrible—we may

reckon upon it assuredly—horrible will be the lot of such an one at the last day! when the dead shall arise in the body, and his carnal ear shall hear again, only to listen to the thunders of the trumpets which announce to him his eternal damnation. *There* will be no pity! There will be weeping and gnashing of teeth! And let us follow that example, and be inexorable towards him, as will be that eternal condemnation.

"We could scarcely have believed that after all our Christian labours in our so truly—I say it with pride—Christian city, in which everything is done to destroy the poison of toleration and of mad confidence in our own judgement, men could be found amongst us, who would dare, unrestrained by all authority, to go their own way in search of truth;—these freethinkers and heathens spring up only because the constituted authorities (even our otherwise so active Censorship at their head) are far too indulgent towards the greatest of all crimes, unbelief. It would perhaps have been expedient and beneficial to introduce a moderate Inquisition, together with the new prayer-book, for the defence of true believers, those genuine Christians, those sole predestined favourites of God, who believe whatever their King and their Church order, without hesitation or examination.

Only such can have any real value for Church or State. Away then with all others! Be they damned for ever! like all the unbaptized children of Jews and Heathens. Oh could we but for ever expunge from our annals that disgraceful period in which a philosopher (and not merely an ideological but a practical philosopher) sat on a German throne,—and, my Christian brethrén, would you believe it? received the name of the Great! The mildest that we, converted to the grace of godliness with tears of blood, can now say of him is, the Lord be merciful to his poor soul! Long however must the pious and their sacred legion struggle, before the seed which this *great* (!!!) man sowed will be wholly trodden down; before the last trace of that miserable Reason which he fostered will be entirely eradicated. Nevertheless, despair not, my Christian brethren; to such holy zeal as ours nothing is impossible, and this world's rewards await you in various forms here, from those exalted sources from which we daily draw; and hereafter yet greater glories in the Palace of the Lord. Only beware of reasoning, in every shape: believe—not upon your own inquiry—but as it is prescribed to you; and above all, beware of Toleration! Love your Redeemer not only above all, but solely and

alone. But he who is not for him is against him, and upon such have no mercy. Persecute them without intermission. And if this cannot be done openly, undermine him with calumnies, with secret detraction; yea, shun not the rankest lies, provided you can disseminate them with security to yourselves; for remember that the end sanctifies all means. Ah, were we but in such a frame of mind as never to wax cool in our zeal! It is because we are only luke-warm, that those philosophers have dared to preach that virtue of heathens, toleration. We have seen to what it brought us when the delirious raving about freedom seized the mob, and universal anarchy threatened to overthrow the throne, the church, our old nobility, and everything venerable. Therefore away with every thought of mischievous tolerance towards those who think otherwise! Christ indeed has said, "Bless those who curse you:" and further, "If any man strike you on one cheek, offer him the other also." But upon this subject I have my own thoughts. Passages of this sort ought certainly to be differently understood; for how could they be reconciled with the indispensable laws of our station? Does not the honour of our rank, and of our uniform, command us instantly and without hesitating, to strike again

a man who should dare to lay hands upon us? Yes, I know not whether even I, the favourite of my prince, should dare to show myself at court or in the highest places, after publicly receiving a slap on the face. It is therefore highly probable that our Saviour intended these words to be taken with one limitation,—that is, *for the common people*, in whom it is unquestionably meritorious when struck on one cheek, instead of giving way to wrath and bitterness, to offer the other. Let it be remembered also, that when Christ became man, he sought out not only a noble but a royal race. And who knows whether the disciples were really of such mean extraction as they are represented, and not perhaps men of old Jewish families of high descent? the matter is wrapt in so much historical darkness. And doth not Christ say, "My coming is not to bring peace, but rather the sword?" These two passages would seem to contradict each other, if we did not understand that patience is enjoined to one class and warfare to the other. For is not that the primitive destination of the nobility?—formerly with the sword, now with the pen and the word. For this cause, my brethren and sisters, strive against the unbelieving. Gird on the sword of the times, and strive for the Lord with the Bible and

Jacob Böhmen, with the Chamberlain's Key and the Field Marshal's Baton, with the Prayer-book and the Surplice. Believe me, my dear friends, soon shall we earn the fruits of our holy zeal; soon shall we begin to stand on the brazen floor.

"People yield more and more to our secret influence and strong union: the powerful support which we give to all our fellow-labourers when their labours in the vineyard deserve it; the many favours from exalted sources, of which we are the sharers; above all, the inexorable piety we are known to possess, hold even the most daring within bounds, and lay the timid in shoals at our feet.

"But whenever an Antichrist dares to attack us, (and whoever dares to do so is one,) I exhort you again,—watch, strive, destroy, and rest not till your victim is fallen. It is all for Charity's sake, the last effort for a poor erring mortal, to force him, if possible, to acknowledge Christ.—Amen.

"It will perhaps be agreeable to this noble congregation in Christ, and moving to their hearts, if I hereby communicate to them, that we have been so happy in the course of the present month as to bring seven and a half condemned souls to the true faith, which has cost us not more than a hundred reichsthalers. As we are obliged to

keep a worldly account of these matters, we have agreed to reckon children under twelve years of age as half souls. And may Heaven in like manner bless our further pious efforts, and the disinterested zeal with which the unconverted are drawn to the lap of Jesus.—Amen."

I had read thus far when the little Eliza appeared with my breakfast, and with an arch good-nature bid me good morning "after my long sleep." She had just been to church, had all the consciousness of being well-dressed, and was waiting upon a foreigner; three things which greatly incline women to be tender-hearted. She accordingly seemed almost embarrassed when I inquired about my departure early the following morning; but was soon consoled when I promised to leave her my travelling library, and to bring her a fresh assortment of books in week.

After dinner I went, under her guidance, to visit the walks around the town. One of these is most romantically placed on a large rock. We saw from hence Snowdon, in almost transparent clearness, undimmed by a single cloud; and I could not restrain some feelings of vexation at having so exactly missed the right day.

After this pastoral walk, 'tender mutton'

closed a day of which I am sorry to have nothing more interesting to record.

But I now recollect a somewhat singular incident which my host told me to-day. On the night of the 5th of August, 1820, the boat which crosses a ferry at this place was lost, and out of twenty-six persons only one man was saved. Exactly thirty-seven years before, the same disaster had occurred, and out of sixty-nine persons only one survived. What renders the coincidence the more perfect is, that on both occasions the name of the sole survivor was Hugh Williams.

Bangor, July 22nd.

Bangor is also a bathing place; that is, every body may jump into the sea who likes it. The artificial arrangements for the purpose are reduced to the private tub-establishment of one old woman, who lives in a wretched hovel on the shore; and if an order is given an hour before, heats the sea-water in pots and kettles on her hearth, and proceeds 'sans façon,' to undress and afterwards to rub down and dress again any stranger who may come unprovided with a servant. I entered her hut accidentally, and after I had taken a bath of this sort, 'pour la rarité du fait,' I hired a boat to take me across the arm of the sea which

divides Wales from the Island of Anglesea. Here is another castle built by Edward I., and destroyed by Cromwell; it was originally even of greater extent than that at Caernarvon, and covered five acres of ground; but the ruins are less picturesque, in consequence of its having lost all its towers. To see it thoroughly one must walk along the narrow and lofty walls, which are wholly unprotected. The boy who keeps the keys ran along like a squirrel; but the barber of the town, who offered his services as guide when I landed, left me in the lurch at the first step. The ruin stands in the park of a Mr. Bulkley: with singular bad taste he has made a tennis-court within its inclosure. His house commands a very celebrated view. It is however, far surpassed by one I met with about a mile and a half further on, from a simple and elegant cottage called Craig y Don. This is a true gem,—one of those blessed spots which leave nothing to wish. It lies between thickly wooded rocks close to the sea: not too large, but adorned like a boudoir, surrounded by the greenest turf, and by the blended beauty of flowers of all colours; the whole house, with its thatched roof and verandah tapestried with China roses, and blue convolvuluses, forms a picture which, inclosed as it is between wood and rock, forms the most

indescribably beautiful contrast with the sublime scenery around it. Labyrinthine footpaths wind in all directions through the cool and shady thicket, subdividing into many and exquisite fragments the rich treasures of landscape beauty afforded by the situation. Beneath and in front lies the deep blue sea, whose surf beats against the sharp pointed rocks upon which I stood; while further away on its smooth mirror a hundred fishing-boats and other vessels glided to and fro. Among them I descried the cutter of the proprietor of Craig y Don lying at anchor, and two steam-boats, one of which, far in the distance, left a long line of smoke, the other, close to shore, sent up a slender column of white vapour. On the right, a deep bay stretches into the land, studded with little islands of every character and form; some clothed with brushwood, others bare and almost polished by the waves; some covered with little huts, others crowned with upright tower-like rocks. On turning again toward the strait, and following its gradual contraction, my eye rested with amazement on that stupendous chain-bridge which closes the prospect; that giant work which is justly called the eighth wonder of the world, and which, bidding defiance to nature, has united two portions of land which she had

severed by the ocean. I shall have an opportunity hereafter of describing it more nearly; from this point it looks as if spiders had woven it in the air.

After I had satisfied myself with gazing at this romantic specimen of human power and skill, I turned to one of the greatest and most varied works of nature;—the entire range of the Welsh mountains, which rises immediately from the water, distinct and near enough clearly to distinguish woods, villages, and valleys, and stretches along an extent of ten miles. The mountains grouped themselves in every variety of light and shadow; some were wrapped in clouds, some gleamed brightly in the sun, others stretched their blue heads even above the clouds; and villages, towns, white churches, handsome country-houses and castles, were visible in their gorges, while shifting gleams of light played on the green slopes at their foot. The eye, wearied with variety, turns to the north, which is on my left. Here nothing distracts the gaze: the wide ocean alone blends with the sky. For a short time you follow the retreating shore of Anglesea at your side, on which large nut-trees and oaks droop their pliant boughs into the sea, and then you are alone with air and water; or at most you fancy you descry

the sails of a distant vessel, or shape fantastic pictures in the clouds.

After an hour of intense enjoyment, I rode at the full speed of a poney, which I hired in Anglesea, to the great bridge. The best point of view is from the beach, near some fishing-huts about a hundred paces from the bridge. The more thoroughly and minutely I viewed it, the greater was my astonishment. I thought I beheld in a dream a filagree work suspended by fairies in the air. In short, the fancy cannot exhaust itself in comparisons; and as a stage-coach with four horses drove rapidly over the arch a hundred feet high and six hundred wide, half concealed by the intertexture of the chains on which the bridge is suspended, I thought I saw larks fluttering in a net. The men who were seated in various parts of the chain-work, giving it its first coat of paint, were like captive insects. Those who know the castle at Berlin will be able to form some idea of the enormous dimensions of this bridge, when they hear that it would stand perfectly well under the centre arch: and yet the chains hold the latter so firmly, that even driving at the quickest rate or with the heaviest burden, which is by no means forbidden, does not excite the smallest perceptible vibration. The bridge is divided at the top into

three roads, one for going, another for returning, and a third for foot-passengers. The planks rest on an iron grating, so that they are easily removed when out of repair, and no danger is to be apprehended when they break. Every three years the whole iron-work receives a fresh coat of paint, to prevent rust. The name of the architect, who has earned a high and lasting reputation, is Telford. 'Sur ce, n'ayant plus rien à dire,' I close my epistle, and wish you, my dear Julia, all the happiness and blessings you deserve, 'et c'est beaucoup dire.'

Ever your most faithful

L——.

LETTER III.

Bangor, July 23, 1828.

CHERE ET BONNE,

ONE little defect in this otherwise so beautiful landscape is caused by the ebb and flow. During a considerable part of the day a large portion of the channel of the Menai (as this strait is called) is dry, and exhibits only a tract of sand and mud. Probably the indescribably persecuting swarms of flies which infest this place, pouring forth in thousands in search of prey, attacking man and beast, and pursuing their victims with relentless pertinacity, may be ascribed to the same cause. In vain do you put your horse to his full speed: the swarm, congregated into a ball like a Macedonian phalanx, accompany your flight, and disperse themselves over their prey the moment you stop; nor will anything but their complete destruction deliver you from them. Even a house does not always afford secure refuge. I have found in some of my expeditions that when once they have seized upon a victim, they will wait patiently at the door till he comes out

again. The only way is to seek out some place through which a strong current of wind passes. This they cannot resist. The cows which graze on the hilly shores are quite aware of this fact, and are always to be seen standing perfectly still, ruminating, in such spots. I watched one today for a long time, as she stood on a solitary point of rock, her outline thrown out sharply on the sky behind; motionless, but for the slight working of her jaw, or the occasional sweep of her tail against her side. How well, thought I, might an ingenious mechanic frame a colossal image of this animal, and provide it with the simple mechanical apparatus necessary to imitate that slight motion,—and what an acquisition were this for a German-English garden at home! for instance at Cassel, opposite to the Hercules, or at Wörlitz, where she might be set to graze on the burning mountain. This meritorious conception you must try to put in execution.

Do you remember Clementi Brentano? When the amiable and kind-hearted grandson of Count L—— was showing him the view from his hunting-seat over a flat but beautifully wooded country, the Count joined them, and asked Brentano rather absurdly, "what great improvement he could suggest?" Brentano fell into a profound meditation,

and after some time replied, looking earnestly at the attentive and expecting Count, "What think you, Count, of making some hills of boards and painting them blue?" Improvements in this taste, though perhaps not quite so absurd and palpable, are still daily perpetrated in our beloved fatherland, in spite even of the Berlin Horticultural Society.

Dearest Julia, will you drive with me to Plâs Newydd, Lord Anglesea's park in Anglesea? The horses of fancy are soon harnessed.

We repass the giant bridge, follow the high-road to Ireland for a short time, and soon see from afar the summit of the pillar which a grateful country has raised to General Paget, then Lord Uxbridge, and now Marquis of Anglesea, in memory of the leg which he left on the field of Waterloo. About a mile and a half further on, we arrive at the gate of Plâs Newydd. The most remarkable things here are the cromlechs, whose precise destination is unknown; they are generally believed to be druidical burial places. They are huge stones, commonly three or four in number, forming a sort of rude gateway. Some are of such enormous size that it is inexplicable how they could be brought to such elevated situations

without the most complicated mechanical aid. It is, however, difficult to say what is possible to human strength, excited by unfettered will or by religious fanaticism. I remember reading that a captain of a ship coasting along the shore of Japan, saw two junks of the largest size, that is nearly as big as frigates, carried by thousands of men across a chain of hills.

The cromlechs of Anglesea, which are not of the largest class, have probably suggested the thought of building a druidical cottage in an appropriate spot, commanding a beautiful view of Snowdon. It is, however, a strange heterogeneous chaos of ancient and modern things. In the small dark rooms light is very prettily introduced, by means of looking-glass doors, which answer the double purpose of reflecting the most beautiful bits of the landscape like framed pictures. In the window stood a large sort of show-box, a camera-obscura, and a kaleidescope of a new kind—not filled like the old one, but exhibiting under countless changes any object beheld through it. Flowers especially produce a most extraordinary effect, by the constantly varying brilliancy of their colours. If you wish for one I will send it you from London: it costs eight guineas. The

house and grounds contain nothing remarkable, and are seldom inhabited by the proprietor, whose principal residence is in England.

July 23rd.

To-day I received, with great delight, a long letter from you * * * * * * * * * * * I am very glad that you are not offended at L——'s jest, and that you do not, like Herr von Frömmel*, consider him an impious wretch. You must see, in the first place, that he aims his wit only at the servile credulity of those men who convert the Unutterable, the Being of all Beings,—who is ever present to us in a deep and dim consciousness, but whom we can never comprehend,—into a strange compound of tyrant, pedagogue, and attendant spirit: who think themselves constantly guided by him in leading-strings, and regard all they see and hear, or whatever happens to them, as an interposition of God, and regarding their own littleness alone. If, for instance, they fall into the water, or if they win a prize in the lottery, they see the finger of God incontestably in that incident; if they escape any danger, they pour out the

* A ficticious name, which might be englished, Mr. Cant. —Transl.

most vehement thanks to God, as if some strange power had sent the danger, and God, like a careful and prompt gaurdian, had flown to their succour and deliverance. They might reflect, that whence the deliverance comes, thence comes also the danger; whence the pleasure, the pain; whence life, death. The whole is one scheme of existence, bestowed and governed not according to momentary caprice, but to immutable laws. Such petty views as those he satirizes, bring down the idea of Omnipotence to our own mutability and frailty. Our thanks, be they even speechless, are due to Eternal Love, for all that is; and perhaps no prayer offered by man can be more worthy of the Deity, than that mute and rapturous feeling of gratitude. But it is childish to be ever ascribing to the intervention of Omnipotence common-place and *external* individual occurrences; such as lucky and unlucky accidents, riches, poverty, death, and the like, which are subjected to the laws of nature; or (according to the measure of our powers) to our own controul. Such an intervention on the behalf of our beloved selves, would be no less strange and ill-adapted, with a view to our instruction and improvement, than experience proves it to be useless.

His satire is also directed against Christians—

who are no Christians—and are neither so-called Atheists (almost always a senseless denomination), nor yet genuine sincere fanatics; but that odious race of modern pietists, who are either feeble creatures with irritable nerves, or hypocrites of the most impious sort, and further removed from the elevated purity of Christ than the Dalai Lama. These are the true Pharisees and dealers in the temple, whom Christ would cast out were he now on earth. These are they who, were he now to appear, under a new and obscure name, would be the first to cry out, 'Crucify him*!'

In the main I confess I agree with L——; though, with regard to the subject of the 'Reflections,'

* It is a great mistake to think that this is a subject only for ridicule or for rational indignation. The alliance of the so-called SAINTS, is not without danger to all men of large and liberal opinions. There is a fermentation of Jesuitical masses, who avail themselves of the form of Protestantism, because Catholicism will no longer answer their purpose. They are guided by the same principles to which the Jesuits owed their power, governed by the same 'esprit de corps,' constituted according to a like regular organization; instead of the 'aquetta,' indeed, they use, and with signal success, the ten times more formidable poison of calumny, which, like other instruments of darkness, is so easily employed by a secret association.—Germany has much more to dread from such *saints*, than from the dreams of freedom promulgated by a set of enthusiastic young students on the Wartburg.—EDIT.

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every opinion can be but hypothetical, and in truth, what relates to another state of existence must, of necessity, be totally different from all that we have the capacity of understanding in this. Had we been able to know it, or had it been designed that we should do so, the Author of our nature would have rendered it as clear, as obvious to us, as it is that we feel, or think, or exist. What is needful, is revealed to us *inwardly;* and this has been declared from all time, in words more or less plain and significant, by the great spirits whom He has sent on earth.

That the human race is not destined to stand still like a machine devoid of will, or to revolve in one perpetual circle,—but, on the contrary, continually to advance, till it has ended its cycle of existence, and attained the highest perfection of which it is capable, I never for an instant doubt. But my hypothesis is this;—that our earth, like a vessel loosened from her moorings, is left, under the protection and coercion of the immutable laws of Nature, to the management of her own crew. We ourselves, thenceforth, are the framers of our own destiny, (insofar as it depends on human operation, and not on those immutable laws,) and of our own history, whether great or small, by our own moral strength or weakness.

It is not, in my opinion, necessary to suppose the extraordinary and special interposition of any power who causes a hard winter in Russia for the special overthrow of Napoleon;—Napoleon rather is overthown by the vicious principle which guides him; and which, in the long run, must inevitably wreck him upon some such external and immediate cause or other. The physical incident happens, *with reference to him*, only accidentally; with reference to itself, doubtless, in that necessary series of laws to which it is subject, although these laws are unknown to us.

On the same grounds, Providence will generally favour the virtuous, the industrious, the frugal, the prudent, and grant many or most of their desires; while the foolish and the wicked, who set themselves in opposition and hostility to the world, are not ordinarily so successful or so happy. If a man lets his hand lie in the ice, it is highly probable that Providence will ordain it to be frozen; or if he holds it in the fire, to be burnt. Those who go to sea, Providence will sometimes permit to be drowned; those, on the other hand, who never quit dry ground, Providence will hardly suffer to perish in the sea.

It is therefore justly said, "Help yourself, and Heaven will help you." The truth is, that God

has helped us from the beginning: the work of the master is completed; and, as far as it was intended to be so, perfect: it requires, therefore, no further extraordinary aids and corrections from above; its further development and improvement in this world is placed in our own hands. We may be good or bad, wise or foolish, not always perhaps in the degree which we, as *individuals*, might choose, were our wills perfectly free, but so far as the state of the human race immediately preceding us has formed us to decide.

Virtue and vice, wisdom and folly, are indeed words which receive their meaning solely from human society, and apart from that would have no signification. The ideas of the Good and the Wicked are excited solely by the effect of our actions upon others; for a man who never saw a fellow-man can act neither well nor ill,—nay, can scarcely feel or think, well or ill: he possesses, indeed, all the requisite capacities which form the groundwork of his higher moral and intellectual nature; but it is only by means of creatures of a like nature, that these capacities can be brought into activity; as fire can only exist, or become sensible, when combustible materials are present. The ideas of prudent and imprudent arise indeed earlier, and with reference to the individual alone;

for a single man in conflict with inanimate nature may either injure himself foolishly, or employ the materials given him with prudence and skill; and may have a full perception of these qualities or modes of action in himself. To be *good*, therefore, in every point of view, means nothing but to love other men, and to submit to the laws and rules imposed by society: to be wicked, to rebel against those laws, to disregard the weal of others, and in our conduct to have only our own momentary gratification in view. To be prudent, on the other hand, is only to have the power of perceiving and securing our own advantage by the best and aptest means: to be imprudent, to neglect these means, or to form a false estimate concerning them.

It is evident also that good and prudent—wicked and imprudent—are in the highest sense nearly synonymous: for a man who is good, will, in the common order of events, please his fellow-men, consequently will be beloved by them, and consequently will be found to be prudent,—that is, to have secured his own greatest happiness and advantage: while the bad man, engaged in an interminable conflict, must at length have the worst, and consequently suffer loss and injury.

But when once the moral sense has received its

last development and highest culture, the virtuous man, though insolated, frames laws to himself, which he follows, unheeding of advantage, danger, or the opinion of others. The bases of these laws will, however, always be what I have described;—consideration of the well-being of his fellow-men, and of the duty thence deduced, which follows as a consequence of the way he has traced out to himself. But when this point is reached, the inward consciousness of having fulfilled this duty, gives the moral man purer and higher satisfaction than the possession of all earthly enjoyments could confer upon him. It is therefore permanently, and in both views of the subject, true, that it is the highest prudence to be virtuous, the greatest folly to be wicked.

But here, indeed, from the busy and complicated nature of human life, arise many and varied shades and distinctions. It is very easy, even with great prudence, where the earthly and external is concerned, to seize upon appearance instead of reality. It is possible for one man to deceive others, and to make them believe that he does them good, that he deserves their respect and their thanks, when he only uses them as instruments of his own advantage, and does them the bitterest injury. Folly too often produces the

opposite effect, and imputes to others wicked designs and bad motives, where the very contrary have place. Hence arises the maxim,—painful indeed! but too firmly based on universal experience,—that in worldly connections and affairs, folly and imprudence are productive of more certain disadvantage to the individual than vice and wickedness. The external consequences of the latter may be kept off, perhaps entirely prevented, by prudence; but nothing can ward off the consequences of folly, which is perpetually working against itself.

The want, and the existence, of positive religions are mainly attributable to the general persuasion of this truth, and of the consequent insufficiency of penal laws of human institution. Hence arises the doctrine of future rewards and punishments, awarded by an All-seeing Power, against whose eye the precautions of prudence are vain, and from whom the imprudent expects pity and compensation: for truly he who has combined prudence and virtue needs no further recompense,—he finds it rich and overflowing in himself. Who would not, without a moment's hesitation, give every thing in the world to enjoy the blessedness of being perfectly good? A time may perhaps come, when all church and state

religions may be buried and forgotten; but Poetry and Love, whose flower is true Religion, whose fruit Virtue, must for ever rule the human heart in their holy Tri-unity,—the adoration of God as the source of all existence, the admiration of nature as his high work, and love to men as our brethren. And this is the true doctrine of Christ,—by none more purely, touchingly, simply, and deeply expressed, although its forms and premises are adapted to the times in which he lived. And therefore is he become the seed from which the fruit of after-times shall arise; the true Mediator, whose doctrine, as we must hope, will, in time, become Christianity in deed and in truth, and not in words alone. * * * * *

* * * * * * * [Here occurs a chasm in the letters, which begin again on the 28th.]

Capel Cerig, July 28th, late in the evening.

As the weather cleared up, and the friends whom I expected did not arrive, I hastened to take advantage of the first ray of sun to penetrate deeper amid the mountains; and set off about seven in the evening, in an Irish car drawn by one horse, for Capel Cerig. I left my servant, and took only a light travelling-bag containing a little

linen and a change of clothes.—This carriage consists of an open box, standing on two wheels, resting on four horizontal springs, and containing two opposite benches, on which four persons can commodiously sit. You ascend from behind, as the door is between the wheels;—the whole is very light and convenient. The moment was unusually propitious;—nearly a week of rain had so swollen all the waterfalls, brooks, and rivers, that they appeared in their fullest beauty; trees and grass were clothed in their softest green, and the air was transparent and pure as crystal. I admired the rich masses of gay mountain flowers and heaths which grew luxuriantly in the clefts of the rocks, and regretted that I did not know enough of botany to enjoy them with more than my eye.

I soon reached that sterner region in which flowers are rarely seen, and trees never.

I alighted at the waterfall of Idwal to visit a little lake, which might serve as the entrance to Hades.

The dreary and wild aspect of the deep mountain enclosure is really awful. I had read that it was possible to reach Capel Cerig from hence, going in a straight line over Trivaen (the mountain with basaltic columns, of which I have spoken)

and the surrounding rocks. The passage was represented as very difficult, but surpassingly beautiful. At this moment I saw a shepherd descending from the mountain, and I felt the strongest inclination to attempt the expedition with the guide which chance thus so opportunely threw in my way. I got the postilion to act as interpreter of my wishes. The man thought it was too late, and that the descent on the other side by night would be hazardous. On my pressing him further, he said, however, that there would be a moon, and that if I could follow him at a brisk rate, he thought we might manage to cross the mountain in two hours,—but that there were some very awkward places to pass. I had tried my strength too well on Snowdon to shrink from the enterprise; I therefore closed the bargain, only taking the precaution to order the driver to wait for me an hour, lest any unforeseen difficulties should cause me to return, and then to drive back to Capel Cerig.

The path along which we had to climb was from the outset very steep, and lay over a boggy soil between enormous detached masses of rock strewed in wild disorder. It might be about half-past seven o'clock:—there was no trace of any beaten path; Trivaen reared its grotesque peak

like an embattled wall before us, nor was it easy to discover how we were to cross it. The mountain sheep here rendered us good service; they climbed before us, and showed the often uncertain guide the most practicable places. After a quarter of an hour of very wearisome climbing, with many a giddy glance into the chasms beneath, to which, however, the eye became gradually familiarized, we came to a little swampy 'plateau' through which we were obliged to wade knee-deep in bog. Here we had a beautiful view of the sea, the Isle of Man, and Ireland dimly appearing in the distance.

Immediately above the bog a completely different sort of ground awaited us; a wall of perpendicular and compact sharp and ragged rocks, over which we scrambled on hands and feet. The sun had already sunk behind a high mountain sideward of us, and reddened the whole wild scenery around, as well as the wall on which we hung, with a dark and fiery glow—one of the strangest effects of sunlight I ever beheld. It was like a theatrical representation of Hell. Our way now lay across a swollen mountain-stream, over which a fallen block of stone had formed a natural bridge; and then over bare rocks wholly unmixed with earth, till at length we reached the

high crest which had so long stood right before us, and at which I expected an end of all our difficulties. I was therefore not a little disappointed when I saw another defile before me, which we must first descend and then climb up the opposite side, for no human foot could have found a sure hold on the semicircular edge of the crest, across which lay a shorter road.

We had now entirely lost sight of the sea; our view lay landward, where the mountain region of Wales lay before us in its whole breadth; peak above peak, solitary, silent, and mighty. The sterile valley beneath us was filled with giant stones hurled about in wild disorder; and truly the game which was here played, with rocks for balls, must have been a spectacle for Gods. While I stood lost in contemplation of this chaos, I heard a shrill reiterated cry close to me, and looking up, saw two majestic eagles soaring over our heads with outstretched wings—a rarity in these mountains. Welcome faithful birds* of my house, exclaimed I,—here, where there are only hard rocks, but no false hearts; are you come to carry me, like the Roc bird, into some valley of dia-

* *Wappenvögel* (armorial-birds), an expression which appears affected in English, though the passage is unintelligible without it.—Transl.

monds? or do you bring me tidings from my far distant home? The noble creatures seemed as if they answered me by their cries; but unfortunately I am not skilled in the language of birds: and they left me, wheeling higher and higher, till they disappeared among the columns of Trivaen. I look upon the repeated attentions paid me by birds of prey as a good omen.

It was extremely inconvenient that I could no more speak with my guide than with the eagles, for he understood not a word of English. We could therefore only converse by signs. After we had for some time descended with comparative ease, he pointed to a place to which we must now turn our steps:—we had arrived at the 'bad passage.' This consisted of a perfectly perpendicular wall, certainly not less than six hundred feet in depth; and above it a scarcely less steep ascent of earth, washed over by the rain, and strewed with small loose stones. Across this we were to make our way—a distance of fifteen hundred paces. Formerly, I should have regarded this undertaking as impracticable; but being urged by necessity, after the first few fearful steps I found it quite easy.

It certainly looked most terrific, but the numerous stones and the moist soft earth afforded a

firmer footing than might have been expected: indeed these things, even in an unexaggerated description, always sound more perilous than they are. It is very true that one false step would cause inevitable destruction; but this is exactly what one takes good care not to set: so a man must be drowned in the water, if he leaves off swimming. Anybody who can walk, and has a steady head, may perform such exploits without the slightest danger. Twilight now began to close in; the mountains became dim and indistinct; under us lay, like steaming cauldrons, the misty lakes of Capel Cerig and Beddgelert. We had reached the highest point, and hastened as much as possible to reach the former lake. We waded through another bog, and scrambled down over rocks, till we came to the part of our way which looked the least difficult, but was in fact the most fatiguing;—a firm and smooth hill covered with turf, very steep, and with a substratum of rock which in many parts presented itself at the surface in broad smooth shelves. Down this declivity we rather slid than walked; and the effort was at length followed by such pain in the knees, that both the guide and I fell several times, though without sustaining any hurt. The lofty mountains around us had hitherto concealed the moon, which now arose large and

blood-red above their wavy line. We soon lost her again. Near our journey's end she once more rose upon us, golden, clear, and small, mirrored in the still waters of the lake, on whose shores the inn stood. The last part of the way lay along a level high-road, and offered such a contrast to what had preceded it, that I felt as if I could have walked along it sleeping. It was as if my steps were not the result of any act of the will, but rather of some mechanical power; like the children's toys, which when wound up run round and round the table without stopping. We completed our expedition in an hour and three quarters; and proud of my achievement, I entered Capel Cerig, where my host would hardly believe we had accomplished the distance by night in so short a time.—I had lived such an indolent, effeminate life for some years, that I fancied myself grown almost old; but today's experience proved, to my great joy, that I want nothing but stimulus and opportunity, to recover all the freshness and vigour of my bodily and mental powers;—danger and difficulty had always been my most kindred element when fate threw them in my way.

My driver had not yet returned with the carriage, and I was obliged to equip myself in the clothes of my portly host, in which I now doubt-

less cut a very extraordinary figure, while my own are drying at the kitchen-fire; and I am alternately occupied in writing to you, and in drinking tea.

To morrow morning I shall leave my pillow at four o'clock,—guess in search of what;—the rock of the enchanter Merlin, where he prophesied to king Vortigern the history of coming times, and where his wondrous treasures, the golden throne and diamond sword, still lie buried in its hidden caves. Here is a new and most safe object of speculation to the mining companies of London and Elberfeld.

Beddgelert, July 29th, early.

Admire Merlin's vale with me, dearest Julia. It is indeed enchanting; but its rocks—Dinas Emrys, I shall long remember. But let me begin at the beginning. I went to bed at one, rose again punctually at four, and in ten minutes was ready to start: for as soon as you bid adieu to servants and luxuries, every thing goes at an easier and quicker pace. The fine weather had given place to the usual mists of these mountains; and I was glad to avail myself of my mountain walking-stick of yesterday in its other capacity of umbrella, as well as of that venerable cloak, the

honoured relic of my warlike services against France, which I was once forced to throw out of a balloon, together with all other ballast, to avoid ending my aerial excursion in the water.

At first the road was dull and uninteresting enough, till we came to the foot of Snowdon, which reared its uncovered head majestically above the clouds, by which we were encircled and bedewed. Its aspect is peculiarly grand and sublime from this point. It rises in nearly perpendicular height from the vale of Gwynant, which commences here. This richly watered valley unites the most luxuriant vegetation with the sublimest views. The loftiest mountains of Wales are grouped around it in manifold forms and colours. The river which flows through it forms, in its course, two lakes, not broad but deep, the valley being narrow throughout, a circumstance which greatly contributes to enhance the colossal air of the mountains which inclose it. In the richest part of it, a merchant of Chester has a park, which he justly calls Elysium.

On a high and thickly wooded ridge, out of whose deep verdure rocks which rival each other in wildness of form break forth, overlooking the mountain river which flows through a beautiful stretch of meadows, stands the unpretending and

lovely villa. Below lies the lake, behind which stands Merlin's solitary rock, apparently closing the valley, which here makes an abrupt turn.

Dinas Emrys is doubly impressed on my memory: first, for its romantic beauty; secondly, because on it I literally hung between life and death. Although not above four or five hundred feet high, it is considered accessible only on one side. I had taken a little boy with me as guide, but when we reached the spot he seemed to know very little about the matter. The way which he took through an oak copse appeared to me from the first suspicious, from its uncommon steepness; but he tranquillized my fears in broken English, and I could do nothing but follow the little fellow, (who sprang before me like a chamois,) as well as I could. Merlin appeared to frown upon us: a violent wind had arisen, and the sun, which had shone upon us for a moment, imbedded himself behind black clouds; while the long wet grass which hung over the blocks of stone made climbing very dangerous. This did not much impede the barefooted little boy, but was a serious obstacle to my limbs, somewhat stiff from my yesterday's exploits. The higher we went, the steeper the rocks became; often we were obliged to swing ourselves up by the help of the shrubs which grew out of the

clefts, avoiding as well as we could to look behind us. At length I observed that the boy himself was quite irresolute, and creeping on his belly looked anxiously around. We now wriggled right and left through some clefts, and suddenly found ourselves standing on the peak of a smooth and lofty wall, with scarcely room to set our feet, and above us a similar wall, out of which grew some tufts of grass. The summit of this appeared to overtop the whole.

The prospect was not encouraging: the child began to cry, and I considered not without some uneasy feelings what was to be done. Willingly, I confess, should I have climbed down again, and left Merlin's rock to witches and gnomes, if I had thought it possible to descend without dizziness, or indeed to find the way by which we had ascended. Before us there lay no chance of escape but by scaling the wall as we best might. The boy, as the lightest and most practised, went first; I followed him step by step, holding by the slight support of tufts of grass, clinging with hand and foot in every little cleft; and thus hanging between heaven and earth we reached the giddy summit in safety. I was quite exhausted. A more daring climber may laugh at me; but I honestly confess to you, that when a tuft of grass

or a root seemed unsteady, and threatened to give way before I had raised myself up by it, I felt what terror is. As I lay now panting with fatigue and fright on the turf, I saw a large black lizard couched just opposite to me, who appeared to look at me with scornful, malicious eyes, as if he were the enchanter himself in disguise. I was however glad to see him, and in high good humour at having got out of the scrape so cheaply; though I thought fit to threaten the little imp, who like a mischievous gnome had enticed me into such perils, with all sorts of terrible punishments, if he did not make out the right way back. In his absence I examined the remains of the area, as it is here called,—the ruined walls, where

> "Prophetic Merlin sat, when to the British king
> The changes long to come auspiciously he told."

I grubbed among the stones, I crept into the fallen caverns—but from me, as from others, the treasures remained hidden;—the moment has not yet arrived. As a compensation, the boy reappeared jumping gaily along, and boasting of the beauty of the way which he had at length found.

If it was not quite so smooth and easy as that of sin, it was at least not like the last, inaccessible. Merlin's displeasure, however, pursued us in the shape of torrents of rain, which obliged

me again to send my clothes to the kitchen fire, at which I am reposing.

The inn, completely shaded by high trees, is most delightful. Just before my window is a fresh-mown meadow, behind which a huge mountain rears itself, covered from top to bottom with deep purple heather, glowing like the morning sky, in spite of the sheets of rain and of the clouded heavens. While my dinner was preparing, (for I dine like Suwarroff at eight o'clock in the morning,) a harper, the humble relic of Welsh bards, played on his curious and primitive instrument. He is blind, and so is his dog, who stands behind him on his hind legs, waiting with unwearied patience, till one bestows a piece of money on his master, and of bread on himself. *Beddgelert* means "Gelert's grave," *bed* and *grave* being poetically expressed in Welsh by the same word. Gelert was no other than a greyhound, whose history is, however, so touching, that as soon as my 'déjeuné dinatoire' is removed, I will tell it you*.

Caernarvon, July 30th.

I had kept the harper playing during the whole

* The story of Gelert is omitted, as familiar to the English reader.—TRANSL.

time of dinner at Beddgelert, and had amused myself, like a child, with his dog, with whom it had become so much a second nature to stand on two legs, that he would have been a better representative of man than Plato's plucked fowl. The perfect ease of his attitude, together with his serious countenance, had something so whimsical, that one had only to imagine him in a petticoat, with a snuff-box in his paw, to take him for a blind old lady.

In the same proportion as this dog resembles the heroic Gelert, do the modern Welsh seem to resemble their ancestors. Without the energy or activity of the English, still less animated by the fire of the Irish, they vegetate, poor and obscure, between both. They have, however, retained the simplicity of mountaineers, and they are neither so rude and boorish, nor do they cheat so impudently, as the Swiss. 'Point d'argent, point de Suisse' is not yet applicable here. On the contrary, living is so cheap that bankrupt Englishmen often retire hither: I am assured that a man may have good board and lodging, the use of a poney, and leave to shoot, for fifty guineas a year.

The environs of Beddgelert are the last continuation of the magnificent valley which I have

described to you. It was now alive with a hundred waterfalls, which dashed foaming and white as milk from every chasm and gorge. About a mile and a half in the rear of the village the rocks stand is near together that there is scarce room for road and river to run side by side. Here rises the Devil's bridge, and closes the valley, or rather the defile. You now again approach the sea, and the country assumes a gayer character. In two hours I reached the great resort of tourists, Tan y Bwlch, whose chief attraction is a beautiful park extending over two rocky mountains overgrown with lofty wood, between which gushes a mountain stream forming numerous cascades. The walks are admirably cut, leading, through the best chosen gradations and changes, to the various points of view; from which you catch now an island in the sea, now a precipice with a foaming waterfall, now a distant peak, or solitary group of rocks under the night of primeval oaks.

I wandered for above an hour along these walks; but was greatly surprised to see them in so neglected a state, that in most places I had to wade through deep grass, and to toil through the rank and overgrown vegetation. Even the house seemed in decay. I afterwards learned that

the proprietor had lost his fortune at play in London.

As I feared I should spend too much time here, I gave up my visit to Festiniog and its celebrated waterfall, hired an airy 'Sociable' (a sort of light four-seated 'calêche' without a roof) from my host, and set out for Tremadoc, distant about ten miles. I was richly rewarded, although the road is the very worst I have yet met with in Great Britain: for some miles it runs *in* the sea, that is to say, through a part of it which Mr. Maddox, a rich landowner here, has cut off by a monstrous dam; he has thus redeemed from the ocean a tract of fertile land equal in extent to a *rittergut* (a knight's fee). From this dam, twenty feet high and two miles long, you command the most magnificent views: the drained land forms a nearly regular semicircle, whose walls appear to be formed by the whole amphitheatre of the mountains. Here the art of man has drawn aside the veil from the bottom of the deep; and instead of the ship, the plough now tracks the broad expanse. But on the left, the ocean still hides all the secrets of "the fathomless profound" under his liquid mountains. The line of coast is terminated at no great distance by a bold headland, on which the ruins of Harlech Castle, with its five mouldering towers,

overhang the waves. In front, at the end of the dam, a quiet cheerful valley opens before you, cradled amid lofty mountains, with a small but busy harbour, near which Tremadoc seems to grow out of the rock.

In spite of all this, you, my Julia, would hardly bring yourself to ride across this dam, which is indeed better fitted for foot-passengers. It is, as I have already said, twenty feet high, and consists of rude, angular, and jagged blocks of stone, heaped on one another. The road at the top is only four ells wide, without anything like a railing. On one side the breakers dash furiously against it; and if your horses shyed at them, you would infallibly be thrown on the points of rocks which bristle like pikes on the other. The mountain horses alone can cross such a road with safety, as they seem to estimate the danger and to be familiar with it: nevertheless a carriage is seldom seen here. Waggons of stone cross the dam on a rail-road, which makes it still worse for all other vehicles. Tremadoc itself stands on land formerly redeemed by a similar process. The resemblance which this land, reclaimed some centuries since, has to the sandy banks of northern Germany, which were gained from the sea perhaps a thousand years ago, is very striking: the little

town itself and its inhabitants—as if like soil produced like character of people—as completely resembled the melancholy villages of that country. It is dreary, neglected, and dirty; the men ill-clad; the inn not better than a Silesian one, nor less filthy; and, that nothing might be wanting, the post-horses out at field, so that I had to wait an hour and a half for them. When they appeared, their condition, the wretched state of their tackle, and the dress of the postilion, were all perfectly true to their model. This applies only to the part redeemed from the sea: as soon as you have gone four or five miles further, and reached the surrounding heights, the country changes to the fruitful and the beautiful. It had, indeed, lost its wild and gigantic character; but after so long a stay among the rocks, this change refreshed me, especially as the most brilliant and lovely evening shone over the landscape.

The sun gleamed so brightly on the emerald meadows, woody hills lay so peacefully as if at rest around the crystal stream, and scattered cottages hung so temptingly on their shady sides, that I felt as if I could have staid there for ever. I had dismounted from the carriage; and throwing myself on the soft moss under a large nut-tree, I gave myself up with delight to my dreams. The

evening light glittered like sparks through the thick-leaved branches, and a hundred gay insects sported in its muddy light; while the gentle wind sighed in its top-most boughs, in melodies which are understood and felt by the initiated.

The carriage arrived. Once more I cast a longing glance on the dark blue sea; once more I drank in the fragrance of the mountain flowers, and the horses bore the loiterer quickly to the plains.

From this point the romantic wholly ceases; I rode along a well-tilled country till the towers of Caernarvon Castle rose in the twilight above the trees.—Here I intend to rest some days, having performed seventy-four English miles today, partly on foot, between four in the morning and ten at night.

August 1st.

This morning I received letters from you, which make me melancholy.—Yes, indeed, you are right; it was a hard destiny which troubled the calmest and cheerfullest happiness, the most perfect mutual understanding, and tore asunder the best suited minds (both too in the full enjoyment of their respective tastes and pursuits), as a storm troubles and tears up the peaceful sea. At one time, indeed, this was well-nigh destruction to

both; condemning the one to restless wandering, the other to comfortless solitude; both to grief, anxiety, and vain longings. But was not this storm necessary for the dwellers on the deep? would not, perhaps, the stagnant and motionless air have been yet more destructive to them? Let us not therefore give way to excessive grief: let us never regret the past, which is always vain; let us only stretch forward to what is better, and even in the worst exigencies let us be true to ourselves. How often are the evils created by our own imaginations the hardest to bear! What burning pains are caused by wounded vanity! what agonizing shame by notions of false honour! I am not much the better for perceiving this, and am often tempted to wish for Falstaff's philosophy. Nature has however endowed me with one precious gift, which I would most gladly share with you. In every situation, I promptly, and as it were by instinct, discover the good side of things; and enjoy it, be it what it may, with a freshness of feeling, a childlike Christmas-day delight in trifles*, which I am convinced will never grow old in me.

And in what situation does not the good, in the

* *Weihnachtsfreude.* Those who have passed a Christmas-eve in Germany will feel the force of this.—TRANSL.

long run, outweigh the evil?—this persuasion is the ground-work of my piety. The gifts of God are infinite; and we might almost say we are inexcusable if we are not happy. How often indeed we have it in our power to be so, every one may see, who looks back at his past life;—he cannot escape the conviction that he might easily have turned almost every evil to good. As I have long ago and often said to you, We are the makers of our own destiny. It is true, however, that ourselves we have *not* made, and therein lies a wide unknown Past, concerning which we perplex our spirits in vain: our speculations can lead to no practical end. Let every one only do his utmost to be of good courage, and to regard the outward things of this world, without exception, as of light moment,—for the things of this world are really light and unimportant, in good as in evil. There is no better weapon against unhappiness; only we must not on that account cross our hands, and do nothing.

Your womanish fault, my dear Julia, is, in evil times to abandon yourself to Heaven and its assistance, as 'Deus ex machinâ,' with a feeble and helpless sort of piety. For if this assistance fails us, our ruin is then certain and inevitable.

Both, pious hope and energetic action, consist

perfectly well together, and indeed mutually aid each other. No man can doubt that the former greatly lightens the latter: for if that sort of piety which is common in the world,—that confident expectation of earthly and peculiar protection from above, that supplication for good and against evil,—is merely a self-delusion, still it is a beneficent one, and perhaps grounded in our very nature, subject as we are to so many illusions, which, when they take fast hold on our minds, become to us individual Truth. It appears that our nature has the power of creating to itself a factitious reality, as a sort of auxiliary support, where reality itself is unattainable. Thus a pious confidence in special interpositions, though but a form of superstition, gives courage. A man who goes into battle with a talisman which he believes renders him invulnerable, will see bullets rain around him with indifference. But still more powerful and exalting is the enthusiasm excited by ideas which place us above the external world; thus religious fanatics have frequently been seen animated by a spirit which enabled them to brave the most horrible bodily tortures with truly miraculous power:—thus do the afflicted and oppressed create to themselves blissful hopes of a future state of felicity, which indemnify them even here.

All these are effects of the potent instinct of self-preservation in its widest sense,—which brings the abovenamed power of our nature into operation wherever it is needed. Hence, lastly, in feeble characters, those death-bed conversions, useless indeed in themselves, but tranquillizing.

Every human being must pay his tribute to this want in one form or other: every one creates to himself his earthly god; and thus is the descent of God to us under human attributes ever repeated.

The conception of the all-loving Father is certainly the noblest and most beautiful of these images, nor can the human imagination rise higher. And it must be conceded, that the mere idea of the Highest Principle of all things, exalted, sublimated, I might almost say, evaporated, to the Incomprehensible, the Unutterable, no longer warms the human heart, conscious of its own weakness, with the same fervent emotion.

It often appears to me that all which is fashioned by nature or by man may be reduced to two primary elements, Love and Fear, which might be called the Divine and the Earthly principles. All thoughts, feelings, passions, and actions, arise from these: either from one, or from a mixture of the two. Love is the divine cause of all things;—Fear seems to be their

earthly preserver. The words, 'Ye shall love God and fear him,' must be so interpreted, or they have no meaning; for absolute and unmixed love *cannot* fear, because it is the absence of all self-regarding thoughts and feelings; and indeed, if it truly inspired us, would make us one with God and the universe; and we *have* moments in which we feel this.

When I use this notion as a standard or measure by which to try all human actions, I find it constantly confirmed. Love fertilizes,—fear preserves, and destroys. In all nature too, I see the principle of self-preservation or fear (it is one and the same), in what we call, according to our system of morals, crime or wickedness; that is, founded on the annihilation of another's individuality. One race lives by the destruction of another; life is fed by death, to all eternity of reproduction and reappearance, which, precisely by this kind of unity, continues in perpetual change.

It is also worthy of note, that this fear, although so indispensably necessary to all of us for our earthly support and preservation, is even here so little esteemed by our diviner part, that scarcely any possible crime is covered with such deep contempt as cowardice.

On the other hand, nothing so effectually con-

quers fear, as a great and lofty idea springing from the dominion of love. A man inspired by such a feeling, even hurries along others with him; and whole nations devote themselves under its influence, although nothing earthly can remain pure from all admixture of the baser principle. Fear has reference to the future in time and space: Love,—to the present, eternally; and knows neither time nor space. Love is endless and blessed:—Fear dies an eternal death.

K—— Park, August 2nd.

On my return to Bangor, I made acquaintance with the possessor of ——— Castle (the black Saxon castle which I described to you), a man to whom I am strongly attracted by our common building mania.

It is now seven years since the castle was begun, in which time 20,000*l.* have been spent upon it; and it will probably take four years more to complete it. During all this time, this wealthy man lives with his family in a humble hired cottage in the neighbourhood, with a small establishment; he feasts once a week on the sight of his fairy castle, which, after the long continuance of such simple habits, he will probably never bring himself to inhabit. It appeared to give him great

pleasure to show and explain every thing to me; and I experienced no less from his enthusiasm, which was agreeable and becoming in a man otherwise cold.

In compliance with an invitation which I had received in London, and which had since been pressingly renewed, I came hither yesterday morning. My road lay at first through fertile fields, between the lake and the foot of the mountains; sometimes crossed by a sudden defile or glen, and by rapid brooks hurrying to the sea. On Penman Mawr the road, which is blasted in the rock, contracts into a narrow and fearful pass, the left side of which overhangs the sea at a perpendicular height of five hundred feet. A most necessary parapet wall guards carriages. I sat on the imperial, a place which I frequently take in fine weather, and enjoyed the wide sea-view in full freedom: the wind meanwhile sighed and whistled in every variety of tone, and I with difficulty kept my cloak about me. In an hour I reached Conway, whose site is most beautiful. Here stands the largest of those strong castles which Edward built, and Cromwell demolished. It is likewise the most remarkable for the picturesque beauty both of its position and structure.

The outer walls, though ruinous, are still standing, with all their towers, to the number, it is said, of fifty-two. The whole town, a strange but not unpicturesque mixture of old and new, is contained within the inclosure of these walls. A chain-bridge, with pillars in the form of Gothic towers, has lately been thrown over the river Conway, on whose banks the castle stands: it increases the grandeur and strangeness of the scene. The surrounding country is magnificent: woody hills rise opposite to the ruins, and behind them appears a yet higher range. Numerous country-houses adorn the sides of the hills; among others a most lovely villa, which is now on sale, and bears the seducing name of 'Contentment.'

In the castle, the imposing remains of the banquetting hall, with its two enormous fire-places are still visible, as is also the king's chamber. In the queen's closet there is an altar of beautiful workmanship, in tolerably good preservation, and a splendid oriel window. The town also contains very remarkable old buildings, with strange fantastic devices in wood. One of these houses was built, as a tombstone in the church testifies, in the fourteenth century, by a man named Hooke, the forty-first son of his father,—a rare instance in Christendom. A large child in

swaddling-clothes, carried by a stork, was carved in oak, and occurred in various parts of the building.

Conway is a laudable place in a gastronomic point of view: it abounds with a fish, the firm and yet tender flesh of which is delicious. Its name is Place*, as who should say, Place for me, who am the worthiest! And truly I shall always be glad to give him the place of honour at my table.

I quitted Conway early, driving across the chain-bridge, which serves as a most noble 'point d'appui' to the ruined castle. The monstrous chains lose themselves so romantically in the solid rock-like towers, that one would scarcely be reminded of their newness, if there were not unluckily a toll-house on the other side, built exactly in the form of a diminutive castle, and looking like a harlequin apeing the other.

The nearer you approach to St. Asaph, the softer the character of the country becomes. In a semicircular bay which the eye can scarcely traverse, the tranquil sea washes fruitful fields and meadows, richly studded with towns and

* A warning to all makers of puns and *jeux de mots* to know their tools. Our author probably is still in blissful ignorance of the *i* which spoils his joke.—TRANSL.

villages. All the country-gentlemen seem lovers of the Gothic style of architecture. This taste is carried so far, that even an inn by the road-side was provided with portcullis, loop-holes, and battlements, though there was no garrison to defend it, except geese and hens. Don Quixote might have been excused here; and the host would not do amiss to hang out the knight of the sorrowful countenance, with couched lance and brazen helmet, as his sign. At some distance I saw what appeared to be a ridge of hills crowned with a Gothic castle:—it had such a striking aspect that I was duped into dismounting and climbing the toilsome ascent. It was at once ridiculous and vexatious to find that the kernel of the jest was only a small and insignificant house, and that what had attracted me were mere walls which, built on the summits and declivities of the mountain, represented towers, roofs, and large battlements, half hidden in wood; but served, in fact, only to inclose a kitchen- and fruit-garden. A lucky dog, a shopkeeper, who had suddenly become rich, had built this harmless fortress, as I was told, in two years;—a perfect satire on the ruling taste.

Towards evening I arrived at the house of my worthy Colonel, a true Englishman, in the best

sense of the word. He and his amiable family received me in the friendliest manner. Country-gentlemen of his class, who are in easy circumstances (with us they would be thought rich), and fill a respectable station in society; who are not eager and anxious pursuers of fashion in London, but seek to win the affection of their neighbours and tenants; whose hospitality is not mere ostentation; whose manners are neither 'exclusive' nor outlandish; but who find their dignity in a domestic life polished by education and adorned by affluence, and in the observance of the strictest integrity;—such form the most truly respectable class of Englishmen. In the great world of London, indeed, they play an obscure part; but, on the wide stage of humanity, one of the most noble and elevated that can be allotted to man. Unfortunately, however, the predominance and the arrogance of the English aristocracy is so great, and that of fashion yet so much more absolute and tyrannous, that such families, if my tribute of praise and admiration were ever to fall under their eye, would probably feel less flattered by it, than they would be if I enumerated them among the leaders of 'ton.'

To what a pitch this weakness reaches, even among the worthiest people in this country, is

not to be believed without actual observation and experience;—without seeing all classes of society affected by it in the most ludicrous manner.—But I have written you enough on this subject from the 'foyer' of European Aristocracy, and will not therefore repeat myself.

It is, moreover, high time to close this letter, otherwise I fear my correspondence may be too long even for you; for though the heart is never weary, the head puts in other claims.

But I know how much I may trust to your indulgence in this point.

Your ever truly devoted

L——.

LETTER IV.

K—— Park, August 4th, 1828.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

I AM in most agreeable quarters. The manner of living is 'comfortable,' the society cordial, 'la chère excellente,' and the freedom, as it is every where in the country, perfect. Yesterday I took a very agreeable ride of some twenty miles on an untireable horse of my host's;—for distances disappear before the excellence of the horses and of the roads.—I must tell you all I saw.

I rode first to the small town of St. Asaph to look at the cathedral, which is adorned with a beautiful window of modern painted glass. Many coats of arms were extremely well executed, and the artist had had the good sense to avoid the common error of endeavouring to represent objects not suited to his art, which requires masses of colour and no delicate and floating shades. To obtain a more perfect knowledge of the country, I ascended the tower. At a distance of about twelve miles I espied a church-like building on the summit of a high mountain, and asked the

clerk what it was. He replied, in broken English, that it was 'the king's tabernacle,' and that whoever would pass seven years without washing himself, cutting his nails, or shaving his beard, would be allowed to live there; and at the expiration of the seventh year he would have a right to go to London, where the king must give him a pension and make him a 'gentleman.' The man believed this wild story implicitly, and swore to its truth; 'Voila ce que c'est que la foi.'

I inquired afterwards the true state of the affair, and heard the origin of this history; namely, that the building was erected by the province, or 'county,' to commemorate the Jubilee of the last king's reign, and had stood empty ever since: but that a wag had advertised a considerable reward in the newspapers, to any man who would fulfil the above-named conditions. The common people had mixed up this strange ordeal with the 'tabernacle' of King George III.

I descended the towers, and now you may see me galloping at the foot of some gentle slopes, till I reach a rocky isolated hill, on which stands Denbigh Castle. The side of the hill is covered with the ruinous houses and huts of the miserable little town, and you climb through its narrow lanes to the top. A gentleman, who afterwards

declared himself to be the surgeon of the town, very kindly showed me the way, and did the honours of the ruins with great politeness. Here is a sort of casino most romantically situated within the walls, and a very pretty flower-garden, commanding a beautiful view. The rest of this vast edifice offers only a neglected labyrinth of walls, standing amid the rank luxuriance of grass and thistles. Every third year, notwithstanding, a great national festival is held on this spot;—the meeting of Welsh bards, who, like the old German Minnesingers, repair hither to a trial of skill. The victor wins a golden cup; and a chorus of a hundred harps resounds to his fame amid these ruins. The meeting will take place in three months, when the Duke of Sussex is expected to be present.

Following a ravine, I now entered a most lovely valley. Deep wood overshadowed me; rocks stretched out their mossy heads, like old acquaintances—from the branches; the wild torrent foamed, leaping and dancing amid the flowers; and the gold-green of the meadows here and there gleamed through the shade. I wandered for some hours in this place, and then climbed the heights by a weary foot-path, to discover where I was. I stood immediately above the bay and the broad

tranquil sea, which appeared to be nearer to the gentle descent in front than it really was. After some effort, I espied among the groups of trees on the plain the house of K— park, and trotting briskly onward, reached it in time to dress for dinner.

August 5th.

I walked this morning, while all the rest of the family were still in bed, with the charming little Fanny, the youngest daughter of the house, who is not yet 'out*.' She took me round the park and garden, and showed me her 'dairy' and 'aviary.'

I told you once before, that the dairy is one of the principal decorations of an English park, and stands by itself, quite away from the cow-house. It is generally an elegant pavilion, adorned with fountains, marble walls, and rare and beautiful porcelain; and its vessels, large and small, filled with the most exquisite milk and its products, in all their varieties. There can be no

* "To come out," as applied to young girls in England, means to go into the world. Parents sometimes let them wait for this happiness till they are twenty, or even older. Till then, they learn the world only from novels; in later life they consequently often act upon them, where the principles of domestic virtue (for there is such a thing now and then in England) have not been deeply and firmly laid.—EDITOR.

better place of refreshment after a walk. It is of course surrounded by a flower-garden, which the English love to attach to all their buildings. In this, the mineral rivalled the vegetable kingdom in brilliancy and beauty of colour. The proprietor has a share in the principal copper mines in Anglesea, and little mountains of ore, glittering with red, blue, and green, formed a gorgeous bed for rare and curious plants.

The aviary, which elsewhere is filled with gold pheasants and other foreign birds, was here more usefully tenanted; and was exclusively devoted to cocks and hens, geese, ducks, peacocks, and pigeons. It was however, from its extraordinary cleanliness and nice adaptation, a very pretty and agreeable sight. German housewives, listen and wonder! Twice a-day are the yards, which are provided with the most beautiful receptacles of water,—the separate houses, pigeon-holes, &c.,—twice a-day are they cleaned: the straw nests of the hens were so pretty; the perches on which the fowls roost, so smooth and clean; the water in the stone basins, which served as duck-ponds, so clear; the barley and the boiled rice (equal to Parisian 'riz au lait') so tempting,—that one thought one's self in the

Paradise of fowls. They enjoyed, too, the freedom of Paradise: here were no clipped wings; and a little grove of high trees, close by their house, formed their pleasure-ground. Most of them were still poised in air, waving to and fro on the topmost boughs, when we arrived: but scarcely did they espy the rosy little Fanny tripping towards them, with dainties in her apron, like a beneficent fairy, than they flew down in a tumultuous cloud, and ran to her feet, pecking and fluttering. I felt a sort of pastoral sensibility come over me, and turned homewards, to get rid of my fit of romance before breakfast. But now the children's gardens were to be visited, and a sort of summer-house, and Heaven knows what;—in short we were too late, and got a scolding. Miss Fanny exclaimed, with true English pathos,—

> "We do but row,
> And we are steer'd by fate;"

in the words of our proverb, *Der Mensch denkt Gott lenkt.* Yes indeed, thought I, the little philosopher is right: things always turn out differently from what one intends, even in such small events as these.

After dinner I mounted my horse again. I sought the most untracked ways in the wildest mountain country on the land side, frequently

fording the rapid stream, and revelling in the most beautiful and striking scenery. Here and there I met a country girl working in the fields. They are strikingly pretty in the singular costume which sets off their fine persons to the greatest advantage. They are moreover shy as roes, and chaste as vestals. Every thing shows the mountain character; my horse among the rest:—unwearied as a machine of steel, he gallops over the stones, up hill and down; leaps with undisturbed composure over the gates which continually intercept my way across the fields, and tires me long before he feels the least fatigue himself. This, to me, is the true pleasure of riding; I love to traverse mile after mile of country which I had never seen before, where I know not whither I am going, and must find out my way back as I can.

To-day I came upon a park, in which wooden statues painted white contrasted strangely with the sublimity of nature. No human being was visible; only hundreds of rabbits put their heads out of the holes in the side of the hill, or coursed rapidly across the road. All sorts of strange and curious devices marked the proprietor as an original. The only thing that pleased me was a dark fir grove, surrounded by a belt of bright crimson

mallows. I at length reached the top, a bare hill, and went out as I had come in, through a gate, which fell to of itself. The same solitude reigned throughout, and the enchanted castle was soon far behind me.

Bangor, August 8th.

I was to stay some weeks at K—— park: but you know my restlessness; uniformity, even of the good, soon wearies me. I therefore took leave of my kind friends,—made a visit of some hours, instead of days, to another country-gentleman who had invited me,—saw a sun-set from the ruins of Conway Castle,—ate a plaice, and returned to my head-quarters, which I now leave for ever. I am unfortunately not very well, my chest seems somewhat the worse for my late fatigues, and frequently gives me great pain; 'mais n' importe.'

Craig y Don, August 9th, early.

Do you recollect this name? It is the beautiful villa which I described to you. I have since become acquainted with its amiable possessor, whose friendly invitation to spend my last night in Wales with him I could not resist. The pain in my chest prevented my taking more than short walks in the garden with the son of my host; and

the attempt to climb a high hill in the neighbourhood made me so ill, that I was obliged to amuse myself after dinner with reading the newspaper. In this vast desert I met with only one thing which I think worth quoting to you. The article treated of the speech from the throne, in which were the words "The Speaker is commanded to congratulate the people on their universal prosperity." This, says the writer, is too insolent, openly to make a jest of the miseries of the people. It is indeed a settled point, that truth is never to be expected in a speech from the throne; and if ever a king were mad enough to wish to speak the real truth on such an occasion, he must begin his speech, "My knaves and dupes," instead of the wonted exordium "My, Lords and Gentlemen."

My host is a member of the yacht club, and a passionate lover of the sea. Our dinner would have contented the most rigid Catholic in lent: it consisted entirely of fish, admirably dressed in various ways. An oyster-bank under his windows contributed its inhabitants for our dessert; the cows grazing before the house also afforded many delicacies; and the hot-houses adjoining the dining-room, delicious fruits.

Does it not do one good to think that perhaps

not less than a hundred thousand persons in England are in the enjoyment of such an existence as this; of such substantial and comfortable luxury in their peaceful homes! free monarchs in the bosom of their families, where they live in the security of their inviolable rights of property! Happy men! they are never annoyed with the oppressive missives of uncivil functionaries, who want to rule everything even in their drawing-rooms and bed-chambers, and think they have rendered the state an important service when they have put the unhappy subject to an expense of many thousand dollars in a year for unnecessary postage;—who are not contented to be placed *above* the governed, but must place themselves *against* them; thus uniting in their own persons party and judge. Happy men! free from assaults on their purses,—from personal indignities,—from the insolence of officials, eager to show their power by useless and frivolous vexations,—from the avidity of insatiable blood-suckers!—unrestrained masters of their own property, and only subject to those laws which themselves have contributed to make! When we reflect on this, we must confess that England, though not a perfect country, is a most fortunate one. We ought not, therefore, to be much offended at Englishmen if,

feeling strongly the contrast between their own country and most others, they can never, whatever be their courtesy and kindness, get over the distance which separates them from foreigners. Their feeling of self-respect, which is perfectly just, is so powerful, that they involuntarily look upon us as an inferior race. Just as we, for example, in spite of all our German heartiness, should find it difficult to fraternize with a Sandwich Islander. In some centuries we shall perhaps change places; but at present, unhappily, we are a long way from that*.

Holyhead, August 9th.—Evening.

I have had a bad night, a high fever, bad weather, and rough roads. The latter misery I incurred by choosing to visit the celebrated 'Paris mines' in the Isle of Anglesea. This island is

* Nothing can be more ridiculous than the declamation of German writers concerning the poverty which reigns in England; where, according to them, there are only a few enormously rich, and crowds of extremely indigent. It is precisely the extraordinary number of people of competent fortune, and the ease with which the poorest can earn, not only what is strictly necessary, but even some luxuries, if he chooses to work vigorously, which make England independent and happy. One must not indeed repeat after the Opposition newspapers.

the complete reverse of Wales; almost entirely flat—no trees, not even a thicket or hedge—only field after field. The copper-mines on the coast are, however, interesting. My arrival having been announced by Colonel H——, I was received with firing of cannon, which resounded wildly from the caves beneath. I collected several beautiful specimens of the splendid and many-coloured ore: the lumps are broken small, thrown into heaps, and set on fire like alum ore, and these heaps left to burn for nine months: the smoke is in part caught, and forms sulphur. It is curious to the uninitiated, that during this nine months' burning, which expels all the sulphur by the force of the chemical affinity created by the fire, the pure copper, which had before been distributed over the whole mass, is concentrated, and forms a little compact lump in the middle, like a kernel in a nut-shell. After the burning, the copper, like alum again, is washed; and the water used for the purpose is caught in little pools: the deposit in these, contains from twenty-five to forty per cent of copper; and the remaining water is still so strongly impregnated, that an iron l y held in it, in a few seconds assumes a brilliant copper colour.

The ore is then repeatedly smelted, and at last

refined; after which it is formed into square blocks, of a hundred pounds weight, for sale; or pressed by mills into sheets for sheathing vessels. A singular circumstance is observable at the founding, which is a pretty sight. The whole mass flows into a sand-bed or matrix, divided into eight or ten compartments, like an eating-trough for several animals: the divisions do not quite reach the height of the exterior edge; so that the liquid copper, which flows in at one end, as soon as the plug is drawn out must fill the first compartment before it reaches the second, and so on. Now the strange thing is, that all the pure copper which was contained in the furnace remains in this first compartment,—the others are filled with slag, which is only used for making roads. The reason is this:—the copper ore contains a portion of iron, which is magnetically affected: this holds the copper together, and forces it to flow out first. Now as they know pretty accurately, by experience, what proportion of pure copper any given mass of ore will contain, the size of these compartments is regulated so as exactly to contain it. The manager, a clever man, who spoke half Welsh half English, told me that he had first invented this manner of founding, which spared much trouble, and that he had taken

out a patent for it. The advantages which arise from it are obvious; since without these divisions or compartments, the copper, even if it flowed out first, must afterwards have spread itself over the whole mass. The Russians, who in matters of trade and manufacture suffer nothing to pass neglected, soon sent a traveller hither to make himself master of the process. It was not in the slightest degree concealed from him;—indeed it is but justice to say that the masters of all commercial and manufacturing establishments in England are generally very liberal.

While I was yet standing by the furnace, an officer made his appearance, and in the name of the brother of Colonel H——, who is likewise a Colonel, and commands a Hussar regiment in this neighbourhood, invited me to dine and spend the night. I was, however, too tired and unwell to venture on the exploit of a mess-dinner in England; where, in the provinces at least, the wine is dealt out in right Old English measure. I wished too to sail by the packet of to-night; and therefore gratefully declined the invitation, and took the road to Holyhead, where I arrived at ten o'clock.

My usual ill luck at sea did not permit me to sail,—the night was so rough that the packet

went off without passengers. I staid behind, not very unwillingly, to take another day's rest in a comfortable inn.

August 10th.

Ill and languid as I am, an excursion to the newly built light-house, four miles from hence, has given me extraordinay pleasure. Although the Island of Anglesea appears very flat, its picturesque craggy rocks rise on the western shore to a very considerable height above the sea. On one of these rocks, which stands out to sea, abrupt and isolated, is placed the light-house. This indescribably wild cliff is not only perpendicular—the summit actually projects several hundred feet beyond the line of the base; so that it appears rather as if blasted by powder, than the work of nature. Treading on a thick carpet of yellow dwarf broom and crimson heath, you reach the edge of the precipice: you then descend four or five hundred steps, roughly hewn in the rock, till you come to a little bridge suspended on ropes: across this, holding by its net-work sides, you swing, as it were, over the chasm which separates this rock from the main land. Thousands of sea-mews wheeled around us, uttering their ceaseless melancholy wail to the storm. The young ones were just fledged, and the parent

birds took advantage of the rough weather to exercise them. Nothing could be more graceful and interesting than these flying lessons. The young were easily distinguishable by their gray colour and their yet unsteady flight; while the old ones hung poised sometimes for the space of a minute without moving a wing, as if upborne motionless by the storm. The young ones often rested in the crevices of the rocks, but were soon driven out to fresh exertions by their inexorable parents.

The light-house is exactly like that which I have described to you at Flamborough Head, on the eastern coast of England, only without the revolving lights. The neatness of the oil-vessels, and the wonderful brightness of the mirror-like reflectors were here, as there, most admirable. I remarked an ingenious sort of rough-weather window, which may be opened in the hardest gale, without trouble or danger of breaking; and a vertical stone staircase, like a saw, which saves much room. But I cannot make you understand either without a drawing.

Dublin, August 11th.

A more unprosperous voyage it is hardly possible to have. I was ten hours tossed about, sick

to death. The heat, the disgusting smell of the steam-boiler, the universal sickness,—it was a frightful night—a picture of human misery worthy of Carl of Carlsberg. In a longer voyage one gets hardened, and many new sources of pleasure compensate for privations; but short voyages, which show only the dark side of the picture, are my greatest aversion. Thank God it 's over, and I once more feel firm ground under me; though I sometimes think Ireland rocks a little.

Evening.

This country has more resemblance to Germany than to England. That universal and almost over-refined industry and culture disappears here, and with it, alas! English neatness. The houses and streets have a dirty air, although Dublin is adorned with many magnificent palaces and broad straight streets. The lower classes are in rags; those somewhat higher, want the English elegance; while the variety of brilliant uniforms, which are never seen in the streets of London, still more strongly remind one of the continent. The environs of the city have no longer the accustomed freshness; the soil is more neglected, the grass and trees scantier. The grand features of the landscape, however, the

bay, the distant mountains of Wicklow, the Hill of Howth, the amphitheatrical mass of houses, the quays, the harbour, are beautiful. Such, at least, is the first impression.

I find myself, in the best inn in the city, less comfortable than in the little town of Bangor. The house is large, but seems silent and deserted; while I remember that there, only during my dinner, I saw fifteen carriages arrive, all of which were necessarily sent away from the door. The influx of strangers is so great along the high-roads of England, that waiters in the inns are not hired, but on the contrary, sometimes pay as much as 300*l.* a year for their places. They make a handsome profit, nevertheless, from the fees they receive. In Ireland, we return to the continental custom.

As soon as I had a little refreshed myself I took a walk through the city; in the course of which I passed two rather tasteless monuments. The one represents William of Orange on horse-back, in Roman costume. Both man and horse are deformed: the horse has a bit in his mouth, and head-gear on, but no appearance of reins, though the king's hand is stretched out exactly as if he were holding them. Does this mean that William wanted no rein to ride John Bull?

The other monument is a colossal statue of Nelson, standing on a high pillar and dressed in a modern uniform. Behind him hangs a cable, which looks more like a pack-thread. The attitude is devoid of dignity, and the figure is too high to be distinctly seen.

I afterwards came to a large round building, towards which the people crowded, keeping watch on the outside. On inquiry, I learned that the yearly exhibition of fruits and flowers was held here. They were just taking away the former as I entered; notwithstanding which, I saw many very fine specimens. In the midst of the flowers, which formed a sort of temple, there was an inclosed space railed round for the fruits, which twelve judges ate with great gravity and apparent satisfaction. They must have been a long time in coming to a decision; for rinds of melons, pears and apples, fragments of pines, stones of plums, apricots and peaches, lay in mountains on the table beneath; and although the flowers were all gradually removed by the proprietors, I did not see that any of the fruits found their way out of this temple of Pomona.

August 12th.

As I knew not what else to do (for all the 'notables' who inhabit the town were in the

country), I visited a number of 'show places.' First the Castle, where the vice-King resides, and whose miserable state-apartments with coarsely boarded floors do not offer anything very attractive.—A modern Gothic chapel, the exterior of which is a deceptive imitation of antiquity, is more worth seeing: the interior is decorated with splendid painted glass from Italy, of the fifteenth century; and richly ornamented with modern carvings in wood, of truly antique beauty. The whole chapel is heated by pipes of hot air; and a passage, warmed in the same manner and carpetted, connects it with the Lord Lieutenant's apartments.

In the extensive and beautiful buildings belonging to the University a student acted as my cicerone. These young men, when within the precincts of the college, are obliged to wear, over their usual clothes, a black mantle, and a strange high cap with tassels three quarters of an ell long, which gives them a rather grotesque appearance. This dress is as rigorously adhered to, as at one time a pig-tail and powder were by Saxon staff-officers.

The young man took me into the Museum; showed me the burning-glass with which Archimedes set fire to the Roman fleet! Ossian's

harp *; a stuffed Indian chieftain, with tomahawk and spear; and some fragments of pillars from the Giant's Causeway, which could not be more accurately formed by the hand of man, and which ring like English glass. 'Je vous fais grace du reste.'

In the great hall in which the examinations are held, (the student told me this with a slight shudder,) stands a Spanish organ, built for the grand Armada.—Much more interesting are the portraits of Swift and Burke: both physiognomies express the known qualities of the men. The one has an expression as acute and sarcastic as it is native and original: the other, full of intellect and power, somewhat blunt, but yet benevolent and honest, announces the thundering orator, who contended sincerely and without reserve for his opinion, but never glossed over his own interest with affected enthusiasm for others.

After visiting the Courts of Justice, the Custom-house, and other magnificent buildings, I was going home, when I was tempted by the advertisement of a 'Peristrephic Panorama' of the battle of Navarino. This is a very amusing sight; and gives so clear an idea of that 'untoward event,'

* Probably presented by Macpherson himself.—Editor.

that one may console one's self for not having been there. You enter a small theatre,—the curtain draws up, and behind it is discovered the pictures which represent, in a grand whole, the series of the several incidents of the fight. The canvass does not hang straight down, but is stretched in a convex semicircle, and moved off slowly upon rollers, so that the pictures are changed almost imperceptibly, and without any break between scene and scene. A man describes aloud the objects represented; and the distant thunder of cannon, military music, and the noise of the battle, increase the illusion. By means of panoramic painting, and a slight undulation of that part which represents the waves and the ships, the imitation almost reaches reality.

The first scene represents the bay of Navarino with the whole Turkish fleet in order of battle. At the opposite extremity of the bay is seen Old Navarino and its fortress perched on a high rock; on the side of it the village of Pylos, and in the foreground the city of Navarino with Ibrahim's camp, where groups of fine horses, and beautiful Greek prisoners surrounded by their captors, attract the eye. In the distance, just at the extremity of the horizon, the allied fleets are faintly descried. This picture slowly disappears, and

is succeeded by the open sea;—the entrance to the bay of Navarino then gradually succeeds. You distinguish the armed men on the rocks, and at length see the allied fleet forcing the passage. By some optical deception everything appears of its natural size; and the spectator seems to be placed in the Turkish position in the bay, and to see the admiral's ship, the Asia, bearing down upon him with all sails set. You see Admiral Codrington on the deck in conversation with the captain. The other vessels follow in extending lines, and with swelling sails, as if ready for the attack;—a glorious sight! Next follow the separate engagements of the several ships, the explosion of a fireship, and the sinking of some Turkish frigates. Lastly, the engagement between the Asia and the Egyptian admiral's ship on the one side, and the Turkish on the other, both of which, as you know, sank after an obstinate defence of many hours.

The battle is succeeded by some views of Constantinople, which give a very lively idea of Asiatic scenes and habits.

In the evening I visited the theatre; a very pretty house, with a somewhat less rough and obstreporous audience than those of London. The actors were not bad, though none of them rose above mediocrity. Numerous uniforms were

intermingled among the ladies in the lower tier of boxes, which seemed to be elegantly filled. The higher classes, however, as I am told, seldom visit the theatre here, any more than in London.

August 13th.

Having seen enough of the city, I have begun my rides in the neighbourhood, which is much more beautiful than its appearance at my first approach, on the least favourable side, led me to expect. A road commanding charming views,—first of the bay, which is intersected by a mole five miles in length, and bounded at either extremity by the two light-houses of Dublin and Howth, rising like columns in the distance; then of the mountains of Wicklow, some clothed with wood, some rising like sugar-loaves high above the others; and lastly, along an avenue of noble elms by the side of a canal,—brought me to the Phœnix Park, the Prater of Dublin, which in no respect yields to that of Vienna, whether we regard its expanse of beautiful turf for riding, long avenues for driving, or shady walks. A large but ill-proportioned obelisk is erected here to the Duke of Wellington. I found the park rather empty, but the streets through which I returned full of movement and bustle. The dirt, the

poverty, and the ragged clothing of the common people often exceed all belief. Nevertheless they seem always good-natured, and sometimes have fits of merriment in the open streets which border on madness;—whiskey is generally at the bottom of this. I saw a half-naked lad dance the national dance in the market-place so long, and with such violent exertion, that at last he fell down senseless amid the cheers of the spectators, totally exhausted, like a Mohammedan dervise.

The streets are crowded with beggar-boys, who buzz around one like flies, incessantly offering their services. Notwithstanding their extreme poverty, you may trust implicitly to their honesty; and wretched, lean, and famished as they appear, you see no traces of melancholy on their open, good-natured countenances. They are the best-bred and most contented beggar-boys in the world. Such a little fellow will run by your horse's side for hours, hold it when you alight, go on any errand you like; and is not only contented with the few pence you give him, but full of gratitude, which he expresses with Irish hyperbole. The Irishman appears generally more patient than his neighbours, but somewhat degraded by long slavery.

I was witness among other things to this:—A

young man had pasted up a wrong play-bill: the manager of the theatre came up and hit him a slap on the face, and otherwise ill-treated him, without his making any resistance;—an Englishman would have made instant reprisals.

I passed the evening in the family circle of an old acquaintance, a brother of the Lord-lieutenant, who was just come to town for a few days. We talked over old times, as we had been much together in London. He has a remarkable talent for imitating the late Kemble, whom he resembles in person. I thought I saw Coriolanus and Zanga again.

August 14th.

Another friend, of yet older date, Mr. W——ts, to whom I had once an opportunity of rendering some service in Vienna, paid me a visit this morning, and offered me his country-house as a residence.—He had scarcely quitted me, when I was told that Lady B——, an Irish 'peeress,' and one of the most beautiful women in the country, whose acquaintance I had cultivated during the last season in the metropolis, was in her carriage below, and wished to speak to me. As I was still in the most absolute 'negligée,' I told the waiter, (a perfect 'Jocrisse,' whose 'Irish blunders' daily amuse me,) that I was not dressed,

as he saw, but that I would be ready immediately. He announced the state of my toilet; but added, 'de son chef,' that "my Lady had better come up." Imagine my astonishment when he came back and told me that Lady B—— had laughed very much, and had bid him say that she would willingly wait, but that to pay gentlemen morning visits in their chambers was not the custom in Ireland.

In this answer appeared the cordial, frank, and good-natured character of the true Irishwoman, which I had already learned to love and admire. A prudish Englishwoman would have driven away in high displeasure, and perhaps have ruined the reputation of a young man for such a 'qui pro quo' as this: for in English society people do not only stumble at things which in other countries produce quite a contrary effect; but the 'it is said' in the mouth of an influential person is a two-edged sword. 'He has a bad character*' is sufficient to shut a hundred doors against a stranger. An Englishman is much less guided by

* *Character*, in England, means, (most *characteristically*, in a country where *appearance* has more weight than in any other,) not the result or sum of a man's moral and intellectual qualities, but his *reputation*, what is said of him.—EDITOR.

his own observation than is generally imagined: he always attaches himself to some party, with whose eyes he sees.

In the afternoon I went to dine at my friend's villa. The road was very agreeable. It began with the Phœnix Park, and followed the course of the Liffey, the river which flows through Dublin, where its beautiful quays, stone and iron bridges, add so much to the embellishment of the town. Here it has a rural and romantic character, bordered with the broad leaves of the tussilago, and inclosed by soft hills and verdant thickets. I asked a beggar whom I met, how far it was to W—— park, and whether the road continued equally beautiful all the way. 'Long life to your honour!' exclaimed he, with Irish patriotism, 'only keep right on, and you never saw anything more beautiful in this world!'

The entrance to W—— park is indeed the most delightful in its kind that can be imagined. Scenery, by nature most beautiful, is improved by art to the highest degree of its capability; and without destroying its free and wild character, a variety and richness of vegetation is produced which enchant the eye. Gay shrubs and wild flowers, the softest turf, and giant trees festooned with creeping plants, fill the narrow glen through

which the path winds by the side of the clear dancing brook; falling in little cataracts, it flows on, sometimes hidden in the thicket, sometimes resting like liquid silver in an emerald cup, or rushing under overhanging arches of rock, which nature seems to have hung there as triumphal gates for the beneficent naiad of the valley to pass through. As soon as you leave the glen, the enchantment suddenly ceases: the rest in no respect answers your high-raised expectations. Scanty grass, stunted trees, and thick stagnant water, surround a small gothic castle, which looks like a poor scene in a play. In it, however, you find some interesting objects:—among others, some good pictures; and the best and most cordial host that any one can desire. I must also mention a curious 'pavillon rustique' which is built in a suitable spot in the 'pleasure-ground.' It is hexagonal, three sides solid, and fashioned of pieces of rough branches of trees very prettily arranged in various patterns; the other three consist of two windows and a door. The floor is covered with a mosaic of little pebbles from the brook, the ceiling with shells, and the roof is thatched with wheat straw, on which the full ears are left.

August 15th.

Although my chest continues to give me pain, and my doctor sometimes makes solemn faces, I go on with my expeditions, which afford me great pleasure.

I had already fixed a longing eye on one of three hills, four or five miles from the city, on the summit of which stand three distinct upright masses of rock, from which it takes its name, 'The Three Rocks.' The view from it must needs be beautiful. I got up, therefore, earlier than usual, that I might reach the top in good time. I asked repeatedly in the villages through which I passed, which was the best way, but could never get a distinct answer. At length I was assured by the inhabitants of a house at the foot of the hill, that I could not ride up, and must dismount. This in the present state of my chest was not practicable; but as I have long learned what people's impossibilities are, I took the path they showed me, on horseback, without hesitation. I could safely trust my little compact mare, for the Irish horses climb over rocks or walls like cats. For some time I followed a tolerably beaten footpath, and when this ceased, the dry bed of a mountain stream, along which I rode withou much difficulty for about two miles. I now found

myself on a large and naked 'plateau,' and saw the three rocks, like witches' stones, rearing their heads before me. The intervening space, however, seemed an impassable bog. I tried it very cautiously, and found a shingly bottom at about eight or ten inches under the boggy soil. This continued all the way; till after some time I reached firm ground, and stood upon the highest point. The wished-for prospect lay before me: Ireland, like a map; Dublin, like a smoking lime-kiln in the green plain (for the coal-smoke did not allow me to distinguish one single building); the bay with its light-houses; the boldly marked headland of Howth; and on the other side the mountains of Wicklow, stretching away to the horizon,—lay beneath me bathed in sun-light, and rewarded me for all my fatigue.

But the scene was yet further animated by a sweet-looking young woman, whom I discovered in this wild solitude, busied in the humble employment of straw-platting. The natural grace of the Irish peasant-women, who are often truly beautiful, is as surprising as their dress, or rather their want of dress; for though it was very cold on these hills, the whole clothing of the young woman before me consisted of a large very coarse straw hat, and *literally* two or three rags of the coarsest

sackcloth suspended under the breast by a piece of cord, and more than half disclosing her handsome person. Her conversation was cheerful, sportive, and witty; perfectly unembarrassed, and in a certain sense free; but you would fall into a great error if you inferred from that, any levity or looseness of conduct.

The woman of this class in Ireland are, almost universally, extremely chaste, and still more disinterested. If one of them ever strays from the path of virtue, she is very rarely seduced by those considerations of gain, which are so degrading, and, in such matters, so unnatural.

After I had descended the mountain on the other side, leading my horse, who scrambled after me as well as he could, I reached the high road, and came upon an open park gate, (for in this also Ireland resembles the continent, where every proprietor, from the king to the humble country gentleman, enhances his own enjoyment by sharing it with the public,) and rode in. I soon gave up the enterprise, however, on seeing two gigantic capuchins with gown and cross cut out of painted boards, standing in a cross way, and each of them holding a book on which was written, "To the Pheasantry," "To the Abbey." Such bad taste is rare here.

In the street I met a London 'dandy,' who called out to me, (for I did not recognise him,) laughed heartily at our meeting 'in such a horrid place,' ran on for some time in a satirical vein on Dublin society, and at last concluded by informing me, that through the influence of his family he had just obtained a place here, which, indeed, brought him in 2000*l.* a year, and gave him nothing to do, but which compelled him 'pro forma' to pass a part of every year in this 'shocking' abode. With such, and even much richer sinecures, are the younger sons of the English aristocracy provided in countless numbers, and in all parts of the empire. I think, however, that even here, the pitcher will not always go to the well without breaking; though I must confess that these defects in the English government, compared with the arbitrary power exercised in other states, are l ι spots on the sun.

I of course entirely except Ireland, which appears to experience, in almost every instance, a stepmother's care; which contributes largely to the power and splendour of the English nobility, without receiving back the smallest portion of those advantages of which England receives so much.

August 18th.

Your letters are still so melancholy, dear Julia

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You see, then, that it is not events themselves, so much as your own view of them, which years have tinged with a more gloomy colour. But alas! this is the most irremediable of all evils! We are not what we were; and the one eternal and universal error remains,—that we think we can help ourselves by an exertion of strength, when the strength is no longer there:—as soon can we be or look young again! I too begin to feel traces of this,—but only there, where the world lays its fetters around me;—when alone with God and nature, the gloomiest horizon has no power to darken my inner sun.

I accompanied Lady B——, of whom I have already spoken, to breakfast today at the country-house of a much admired young lady. The master of the house excused himself on the plea of head-ache, and I was therefore left to take a long walk in the grounds with the two ladies alone. On our arrival at the gate which was to lead us to one of the most beautiful parts of the woods, it was locked,—no key to be found; and according to the report of the old gardener, the lady's maid

had gone in, and had taken it away with her. A servant was ordered to jump over the wall, and to seek the offender: he came back, however, without any tidings of her. I now got a ladder, and helped my laughing companions to climb over the wall; they professed great awkwardness, but acquitted themselves most gracefully. After walking a quarter of an hour we met the unfortunate lady's maid, and—as she thought herself safe —not alone: it may be imagined in what company. A mute domestic scene followed; and as I am too good-natured to laugh, it really grieved me that my ladder had been the cause of such distress. I declined staying to dinner, and hastened back to town to call on Lady M——, to whom I had a letter of introduction, and who had already sent me a polite invitation which I had not been able to accept. I was very eager to make the acquaintance of a woman whom I rate so highly as an authoress. I found her, however, very different from what I had pictured her to myself. She is a little frivolous lively woman, apparently between thirty and forty, neither pretty nor ugly, but by no means disposed to resign all claim to the former, and with really fine and expressive eyes. She has no idea of 'mauvaise honte' or embarrassment; her manners are not the most

refined, and affect the 'aisance' and levity of the fashionable world, which, however, do not sit calmly or naturally upon her. She has the English weakness,—that of talking incessantly of fashionable acquaintances, and trying to pass for very 'recherché,' to a degree quite unworthy of a woman of such distinguished talents; she is not at all aware how she thus underrates herself.

She is not difficult to know, for with more vivacity than good taste, she instantly professes perfect openness, and especially sets forth on every occasion her liberalism and her infidelity; the latter of the somewhat obsolete school of Helvetius and Condillac. In her writings she is far more guarded and dignified than in her conversation. The satire of the latter is, however, not less biting and dexterous than that of her pen, and just as little remarkable for a conscientious regard to truth. You may think that with all these elements two hours flew rapidly away. I had enthusiasm enough to be able to utter some 'à propos' which pleased her, and she treated me with marked attention: first, because I happen to have a distinguished title; and secondly, because she had seen my name as dancing at Almacks, and as present at several 'fêtes' of the great leaders of Ton—a circumstance

which appeared so important in her eyes, that she repeatedly recurred to it.

August 20th.

Yesterday evening I was engaged to a 'soirée' at Lord C——'s, the head of a new family, but one of the oldest 'wits' of Dublin. I was invited to accompany his friend Lady M——, but was prevented by a tragi-comical incident. I had ridden out to visit Mr. L—— at his country-seat (a trouble which between ourselves neither he nor his family deserved), and it was late when I set out on my return. To save time, I took my way across the country, 'à la Seidlitz.' For some miles all went on capitally, till just at twilight I came to a very wide ditch, the opposite bank of which was considerably lower than the one on which I stood, and surrounded a broad meadow. I leaped into this enclosure; but on trying to get out on the other side, my horse refused, and all my efforts to bring him to obedience were vain. I alighted to lead him, mounted again to try to leap him at another place,—tried fair means and foul; all equally in vain: till at length he made an awkward attempt at a leap, fell with me into the muddy water, and with some difficulty scrambled back again to the inner and lower bank. All hope of getting out of the enchanted

spot in which I was caught as in a mouse-trap, was now lost:—it was become quite dark, I was wet through, and extremely heated; and was at last obliged to come to the determination of leaving my horse, getting over the fatal ditch, 'tant bien que mal,' on foot, and seeking help and shelter where I could. The moon came kindly from behind the clouds, and aided me with her welcome light. After a most toilsome walk of half an hour over ploughed land and through high wet grass, I reached a miserable hut, in which everybody was already asleep. I walked in, (for the houses here are never fastened;) a couple of pigs grunted under my feet, and near them lay the master of the house. With some difficulty I made him understand my request, which I enforced by jingling some silver close to his ear. This universal language awakened him more effectually than my invocations; he sprang up, called a comrade, and went out to my 'Didone abbandonata.' Irishmen are never at a loss for expedients: they found a broken and deserted wooden bridge near at hand, laid it across the ditch, and I at length found myself on the high road with my liberated steed. I reached home so late, and in such a plight, that I desired nothing but rest, and was sorry to hear that Lady M——

had been to fetch me, and had driven away in great vexation an hour ago.

The next morning I went to make my excuses. She pardoned me graciously, but assured me that I had lost a *great deal*, for that all the rank and fashion of the town were there. I assured her with great sincerity that I regretted nothing but the loss of her society, but that I hoped to be indemnified for that as soon as I had made my 'sentimental journey' to the county Wicklow, for which my German romantic soul ardently thirsted, and which I intended to commence the following morning on horseback. The conversation became very gay,—for she likes that; and at last ended so petulantly, that she exclaimed, 'Finissez!' when you come back I shall receive you just like an elder sister: to which I answered, laughing, 'That I cannot agree to;—je craindrais le sort d'Abufar.' Addressed to Lady M—— this was certainly rather a 'fade' joke.

The continuation of my adventures you will receive from the midst of rocks and mountains. Adieu! may Heaven send you serenity and peace, and may every word of my letters whisper to you 'true love till death.'

Your L——.

LETTER V.

August 22nd, 1828.

BELOVED JULIA,

ABOUT noon I quitted Dublin entirely alone, comfortably established on my good steed. I left my carriage and people in the town, and sent a little travelling bag, containing my most necessary effects, before me by the stage-coach. Unfortunately, however, this was changed by mistake; and though I waited for it a whole day and night in Bray, only twenty miles from Dublin, it did not overtake me; rather than go back or wait longer, I bought a Scotch cloak and some linen in Bray, and entered on my tour quite after the fashion of a student. I supped with a young parson of good family, who made me laugh heartily at his orthodoxy in matters of religion, interspersed with talk which was by no means remarkable for severe decorum or virtue. But such is the piety of Englishmen,—it is to them at once a party matter and an affair of good manners; and as in politics they follow their party implicitly, through thick and thin, reason-

able and unreasonable, because it *is* their party; —as they submit to a custom for ever because it *is* a custom; so they regard their religion, (without the least tincture of poetry,) in exactly the same point of view: they go to church on Sundays, just as regularly as they dress every day for dinner; and regard a man who neglects church, just in the same light as one who eats fish with a knife.*

Accompanied by the young divine, who was travelling the same way for some distance, I left Bray at five o'clock in the morning. In a most lovely country we passed Kilruddery, a newly built seat of the Earl of Meath, in the style of the houses of Elizabeth's time;—in this case the masses are not sufficiently large to produce a good effect. The park is not very extensive, but long and narrow; the gardens, in the old French taste, are very celebrated; but, probably owing to our unpretending appearance, we were most discourteously denied admittance. In England this is common enough, but rare in Ireland, and gave no very favourable impression of the philanthropy of

* The common people in England put the knife as well as the fork to their mouths. The higher classes, on the contrary, regard this as the true sin against the Holy Ghost, and cross themselves internally when they see a foreign Ambassador now and then eat so;—it is an affront to the whole nation.

the possessor. My companion, who is an adherent of 'la grace efficace,'—that is to say, who is firmly persuaded that God, from all eternity, predestined his favourites for heaven, and others who pleased him less for hell,—made no doubt, in his wrath, that the Lord of Kilruddery belonged to the latter category. "It is a disgrace to an Irishman!" exclaimed he, angrily; and I had some difficulty in making him understand the duty of tolerance.

A second park, Bellevue, the property of a worthy old gentleman, readily opened its gates to us. Here is a summer-house which seems to hang in the air, and overlooks the 'Glen of the Downs,' a deep valley, behind which two extinct volcanoes rear their conical heads. The summer-house had just been prettily covered with purple heather. A less happy thought was a stuffed tiger, lying as if alive in the ante-room.

My travelling chaplain here quitted me, and I rode alone to the vale of Durwan, where, in a narrow romantic pass, stands a rock eighty or a hundred feet high, shaped in the rude outline of the human figure. The country people, who relate many wondrous stories about it, call it the Giant. Not far from it are the ruins of a castle, so entirely overgrown with ivy that you must approach very

near to distinguish it from the surrounding trees. At the end of the valley the path winds over meadows to a considerable height, which command a most exquisite view. I looked across the sea, and saw, almost with a feeling of home sickness, the Welsh mountains in the blue distance.

After having refreshed myself with bread and milk in a little country inn, I took my way to the 'Devil's Glen,' which merits the name it bears. The wild scene opens with a gothic castle, whose blackened walls rise above the surrounding wood: you then plunge into a glen whose sides gradually rise higher and higher, and are more and more contracted, while the moaning breeze rustles louder through the dark thicket, and the torrent roars more fearfully. I rode on with difficulty over the slippery earth, incessantly annoyed by the overhanging boughs, and suddenly found the path terminated by a magnificent cascade, which plunges headlong over lofty crags, and disappears foaming in the bottom. If not the devil himself, it is at least Kühleborn.

Most agreeable is the change from this awful glen to the lovely sylvan valley of Rosanna, where I ate my mid-day repast under the shade of high ash-trees. I found two regular English tourists, armed with *hortus siccus* and hammers. They

had resided here for some weeks, during which time they had had the clean table-cloth removed from the dirty table, and remained sitting an hour at dessert, with exactly the same punctuality as in a London coffee-house, though they had miserable sloe-juice instead of claret, and roasted apples instead of ripe fruit.

At seven o'clock I mounted my horse again, galloped ten miles along the main road, and just before sunset reached the exquisitely beautiful Avondale. In this paradise every possible charm is united. A wood which appears of measureless extent, two noble rivers, rocks of every variety of picturesque form, the greenest meadows, the most varied and luxuriant shrubberies and thickets; in short, scenery changing at every step, yet never diminishing in beauty. The last time I traversed the valley it was moonlight, and I should have found my way with difficulty but for a young man who was returning from shooting; with true Irish kindness and courtesy he accompanied me at least three miles on foot, far beyond the most intricate parts. The night was extremely clear and mild, the sky as blue as by day, and the moon lustrous as a gem. Though I lost something in extent of view, I gained perhaps more by the magic light which was diffused through the

atmosphere; by the darker and more fantastic 'contours' of the rocks,—the thought-pregnant stillness,—and the sweetly-awful loneliness of night.

At ten o'clock I reached the end of my day's journey, Avoca Inn; where I found very tolerable accommodation, kind and hearty attendance, and moderate charges. I met another English tourist in the eating-room;—but this was a high-spirited and interesting young man, who fully sympathized in my rapture at the enchanting country, and with whom I talked away a very pleasant hour at tea, before I sat down to write to you. But now good night, for mountain travelling demands early rising.

Roundwood, August 23rd.

Yesterday I rode eight German miles,—today nine; and my chest is not at all the worse. Pleasure is an excellent restorative; and I have seen so many varied objects, that these few days appear to me like so many weeks.

I had slept well, though the broken windows of my chamber were only repaired with pillows. My humble lodging was succeeded by a better breakfast, and my horse was excellently taken care of. I ride like the Arabs, either at a gallop or a foot pace: this fatigues one the least, and

gets over the most ground. My first excursion was to the celebrated 'Meeting of the Waters,' where the two rivers Avon-beg and Avon-more unite their streams. They have chosen the most picturesque spot in which to celebrate their nuptial feast.

On a rock on this side stands Castle Howard, with its numerous towers and battlements, which, unluckily, were but just finished, and on a near approach lost all their imposing effect. I found the castle still buried in sleep; and a servant in his shirt showed me the pictures, among which is a splendid portrait of Mary Stuart. This must be a speaking likeness: it is clearly of her time; and the attractive, truly French face, with the delicate nose, the captivating mouth, the languishing fire of the eyes; and that indescribable, inimitable expression which, without making any direct advance, yet somehow inspires courage, and though not devoid of womanly dignity, yet at the first glance bespeaks confidence and intimacy,—all convince one that thus the woman must have looked, whom scarcely any man could approach nearly, however severed by inequality of rank, without soon assuming the character of a lover. Her hands are exquisite; and in her dress, although of th 'barroque' style of that

age, there reigns such harmony, that one is instantly convinced she was not less skilled in the arts of the toilet than her country-women of the present day.

An excellent road leads from this place through the 'entire vale' to the park of Bally-Arthur. The peculiar characteristic of this valley is, that the hills on either side are clothed with such impenetrable beech-woods that there is no visible interval between the masses, and it really looks as if you could ride on the tops of the trees. I here quitted the road, and followed a foot-path in the thicket, which led me to a very beautiful view; at the termination of the long glen, the towers of Arklow appeared as if set in a frame. About a mile and a half further on, the path suddenly ends in a ha-ha, over which my horse utterly refused to leap. As the wall was on my side, and the turf below very soft, I hit upon a new expedient: I tied my handkerchief over the eyes of the refractory beast, and pushed him down backwards over the wall. He was very little frightened, and not at all hurt by the fall as I had expected, and grazed peaceably blindfold till I rejoined him. This manœuvre saved me at least five miles.

The new park in which I now found myself—

for all this part of the country is a continued pleasure-ground,—belonged to Shelton Abbey, a modern piece of Gothicry, intended to represent an old abbey.. The possessors had been absent for years; and a negro who was at work in the garden showed me the rooms, in which are some very interesting pictures. The hero of one is the great-grandfather of the possessor; the scene in Italy, and the costume, as well as the manners represented, most strange and even revolting. The civil negro led me across the fields and through a pretty deep ford in the river, (whose ice-cold waters did not seem to alarm him,) to the town of Arklow, whence I returned along the high road to dinner at Avoca Inn. In the course of my ride I ascended another hill, from which I looked down into three distinct valleys, the contrasted character of which afforded a most singular view. Scarcely had I seated myself at table (at Avoca), when I was told that some one wished to speak to me. A young man, whom I had never seen, was shown in, and presented to me a pocket-book, which, to my no small astonishment, I recognized as my own; containing, besides other important papers which I always carry about me, all the money I had taken for my journey. I had, Lord knows how, dropped it out

of my breast-pocket in the summer-house; and had, therefore, no small reason to congratulate myself on so honourable and obliging a finder. In England I should hardly have had the good fortune to see my pocket-book again, even if a 'gentleman' had found it; he would probably have let it lie in peace,—or kept it.

I must here take occasion to explain to you what this far-famed epithet 'gentleman' means, since the signification affixed to it is inimitably characteristic of the English.

'A gentleman' is neither a man of noble birth, nor a man of noble sentiments (*weder ein Edelmann noch ein edler Mann*—neither a Nobleman nor a noble man); but, in strictness*, a man of independent means, and perfect knowledge of the usages of good society. He who serves or works for the public in any way, (the higher functionaries of the state, and here and there a poet or artist of the first category only excepted,) is no 'gentleman,' or at best only a half a one. I was greatly astonished at hearing a certain well-known personage, with whom all lovers of horses, native and foreign, are well acquainted; who is rich, who is on a footing of intimacy with many

* In a more loose and general sense, every man of respectable appearance is called a gentleman.

Dukes and Lords, and enjoys great consideration, but who presides at a weekly auction of horses, (thereby doing useful service to the public,)—say of himself, "I can't imagine how the Duke of B—— could commission me to carry a challenge to Count M——; he ought to have employed a gentleman,—those things are not in my way."

A really poor man, who is not in a situation to contract debts, can on no terms be a 'gentleman.' On the contrary, a rich scamp, who has had what is called a good education, so long as he preserves his 'character'* (reputation) dexterously, passes for a 'perfect gentleman.' In the exclusive society of London there are yet finer 'nuances.' A man, for instance, who were to manifest any timidity or courtesy towards women, instead of treating them in a familiar, confident, and 'nonchalant' manner, would awaken the suspicion that he was 'no gentleman:' but should the luckless man ask twice for soup at dinner, or appear in evening dress at a breakfast which begins at three in the afternoon and ends at midnight,—he may be a prince and a 'millionnaire,' but he is 'no gentleman.'

But let us back from Babylon's tyrannous jargon to the freedom of the hills.

* This has nothing to do with morality, only with '*scandale*.'

The country through which I now rode was strikingly like the flat part of Switzerland, gradually rising till I found myself opposite to the highest mountains of Wicklow, whose heads were shrouded in clouds. The valley of Glenmalure has a character of desolate sublimity, which harmonized perfectly with the weather. In the midst stands a deserted and already decaying barrack which looks like a haunted castle;—neither tree nor bush is to be seen, and the sides of the mountains are covered with loose stones. The valley has only subterranean inhabitants, and their life produces death. Here are great lead-works, whose unwholesome exhalations are traced on the pallid faces of the workmen. I dressed myself in a black slop, and was driven into one of the entrances,—a gloomy and terrific journey. The passages were cold as ice; pitch-darkness reigned in them, and a cutting wind loaded with a death-like smell blew in our faces. Minute drops fell with a hollow sound from the low roof, which bent us nearly double; and the insufferable jolting of the car, which a man dragged slowly over the rugged bottom, completed the picture of horrors.

The delicate state of my chest did not permit me to remain long here, and I gave up all further researches, glad 'once more to see the rosy light.'

I had now to ride over a new and magnificent military road (for the Government has the watchfulness of a bad conscience about Ireland), over one of the mountains which inclose the valley. The view from the heights was extensive and beautiful, and yet of a very different character from any I had yet seen: it was much improved by a most favourable light thrown by the sun from beneath a line of black clouds. No effect of light gives such clearness and brilliancy to distant objects as this. The rays lay in broad stripes like a glory on the intersecting lines of hills; and the two 'Sugar Loaves' stood overtopping all, in deep blue against this clear horizon. The way down the mountain is so serpentine that I could gallop along it with ease. It was nevertheless quite evening before I reached the last valley which I had yet to see in this day's tour—the Valley of the Seven Churches. Here stood, above a thousand years ago, 'sic fabula docet,' a large city with seven churches, which the Danes destroyed. A handsome gateway still remains almost entire, though the key-stone is wanting. Time has repaired this loss by a thick ivy branch, which holds together the whole arch. Seven distinct ruins are, according to the popular belief, the remains of those holy structures which gave

its name to the valley. Only one of them indisputably bears this character, and is remarkable from one of the highest of those strange mysterious towers, without doors or windows, which are found near many ruins of religious houses in Ireland. At the further end of the valley, sunk in the deepest hollow and most sacred repóse, sleep two dark lakes, celebrated for the adventures of Saint Kevin. The rocks around them are uncommonly steep, and in many places formed like stairs. In one is a narrow and deep cleft, exactly as if cut by a mighty blow. The legend tells that the young giant Fian MacCumhal, being thought by his comrades yet too weak to serve in the war they were then waging, cleft the rock with his sword, and so put an end to their doubts. Further still, in a rock overhanging the lake, you descry a black hole in the cave,—Saint Kevin's cell.

Here the saint sought refuge from the persecuting love of the king's beautiful daughter Cathelin, and lived for a long time in solitude on roots and herbs. In a fatal hour the wandering fair-one discovered the fugitive, and surprised him in the dead of night on his mossy couch. With sweet kisses she awakened the ungallant saint; who seeing his danger, took the desperate resolution of pushing Cathelin over the precipice

into the lake, where she lost life and love in its dark waters.

But the man of God felt some touch of human pity, and commanded that no other life should ever be lost in these waters,—a charm which, as my guide testified, is in full force to this day. This 'cicerone' was a pretty, and as usual half naked, boy of about eleven; his dress was a specimen of an Irish toilette, worthy of mention. He wore the coat of a grown man, which besides many diaphanous places, was deficient in a sleeve and a half, and one flap, while the other streamed after him like the tail of a comet. Neckcloth, waistcoat, and shirt were dismissed, as wholly superfluous: to make amends, the remains of a pair of red plush breeches made a most magnificent appearance, though in somewhat strong contrast with the naked legs beneath. To see this figure scramble over the rocks like a squirrel, singing all the while bits of "Tommy*" Moore and Walter Scott, was certainly characteristic. As he led me to the cave, at a point where the passage was rather slippery, he cried, "Oh you can come on very well; I brought Sir Walter Scott here, and he climbed over the worst

* So the Irish delight to call him, proud of his '*landsmann schaft*' (countrymanship).

places though he had a lame foot." He could talk of nothing else; and recited rapidly four lines which Scott or Moore, I forget which, had composed in the cavern. These people are so exactly suited to the wild and ruin-clad country, that without them it would lose much of its romantic interest.

In order to reach a tolerable inn at night, I had to ride ten miles over an interminable moor, the usual haunt of all sorts of spirits, though only now and then a solitary Will-o'-the-wisp flitted by me.

When I reached the village, both the inns were filled with 'tourists'; and it was with the greatest difficulty that I procured a little sort of ante-room, in which I was to sleep on straw. The tea, butter, toast and eggs were, however, excellent, and hunger seasoned my repast. I cannot describe to you how delightful this life is to me. Amidst all its privations, I feel myself a hundred times more 'à mon aise,' than encumbered and annoyed with a thousand unnecessary conveniences. I am as free as the bird in the air, and that is one of the highest enjoyments.

And now, honour to whom honour is due. Few men would sit down with religious regularity every evening, after such fatigues, to write you a

faithful report of all the events of the day. If it does but give you pleasure, I am rewarded a thousandfold.

Bray, August 24th.

Gall maintained, as you may remember, when he examined my scull in Paris, that I have a very prominent organ of veneration. Nevertheless many have regarded me as a vile heretic; but he was right;—that is, if religion consists in love, and in a sincere striving after truth. In such a joyful, pious frame of mind did I greet the fresh morning with prayer and praise, and the inward brightness broke through the gloomy damp mist which surrounded me; for the weather was extremely bad. The road too was desert and melancholy;—but, patience! The evening brought back sunshine and beauty.

For the present I saw nothing around me, as far as my eye could reach, but barren heath and moor; a stormy wind blew across it in gusts, and drove before it the rack, which, when I came within its reach, wetted me like a heavy rain. Short and feeble gleams of sun gave momentary hope, till about noon the clouds parted; and exactly as I reached the summit of the mountain above the magnificent valley and lake of Luggelaw, the sun gilded all the country beneath me,

though the tops of the hills were yet shrouded in mist.

This valley belongs to a wealthy proprietor, who has converted it into a delightful park. It is singularly laid out, and I will try to give you an idea of it. The valley forms a nearly regular long oval basin. The lake occupies the immediate fore-ground to the mountain's foot; the middle ground is meadow-land, studded with groups of trees, and watered by a meandering stream; and in its centre, backed by a solitary rock, is an elegant 'shooting lodge.' The mountains surrounding the valley are very high and steep, and rise on every side, in a bare and unbroken line from the perfectly level plain. On the left are naked rocks of imposing aspect, only here and there overgrown with heath-plants; the three other sides are clothed with thick and varied vegetation, whose foliage hangs into the very lake. At the spot where the mountain stream flows through bright green herbage into the lake, it forms a broad waterfall. It is indeed a lovely spot of earth, lonely and secluded; the wood full of game, the lake full of fish, and nature full of poetry. As the shooting season has not yet begun, the proprietor was absent; and the wife of the steward, a still pretty woman, though rather

'passée,' with handsome white hands, and manners above her station, at my request prepared my breakfast; while her lively little son conducted me about the valley. A beautiful greyhound, who bounded over the ground as lightly as a leaf borne by the wind, and enjoyed his freedom in the wildest gambols, accompanied us. We climbed, not without pain to my chest, 'car je ne vaux plus rien à pied,' to a rocky table-land, four hundred feet high, which overlooks the whole valley. Opposite is a strange sport of nature,—a monstrous face regularly formed in stone, looking gloomily and angrily on the lake below. The eye-brows and beard were distinctly marked by moss and heath, and the prominent cheeks and deep sunk eyes perfectly formed by the clefts in the rock. The mouth is open;—when you remove further off it closes, but without altering the other features. It is really a high prerogative to possess such a living image of a mountain spirit. He looks, however, as I said, angrily on the lake, and seems to call aloud with open mouth, "Ye human creatures, leave my valley, my fish, my game, my rocks, and woods in peace! Leave them, or I will bury you, ye pigmies, under my ruins!" But it is in vain! the voice of spirits is become powerless since man's own spirit awoke. Rübezahl's coun-

tenance is turned to stone, and his voice dies away in the gusty breeze, which irreverently sports with his bushy eyebrows, and curls the waves of the lake as if in scorn against him.

An interval of ten miles of uninteresting country lay between this walk and my arrival at the gate of the park of P———, one of the most extensive and beautiful in Ireland. But it was Sunday,—the lord of the domain a saint,—and of course the gate locked. On this day, according to his view of the matter, a pious man must on no account leave his house except to enclose himself within the gloomy walls of a damp church: on no account rejoice himself in God's own wondrous and magnificent temple. This was a sin to which Lord P—— would by no means afford encouragement, and at his recent departure had therefore prohibited the opening of his gate. Instructed by the adventure which you may recollect befel me in England, I made no attempt at winning a passage by means of a gift, but pursued my way along a wall, over which from time to time I cast a longing and stolen glance at the magnificent waterfall and the enchanting scene. Thou beneficent God! thought I, in what different ways art thou worshiped! One man roasts his neighbour to thy honour; another fashions thee as

Apis: some represent thee more partial and unjust than the devil himself; others think they offer thee the most acceptable service when they deface thy loveliest gifts, or deprive themselves and others of the enjoyment of them. Oh! Lord P——, you will not read these lines; but it were good for you if you could, and if you would lay them to heart! Full many a poor man, who sweats through the whole week that he may pay you your rent, would feel his heart expand with joy on a Sunday in your beautiful park, and would bless the goodness of that God who has not left him wholly destitute; who has spread out before his eyes the glory and the beauty of creation. And this joy would be reflected back upon yourself;—but, perhaps, you are not even present? Perhaps you send your pious commands from afar? You are, perhaps, like so many of your colleagues, one of those 'absentees' who by the hands of ravenous and merciless agents strip the people of their last rag, rob them of their last potatoe,* to enrich the charlatans of London, Paris, or Italy. Then, in-

* This is no exaggeration. I have heard such things here, proved by legal evidence, and seen such misery as never were witnessed in the times of villanage in Germany, and are hardly to be paralleled in countries where slavery now prevails.—EDITOR.

deed, if that be the case, your religion can hardly go beyond superstitious veneration for the Sunday, and for the ceremonies of your priests.

From hence to Bray the cultivation is luxuriant; the country is filled with houses and gardens of the opulent citizens: the road lies at the foot of the Great Sugar Loaf, whose hoary naked cone is barren of all vegetation. I saw some travellers who had just ascended it, and looked like moving chess-men; I envied them the magnificent view, for the day was brilliant and the atmosphere perfectly clear. Towards evening I lay myself down in a lonely spot, among the field-flowers by the side of a brook, and gave myself up to a dreamy and grateful delight in this beautiful world; leaving, like a knight-errant, my faithful steed to graze by my side. I thought of you and of past times; I called on the living to appear, and the dead to arise, and looked into my past life as into a mirror—now with a melancholy, then with a cheerful smile: for through all the follies and vanities of this world, through errors and faults, there still ran one pure silver thread strong enough to endure;—feelings of child-like love, and a high capacity for enjoyments which God's goodness renders attainable by all.

I returned to Bray in good time, and found my

travelling-bag arrived; it contained many things which, after long privation, were not to be despised: among others, it afforded me the most interesting of companions, Lord Byron. I have now two portraits of him before me, drawings which have been given me, and which I have had bound in the Giaour and Don Juan. Like Napoleon, while yet aspiring, he is thin, wild and melancholy; when he had reached the summit, he is fat and smiling. But in both these otherwise so different countenances is seen that scornful, haughty spirit, deeply shaken by fate, more deeply sensitive by nature, which animated these features.

I can never refrain from laughing at the English, who pass such pitiful cockney judgments on this their second poet (for after Shakspeare the palm is surely his), because he ridiculed their pedantry, because he could not adapt himself to the manners and usages of their little nook, nor share in their cold superstition; because their insipidity was sickening to him, and because he denounced their arrogance and hypocrisy. Many of them cross themselves (inwardly) when they mention him; and even the women, though their cheeks glow with enthusiasm when they read him, in public take part vehemently against their secret favourite.

It was worthy of grateful Germany, worthy of our Patriarch, to erect a lasting German arch of triumph, to a man who belongs to Europe, opposite to that monument of infamy which the English have laboured to build.

Could I but bid you a "farewell" as immortal as his,—it should be no last, I hope no long farewell, but as tender and as touching. Think of me thus.

Your faithful L——.

LETTER VI.

Dublin, Aug. 29th, 1828.

DEAR AND KIND ONE,

I HAVE passed the last few days in bed with fever and pain. I am but now sufficiently recovered to answer your letter. What you send me from B— is indeed very flattering to me; though the enthusiasm which my little labours excite in him is the growth of his own poetical soul alone, which paints what *ought to be*, and believes that *it is*. Do not wish for my return before it is possible; and trust me, that where a man is *not*, he is commonly desired; as soon as he is there, he is thought, by many, in the way.

I rode out again today for the first time to see the fair at Donnabrook, near Dublin, which is a kind of popular festival. Nothing indeed can be more national! The poverty, the dirt, and the wild tumult were as great as the glee and merriment with which the cheapest pleasures were enjoyed. I saw things eaten and drunk with delight, which forced me to turn my head quickly away to remain master of my disgust. Heat and dust,

crowd and stench, ('il faut le dire,') made it impossible to stay long: but these do not annoy the natives. There were many hundred tents, all ragged like the people, and adorned with tawdry rags instead of flags; many contented themselves with a cross on a hoop; one had hoisted a dead and half putrid cat as a sign! The lowest sort of rope-dancers and posture-masters exercised their toilsome vocation on stages of planks, and dressed in shabby finery, dancing and grimacing in the dreadful heat till they were completely exhausted. A third part of the public lay, or rather rolled, about, drunk; others ate, screamed, shouted and fought. The women rode about, sitting two and three upon an ass, pushed their way through the crowd, smoked with great delight, and coquetted with their sweethearts. The most ridiculous group was one which I should have thought indigenous only to Rio de la Plata: two beggars were seated on a horse, who by his wretched plight seemed to supplicate for them; they had no saddle, and a piece of twine served as reins.

As I left the fair, a pair of lovers, excessively drunk, took the same road. It was a rich treat to watch their behaviour. Both were horribly ugly, but treated each other with the greatest tenderness, and the most delicate attention. The

lover especially displayed a sort of chivalrous politeness. Nothing could be more gallant, and at the same time more respectful, than his repeated efforts to preserve his fair one from falling, although he had no little difficulty in keeping his own balance. From his ingratiating demeanour and her delighted smiles, I could also perceive that he was using every endeavour to entertain her agreeably; and that her answers, notwithstanding her 'exalté' state, were given with a coquetry and an air of affectionate intimacy which would have been exquisitely becoming and attractive in a pretty woman.

My reverence for truth compels me to add that not the slightest trace of English brutality was to be perceived: they were more like French people, though their gaiety was mingled with more humour, and more genuine good-nature; both of which are national traits of the Irish, and are always doubled by Potheen (the best sort of whisky illicitly distilled).

Don't reproach me for the vulgarity of the pictures I send you: they are more akin to nature than the painted dolls of our 'salons.'

Bray, August 30th.

I am returned hither on purpose to see the park

of Powerscourt, from which Sunday lately debarred me. It would not be easy for Nature to unite greater capabilities than she has lavished here with bounteous hand; and her gifts have been skilfully turned to account.

You enter by the Dargle, a very deep and narrow glen, thickly wooded with high trees. In the bottom gushes a full and rapid stream. The road ascends on the right side, and the eye travels down the green depths, out of which it catches here and there a gleam of the water, or a bold group of rocks. Three large mountains rise above the glen, and, though at some distance, seem quite close, as their base is hidden: they were tinged this evening with a deep rosy red by a sun worthy of Italy, and contrasted beautifully with the bright green of the oaks.

Further on the path suddenly opens on a rocky cliff, called 'The Lover's Leap,' where the glen diverges into several valleys, formed by chains of lesser hills, but terminated at some distance by the highest mountains of the neighbourhood. In the midst of this landscape appears the house, situated on a gentle slope on the edge of a wood, and surrounded by beautiful flower-gardens. From hence to the great waterfall, a distance of five miles, the road leads through ever varying

scenes, which are more like those of beautiful nature than of a park. At length you reach a wood, and the rush of the distant waterfall meets your ear before you catch sight of it. It is inconsiderable, except after rain, but then it is magnificent. The lofty rocks are thickly covered on either side with shrubs, the cascade dashes through their varied foliage, and falling into a basin, flows away through a beautiful meadow. Around this are venerable oaks, under which a house, suited to the character of the place, has been built. Here refreshments are to be obtained, and it is the usual resort of the many parties of pleasure who come hither. Green footpaths lead still further into the wild mountain country; but as it was already dark, I was obliged to return. On my way hither, I had gone over the greater distances in a gallop; and to avoid unnecessary delay, had taken up the ragged boy who acted as guide behind me, regardless of the wonderment of the passers by, who knew not what to make of so extraordinary a cavalcade. At night I was obliged to ride slowly along the stony road, till the moon rose, orange-coloured, behind the mountains, and half shrouded herself in evening mists. I reached the inn at Bray, tired and hungry, at eleven o'clock.

August 31st.

I found this country inn so pleasant that I resolved to prolong my stay over today—Sunday. Living at inns affords one a good opportunity of observing the middle classes. Every man here shows himself as he is, and seems to feel himself alone. I have already told you that English travellers of this class (I include all the inhabitants of the three kingdoms who have English manners and habits) usually pass their time, when not out of doors, in a common room called the coffee-room. In the evening this coffee-room is lighted with lamps; candles are carried, if called for, to the gentlemen who sit at the separate little tables. It has often surprised me that in a country in which luxury and refinement on all the wants of life are so universal, even in the best provincial inns (and often in London) tallow candles are commonly used. Wax candles are an unwonted luxury; and if you ask for them, you are treated with redoubled civility, but your bills are also doubled throughout.

It is very diverting to observe the perfect uniformity with which all behave, as if machines out of one workshop. This is particularly observable in their eating: though placed at separate tables, and no individual taking the slightest notice of any other, they all seem to have exactly the same

usages, exactly the same gastronomic tastes. Nobody eats soup, which, unless bespoken beforehand, is not to be had. (This is the reason, by-the-bye, for which my old Saxon servant left me. He declared that he could not exist any longer in such a state of barbarism—without soup!) A large joint of roast meat is commonly carried from one to another, and each cuts off what he likes. This is accompanied by potatoes or other vegetables, boiled in water; and a 'plat de ménage' filled with sauces is placed on every table; beer is poured out, and there, in a common way, ends the dinner. Only the luxurious eat fish before the meat.

But now follows the second stage:—the table-cloth is removed; clean plate, and knife and fork laid; wine and a wine-glass, and a few miserable apples or pears, with stony ship-biscuits, are brought: and now the diner seems to begin to enjoy tranquillity and comfort. His countenance assumes an expression of satisfaction; apparently sunk in profound meditation, leaning back in his chair and looking fixedly straight before him, he suffers a sip of wine to glide down his throat from time to time, only breaking the death-like silence by now and then laboriously craunching his rocky biscuits.

When the wine is finished, follows stage the third,—that of digestion. All motion now ceases: his appetite being satiated, he falls into a sort of magnetic sleep, only distinguishable from the natural by the open eyes. After this has lasted for half an hour or an hour, all at once it ceases; he cries out, as if under the influence of some sudden possession, 'Waiter, my slippers;' and seizing a candle, walks off gravely to his chamber to meet his slippers and repose.

This farce acted by five or six men at once has often amused me more than a puppet-show; and I must add, that with the exception of the incident of the slippers, pretty nearly the same scene is represented in the first clubs of the metropolis. I scarcely ever saw an Englishman read at dinner; I am not sure that they don't think it an act of indecorum—perhaps of impiety—like singing or dancing on a Sunday for instance. Perhaps, however, it is only a rule of diatetics converted by time into a law which no vivacity of temper can break through.

Englishmen who do not belong to the aristocracy, and are not very rich, usually travel without a servant by the mail or stage-coach, which deposits them at the inn. The man who waits on strangers to the coach, cleans their boots, &c.

has the universal appellation 'Boots.' It is, accordingly, 'Boots' who brings your slippers, helps you to pull off your boots, and then departs, first asking at what time you will have, not as in Germany, your coffee, but your hot water to shave. He appears with it punctually at the appointed hour, and brings your clothes cleanly brushed. The traveller then hastens to dress himself and to return to his beloved coffee-room, where the ingredients of breakfast are richly spread upon his table. To this meal he seems to bring more animation than to any other, and indeed I think more appetite; for the number of cups of tea, the masses of bread and butter, eggs and cold meat, which he devours, awaken silent envy in the breast, or rather in the stomach, of the less capable foreigner. He is now not only permitted, but enjoined (by *custom*, his gospel) to read. At every cup of tea he unfolds a newspaper of the size of a table-cloth. Not a single speech, crim con, murder or other catastrophe invented by the 'accident maker' in London, escapes him.

Like one who would rather die of a surfeit than leave anything uneaten which he had paid for, the systematic Englishman thinks that having called for a newspaper he ought not to leave a letter of it unread. By this means his break-

fast lasts several hours, and the sixth or seventh cup is drunk cold. I have seen this glorious meal protracted so long that it blended with dinner; and you will hardly believe me when I assure you, that a light supper followed at midnight without the company quitting the table.

On this occasion several were assembled; and I must remark, generally, that when that is the case, a very different scene is exhibited. The wine instead of producing the lethargic reverie I have described, makes them rather too talkative. Something of the kind occurred today. Five or six travellers were very jovial, and having carried this a little too far, a violent quarrel arose among them, which, after long continued noise and confusion, ended, strangely enough, in their all falling foul of the waiter and pushing him out at the door. Upon this the host was forced to come in and to beg pardon for the poor fellow who was perfectly innocent. Not one of the men who were eating at their solitary tables took the slightest notice of this affray, but stared straight before them just as indifferently as if nothing were going on.

Soon, however, one of them who had begun his dinner very late gave us a new scene. He was dissatisfied with the mutton they had brought him,

and desired the waiter to tell the cook she was a d—— b——. On receiving this communication, the Irishwoman lost all respect for the author of so sensible an insult; tore herself out of the arms of her companions who vainly attempted to hold her at the dining-room door, darted with doubled fists on the offender, and overwhelmed him with such a torrent of truly national epithets, that he turned pale and left the field, roaring "my slippers" as loud again as usual, and without further attempt at resistance hastily retreated to his chamber in the third story; for, as you know, the bed-rooms here are always under the roof, 'comme au Colombier.'

When the late Grand Duke of W—— was in England he was seized with the desire to travel alone and incognito by the 'stage,' as a means of becoming more intimately acquainted with English life. It amused him much: the next morning, however, he was not a little surprised, when the 'boots' brought him his clothes, at his saying, "I hope Your Royal Highness slept well last night." He thought, however, he might have misunderstood, and taking no notice of the thing, continued his journey on the outside. The next morning, the same title. He now inquired into the matter, and found that a card with his name

and rank was stitched to the inside of his cloak, and had destroyed his 'incognito.' What struck him the most doubtless was, that people troubled themselves so little whether a German Sovereign Prince sat on the top of the stage-coach or not. The common people in England care little about rank,—about foreign rank nothing. It is only the middle classes that are servile: they are delighted to talk to a foreign nobleman because they cannot get at their own haughty aristocracy. The English nobleman, even the least of the Lords, in the bottom of his heart thinks himself a greater man than the King of France.

This mode of travelling, to a man who has anything in view beside mere change of place, or who does not feel himself flattered by the increased reverence of innkeepers and waiters, is certainly preferable to the usual manner of making the grand tour. The diminution of comfort and convenience is counterbalanced by so much that is instructive and agreeable, that one gains a hundredfold by the change.

Dublin, September 1st.

I returned, this time, by way of Kingston, along a rough but very romantic road, close to the sea. A crowd of beggars stood in the road. They were not, however, deficient in industry and acti-

vity, for an old woman among them was busily gathering up some white sand which had fallen from a cart. How I wished to open the treasures of our Sand-Golconda to this poor creature! As I could not, I made her happy with a few pence, of which I always carry a cargo in my coat-pocket to throw out like corn among fowls; for here everybody begs.

Kingston is a little town consisting chiefly of the country houses of the opulent people of Dublin. The Lord Lieutenant sometimes resides here. Since the King's visit a harbour has been made, at which the men are still at work. The shallowness of Dublin Bay renders this very desirable; but its principal end now is to give work to the lower classes. The many ingenious inventions which are here applied, the four rail-roads running side by side, on which one horse can draw enormous loads, the chain windlasses by which huge masses are brought to hand and walled into the dam, and other things of the like kind, are uncommonly interesting and instructive. Several large ships are lying in the unfinished harbour, in which they already find deep water and safe anchorage. Among them I was struck by the appearance of a black hulk, which lay like a solitary ghost: it contained, as I was told, the convicts

ordered for transportation to Botany Bay; the transport ship which was to convey them had already arrived. This is no very severe punishment (deducting sea-sickness), and converts two-thirds of these criminals into useful citizens. Every government might (according to its local resources) create a Botany Bay; but it will be long ere the principle of vengeance is banished from our systems of law or of religion.

A monument has been erected at the entrance of the harbour, in honour of the King's memorable visit (memorable, that is, for its disappointing all hopes and expectations). It is designed and executed with the sort of taste which seems to lie like a curse on all the public buildings of Great Britain: it is a small, ridiculous stump of an obelisk, perched on the corner of a natural rock; it stands on four balls, and looks precisely as if the first blast of wind would roll it into the sea. One cannot suppress the wish that this may happen;—the sooner the better. The royal crown is stuck at the top like a lid on a mustard-pot, and the whole, contrasted with the noble dimensions of the harbour and surrounding buildings, is so small and 'mesquin' that it might be taken for the whim of a private man, but certainly never for a national monument. Per-

haps the architect was a 'mauvais plaisant,' and meant it satirically:—as an epigram it is deserving of praise.

The road from hence to Dublin is very fine, and covered with riders and carriages. I wondered not to find it watered, which makes the roads near London so agreeable. Probably it is only done when the Lord Lieutenant is here. The dust to-day was almost insufferable, and all the trees covered as if with chalk.

I returned to Dublin just at the moment of a meeting of the 'Catholic Association,' and alighted at the door of their house: unfortunately, however, neither Shiel nor O'Connell was present, so that there was no great attraction. Heat and bad smells, ('car l'humanité Catholique pûe autant qu'une autre,') drove me out in a few minutes.

In the evening I was better amused by the performances of some other charlatans,—a company of English horse-riders who are here. Mr. Adams, in his way indisputably 'le premier des hommes,' was leader of the 'Academy,' which deserved its name better than some others I could mention.

It was pleasant to see about twenty elegantly dressed young men, all moving with nearly equal grace and dexterity—often bewildering the eye

by the artful confusion, the variety, difficulty and extreme rapidity of their movements, forming a wild dissonance or chaos, and then resolving this into the most graceful harmony. Still more delightful were two inimitable clowns, whose limbs were perfectly at their disposal. The one was excellently supported by his piebald ass, which shamed the noblest horses in the precision with which he executed his feats; and the other, on an instrument of his own invention, produced a sort of music so truly mad, that even the mere tones excited resistless laughter.

The performance was closed by a 'pas de deux' of the two clowns, danced on their hands and feet; the latter cutting capers in the air, while the former supported the weight of their bodies. Here the human form seemed obliterated; and the scene, frightful as a tale of Hoffman's, appeared to the bewildered spectator like the dance of two mad polypi.

[Here some leaves of the correspondence are wanting.]

LETTER VII.

B——m, in the West of Ireland,
Sept. 5, 1828.

DEAR JULIA,

You make me laugh by your gratitude for my diligence in writing. Are you not aware that I can have no greater enjoyment? I have hardly written a word before I feel myself at home, and new comfort and courage are infused into my heart.

Do you remember the young parson at Bray? Though he converted the God of Mercy into the greatest of all tyrants, he himself is a very good-hearted fellow 'qui n'y entend pas malice.' He gave me such a hearty invitation to accompany him to his father's house in Connaught,—who, as he assured me, was no less hospitable than rich,—that I consented, 'et m'y voilà!' This wild part of Ireland, seldom visited by natives, never by foreigners, has such a bad name, that there is a proverb—'Go to hell and Connaught!' It was therefore a matter worthy of deliberation; but what deters others often attracts me;—such si-

tuations too I have often found the richest in amusement. The present promises me this in abundance, at least so far as novelty and strangeness go.

Yesterday evening after dinner we left the metropolis in my carriage. We had just a hundred-and-one miles to go. In England this is soon accomplished; here things are very differently managed, and it took us four-and-twenty hours.

The scenery is strikingly like the Wendish districts of Lower Lusatia, whither my unlucky stars once drove me; except that there are thick woods, while here, with the exception of a few arid firs, they appear only to *have been*. Boundless plains are covered with bog and turf; the oakwood, thousands of years old, which is found sometimes at a great depth, fetches a high price for decorative furniture; snuff-boxes and ladies' ornaments are likewise made of it. The other part of the soil is sandy or wet: the dry lands are meagre and barren; but on the other hand the bog cultivation, which is admirably understood, is very successful. The bog is first levelled, the projecting parts being cut into squares of turf, and the soil then burnt and sown with corn. All the bogs appear to be remarkably deep: the principal crops are buckwheat, potatoes, and

oats. The cabins of the inhabitants are beyond description wretched, and the appearance of all the flat country extremely poor, till you approach my friend's estate, where Nature becomes more smiling; and blue hills, the scene of many a wondrous tale, peep above the horizon.

My host, Captain W——, is one of the 'Notables' of his county, but his house is not better than that of a German nobleman of moderate estate. English elegance and English luxury are not to be thought of; wax-lights are unknown; port and sherry, but above all 'whisky-punch,' are the only beverages: the coffee is detestable; but the food excellent, nutritious, and plentiful. The house is not over-clean; the small establishment very respectable from length of service, zeal and attachment, but of a somewhat unwashed and boorish appearance.

From my chamber windows I penetrate into all the mysteries of the domestic economy, which is too modest to spread out the dunghills as chief 'point de vûe,' as in North Germany. The rain (for alas! it does rain) runs merrily through my windows, and falls in romantic cascades from the window-sill to the floor, where an old carpet thirstily drinks the stream. The furniture is rather tottering; but I have tables enough (a great

matter to me with my multitude of things), and the bed seems at least large and hard enough. In my chimney burns, or rather smoulders, capital turf, which not only gives heat, but covers every thing with fine ashes like an eruption of Vesuvius. All this does not sound brilliant;—but how largely are these trifles outweighed by the patriarchal hospitality, the cheerful, easy, unaffected kindness of the family. It is as if my visit were a distinguished favour, for which all seem to feel indebted to me as for some real service.

Sept. 6th.

I like my host very much; he is seventy-two years old, and still hale and vigorous as a man of fifty. He must have been very handsome, and has given the world twelve sons and seven daughters,—all by the same wife, who is still living, though just now too unwell for me to see her. Some of the sons and daughters have been long married, and the old man sees his grandsons of twelve at play with his youngest daughter of fourteen. The greater part of the family is now here, which makes the abode rather a noisy one; this is increased by the musical talents of the daughters, who daily perform on an instrument horribly out of tune,—a circumstance which seems not to

annoy them in the slightest degree*. The men generally talk about horses and dogs, and are somewhat uninstructed. Today a country squire of the neighbourhood searched long and patiently in a map of Europe for the United States:—at last his brother-in-law gave him the fortunate suggestion of trying his luck on the map of the world. The occasion of the search was, that the old gentleman wanted to show me Halifax and B—— town, which latter takes its name from him. He laid the first stone of both during the American war, in which he commanded seven hundred men, and loves to recall those days of his youth and importance. The scrupulous and chivalrous courtesy of his manners, the constant and ready sacrifice of his own convenience to others, are proofs of the education of times long passed by, and mark his age more surely than his appearance does.

Our amusements for some days to come are arranged as follows:—In the morning we go to church; the day after to the town of Galway, to see some horse-races, in which the poor animals

* I have often had occasion to remark, that the love of music in England is a mere affair of fashion. There is no nation in Europe which pays music better, or understands it worse.

not only run a German mile, but in the course of it have to leap several walls! They are ridden by gentlemen. In the evening is a ball, at which I am promised a sight of all the beauty of the neighbourhood.

To tell you the truth, touched as I am by the kindness shown me in this house, I rather dread a long stay: I should, however, vex these excellent, cordial people if I showed it; 'Je m'exécute donc de bonne grace.'

Sept. 7th.

The manners here are so old-fashioned that the master of the house every day drinks to my health, and we have no napkins at table, for which pocket-handkerchiefs or the corners of the table-cloth are obliged to serve as deputies.

We passed four hours this morning in the church of the neighbouring town of Tuam, and saw four clergymen ordained by the archbishop.

The English Protestant service differs much from ours: it is a strange mixture of Catholic ceremony and Protestant simplicity. Pictures on the walls are not suffered,—on the windows they are. The dress of the priests, even of the archbishops, consists only of a white surplice. On the other hand, the seat of the latter, built like a

throne, covered with purple velvet and adorned with an archbishop's crown, stands ostentatiously opposite to the chancel. The sermon is read, and lasts very long. The most wearisome part, however, both before and after it, is the endless repetition of antiquated and contradictory prayers, the burthen to which is occasionally re-echoed in singing from the choir. These form a perfect course of English history. Henry the Eighth's ecclesiastical revolution, Elizabeth's policy, and Cromwell's puritanical exaggerations; meet and shake hands; while certain favourite phrases are repeated every minute, many of which are more characteristic of cringing slaves prostrate in the dust before an eastern tyrant, than of Christian freedom and dignity.

The text was chosen, strangely enough, from the story of the passage of the evil spirits into the herd of swine; and after this had been discussed for an hour, the four priests were ordained.

The old archbishop, who enjoys a high reputation for strict orthodoxy, has a very dignified air and a fine sonorous voice; but the deportment of the young divines displeased me exceedingly; it was disgustingly hypocritical. They continually wiped their eyes with their pocket-handkerchiefs,

held them before their faces as if in the deepest emotion, answered with a broken voice;—in short, Herrnhuters could not have acted it better: 'La grace n'y étoit pas;'—of no kind.

One of the oddest customs is, that everybody during the short prayer at coming and going, turns himself to the wall, or into a corner, as if he were doing something not fit to be seen.

I must frankly confess it,—I do not understand how a reflecting man can be edified by such a service. And yet how beautiful, how elevating might the service of God be, if while we dismissed all ridiculous and unmeaning ceremonies, we did not require an abstract worship, from which sense were utterly excluded,—an impossibility for creatures of sense! Why should we not devote all our best powers to the honour of him who gave them? Why not employ every art in its highest perfection, in order to consecrate to God the noblest, the finest works that the human faculties can produce?

I can imagine a congregation, whose piety is equally removed from mean servility and from arrogant conceit; who meet to praise the infinite greatness and love of the Universal Father, and the wonders of his creation,—not to bring within the walls consecrated to him the hatred

of bigotry and intolerance;—whose creed demands from each man only that degree of belief which his own inward revelation makes possible to him. Before my fancy no longer float separate churches for Jews, and for fifty sorts of Christians; but true temples of God and Man, whose gates at all times stand open to every human being who, when oppressed by the Earthly, seeks to have the Holy and the Heavenly within him, animated and sustained by all the aids and appliances of sense or spirit; or who longs to pour out the overflowings of his heart, when filled with happiness and gratitude.

Galway, Sept. 8th.

We arrived very late on the 'race-course,' and saw little of this day's sport. The sight of the people was however extremely curious and interesting to me. In many points of view this nation is really semi-barbarous. The universal want of decent clothing among the lower classes, even on festivals like the present; their utter inability to resist ardent spirits, so long as they have a penny in their pockets; the sudden and continual wild quarrels and national pitched battles with the shillelah (a murderous sort of stick which every man keeps hidden under his rags), in which hundreds take part in a minute, and do not desist till

several are left dead or wounded on the field; the frightful war-whoop which they set up on these occasions; the revenge for an affront or injury, which is cherished and inherited by whole villages: —on the other hand, the light-hearted carelessness which never thinks of the coming day; the heart-felt merriment, forgetful of all want and suffering; the kind hospitality which ungrudgingly shares their last morsel; the unreserved cordiality with the stranger, who makes any advances to them; the natural fluency and eloquence which they have ever at command;—all are characteristics of a half-civilized people.

Hundreds of drunken men accompanied our carriages as we drove from the race-course to the town, and more than ten times, fights arose among them. The confluence of guests was so great that we with difficulty found a miserable lodging:—our dinner was however good, and very abundant.

Galway was chiefly built by the Spaniards. Some descendants of the ancient families still exist, as do several very curious houses of that period. It struck me as characteristic, that in a town of forty thousand inhabitants there was not a single bookseller's shop or circulating library to be found. The suburbs and all the villages

through which we passed on our way, were of a kind which I should vainly attempt to liken to anything ever seen before:—pigsties are palaces in comparison; and I often saw numerous groups of children (for the prolificness of the Irish people seems to keep pace with their wretchedness), naked as they came into the world, roll and paddle about with the ducks in the filthy kennels, with the greatest delight.

Athenrye, Sept. 10th; Morning.

I write to you this morning from the house of one of the sweetest women I ever saw in my life: an African too,—and as she tells me, by birth a Mademoiselle H——. 'Que dites vous de cela?' But more of her hereafter. You must now accompany me to the 'race-course,' and see the running and leaping from the beginning. It is a remarkable sight of its kind, and exactly suited to a half-savage nation. I confess that it far exceeded my expectations, and kept me in a state of intense anxiety; only one must leave pity and humanity at home, as you will see from what follows.—The race-course is an elongated circle. On the left side is the starting post; opposite to it, on the right, is the goal. Between them, at the opposite points of the circumference, are built walls of stone

without mortar, five feet high and two broad. The course, two English miles in length, is run over once and a half. You see then, from my description, that the first wall must be leaped twice, the second only once in each heat. Many horses run, but none is declared winner till he has beaten the others in two heats; so that this is often repeated three, four, or even five times, if a different horse comes in a-head each time. To-day they ran four times; so that the winner, in a space of less than two hours, reckoning the intervals, ran twelve English miles at full speed and leaped the high wall twelve times!—a fatigue which it is difficult to conceive how any horse can stand. Six gentlemen in elegant jockey dresses of coloured silk jackets and caps, leather breeches and top-boots, rode the 'race.' I had an excellent hunter belonging to the son of my host, and could therefore, by crossing the course, keep up perfectly well, and be present at every leap.

It is impossible not to have a favourite on such occasions. Mine, and indeed that of the public, was an extremely beautiful dark bay, called Game-cock, ridden by a gentleman in yellow,—a handsome young man of good family, and a most admirable rider.

After him, the horse which pleased me the most was a dark brown mare called Rosina, ridden by a cousin of Captain B——; a bad rider, in sky blue. The third in goodness, in my opinion, Killarney, was a strong but not very handsome horse, ridden by a young man who showed more power of endurance than perfect horsemanship: his dress was crimson. The fourth gentleman, perhaps the most skilful, though not the strongest of the riders, rode a brown horse not remarkable in its appearance, and was dressed in brown. The other two deserve no mention, as they were 'hors du jeu' from the beginning: they both fell at the first leap; the one sustained a severe injury on the head, the other came off with a slight contusion, but was disabled from riding again. Gamecock, who darted off with such fury that his rider could hardly hold him in, and flew, rather than leapt, over the walls, with incredible bounds, won the first heat with ease. Immediately after him came Rosina without her rider, whom she had thrown, and took the remaining leaps of her own accord with great grace. Gamecock was now so decidedly the favourite that the bets were five to one upon him: but the result was far different from these expectations, and very tragical. After this noble animal had distanced

the other two in two successive heats, and had achieved the two first leaps in the most brilliant manner, he set his foot, in the third, on a loose stone which one of the less skilful horses had pushed down as he fell, and which *it was not permitted to remove out of the course.* He fell backward upon his rider with such violence that both lay motionless, when the other riders came up, took not the slightest notice of them, and accomplished the leap. After a few seconds Gamecock got up, but his rider did not recover his senses. A surgeon present soon pronounced his state to be hopeless; both his breast-bone and scull were fractured. His old father, who stood by when the accident happened, fell senseless on the ground, and his sister threw herself with heart-rending cries on the yet palpitating though unconscious body. But the general sympathy was very slight. After the poor young man had been repeatedly bled, so that he lay on the turf weltering in his blood, he was taken away, and the race began again at the appointed time as if nothing had happened.

The brown rider had been the first in the preceding heat, and hoped to win the last and decisive one. It was what the English call 'a hard race.' Both horses and men did their part admi-

rably, they ran and leaped almost in rank. Killarney at last won only by a quarter of a head:—it was necessary therefore to run again. This last contest was of course the most interesting, since one of the two running must of necessity win everything. There was a great deal of betting, which at first was even. Twice did the victory appear decided, and yet at last terminated on the contrary side. At the first leap the horses were together; before they reached the second it was evident that the brown was exhausted, and Killarney gained so much upon him that he reached the second wall more than a hundred paces before him. But here, contrary to all expectations, he refused to leap, and the rider had lost all power over him. Before he could be brought to obey, the brown came up,—made his leap well; and now putting out all his strength, was so much a-head that he seemed sure of winning. Bets were now ten to one. But the last wall was yet to cross, and this was fatal to him. The tired animal, who had exhausted his last remaining strength in fast running, tried the leap willingly enough indeed, but had no longer power to effect it; and half breaking down the wall, he rolled bleeding over and over, burying his rider under him, so that it was impossible for him to rise. Killarney's rider

had in the mean time brought his refractory horse into subjection, achieved the two remaining leaps amid the cheers of the multitude, and then rode at a foot pace, perfectly at his ease and without a rival, to the goal. He was so exhausted, however, that he could scarcely speak.

In the intervals between the preceding heats I was introduced to many ladies and gentlemen, all of whom most hospitably invited me to their houses. I however preferred following my young host, who promised to show me the fairest of the fair, if I would give myself up to his guidance, and not object to riding ten miles in the dark. On the way he told me that this lady was called Mrs. ——, and was the daughter of the late Dutch governor of ——, that she had had a complaint in the lungs, and was now staying in the solitary village of Athenrye, on account of the salubrity of its air.

We did not arrive till ten; and surprised her in her little cottage (for the place is miserable,) at tea.

I wish I could describe this sweet and lovely being to you in such a manner as to place her visibly before you; certain that you, like me, would love her at the first glance. But I feel that here all description falls short:—all about her is

heart and soul, and that is not to be described;—she was dressed in black, with the greatest simplicity, her dress up to the neck, but fitting closely to her beautiful form. Her person is slender and extremely youthful, full of gentle grace, and yet not without animation and fire in her movements. Her complexion is of a pure and clear brown, and has the soft polish of marble. More beautiful and brilliant black eyes, or teeth of more dazzling whiteness, I never beheld. Her mouth too, with the angelic, childlike character of her smile, is enchanting.

Her refined unaffected good-breeding, the sportive graces of her gay and witty conversation were of that rare sort which are innate, and must therefore please, whether in Paris or in Pekin, in town or country. The greatest experience of society could not give more ease or address, and no girl of fifteen could blush more sweetly or jest more joyously. And yet her life had been the most simple and uniform, and her youth was rather the unfading spring of the soul than that of the body; for she was mother of four children, near thirty, and but just recovered from an attack on the lungs which had threatened to prove fatal. But the fire of all her movements, the lightning-flashes of her conversation, had all the freshness and all

the power of youth, imparting a resistless charm to the gentleness of her nature. One felt that this was the child of a warmer and kindlier sun, of a more luxuriant soil, than are to be found in our misty climes. And indeed she felt the most melancholy longings after her native land, and a painful expression passed over all her lovely features as she said, she should never more breathe that balmy air charged with sweet odours. I was too much absorbed in looking at her to think of food, had she not, with all the kind activity of a good housewife, made preparations for entertaining us as well as she could in her little cabin. A table was set in the room in which we sat; so that our frugal meal caused no interruption to the conversation, and it was long after midnight ere we separated.

It was not till I was in bed that I learned that, finding it impossible to get us beds in a place consisting of only a few cabins, this kindhearted and unceremonious woman had quitted her own for me, and gone to sleep with her eldest daughter.

Concerning her family, whose name was necessarily so striking to me, Mrs. —— herself could tell me but little. She had married Mr. ——, then a captain in the British army, in her twelfth year: immediately afterwards she lost her father, and

embarked with her husband for Ireland, which she had never left. She had heard, indeed, that she had relations in Germany, but never corresponded with them. Three years ago she received a business letter from a cousin in A——, announcing that her father's brother had died and had left her heir to his whole property. The indifference of this African child of nature went so far, that she had not only up to the present time left this letter unanswered, but as she told me, had never been able to decypher the whole of it, as it was written in Dutch, and she had almost entirely forgotten the language. "I don't know the man," added she innocently, "and the money affairs I left to my husband."

This bathing-place, Athenrye, is also one of the curiosities of Ireland. From what I have already said, you will conclude that no Polish village can have a more wretched aspect. The cluster of cabins is on a bare hill rising out of the bog, without tree or bush, without an inn, without any convenience, inhabited only by ragged beggars, and by the few invalids who bring with them every thing they want, and must send for even the most trifling article of food to Galway, a distance of twelve miles. Once it was otherwise; and it saddens one to see at the further extremity of this

wretched village the proud ruins of better times. Here stood a rich abbey, now overgrown with ivy, the arches which once protected the sanctuary lie in fragments amid the unsheltered altars and tombstones. Further on is a castle with walls ten feet thick, in which King John held his court of justice when he came over to Ireland.

I visited these ruins with a most numerous company: I do not exaggerate when I say that at least two hundred half-naked beings, two-thirds of whom were children, had collected round my carriage at a very early hour in the morning, doing nothing: they now thronged round me, all begging, and shouting, "Long life to your honour!" Every individual among them stuck faithfully by me, leaping over stones and brambles. The strangest compliment now and then resounded from the midst of the crowd: at last some called out, "Long life to the King!" On my return I threw two or three handfuls of copper among them; and in a minute half of them, old and young, lay prostrate in the sand, while the others ran with all speed into a whisky shop, fighting furiously all the way.

Such is Ireland! Neglected or oppressed by the Government, debased by the stupid intolerance of the English priesthood, and marked by poverty

and the poison of whisky, for the abode of naked beggars!—I have already mentioned that even among the educated classes of this province, the ignorance appears, with our notions of education, perfectlyunequalled: I will only give you one or two examples. Today something was said about magnetism, and no one present had ever heard the slightest mention of it. Nay, in B——m, in a company of twenty persons, nobody knew that such places as Carlsbad and Prague existed. The information that they were situated in Bohemia did not mend the matter:—Bohemia was not less unknown; and in short, everything out of Great Britain and Paris was a country in the moon *. "And where do you come from?" asked one. "From Brobdignag," said I in jest. "O! is that on the sea?—Have they whisky there?" asked another. The son of my host, whom I have repeatedly mentioned, asked me one day very seriously as we met some asses, whether there were any such animals in my country? "Ah! but too many," replied I.

B——m, Sept. 12th.

Yesterday we returned home, tearing ourselves away from the lovely African, who however had

* "*Böhmische Dörfer*". The *jeu de mots* is inevitably lost. —TRANSL.

promised soon to follow us. Today I took advantage of a leisure day to ride to Castle Hackett, a solitary hill in the neighbourhood, believed by the people to be a favourite resort of the fairies, or 'good people' as they call them. No nation is more poetical, or more richly endowed with fancy. An old man who has the care of the woods of Castle Hackett, and has the reputation of knowing more than other men about the 'good people,' told us these circumstances connected with the death of his son, in the style of a romance.

"I knew it," said he, "four days before—I knew he would die; for as I was going home that evening about twilight, I saw them scouring in a wild chase over the plain: their red dresses fluttered in the wind; and the lakes turned to ice as they came near, and walls and trees bowed themselves to the earth before them; and they rode over the tops of the thicket as if it were over the green grass. In front rode the queen, on a white stag-like horse; and by her I saw, with a shudder, my son, whom she smiled upon and caressed; while he, with a fevered eye, looked wistfully at her, till all were past Castle Hackett. Then I knew that it was all over with him;—that same day he took to his bed;—on the third I carried him to the grave. There was not a handsomer

or a better lad in Connemara, and it was for that the queen chose him."

The old man seemed so firmly and unaffectedly convinced of the truth of his story, that it would only have offended him to express the least doubt of it. He replied to our inquiries for further details with great readiness, and I promise myself the pleasure of giving you the most accurate description of the dress of the fairy queen for your next masked ball. At the foot of this hill is a pretty country-seat; and the hill itself is clothed to its summit with young and thriving plantations. On the top is a sort of artificial ruin, made of loose stones piled together,—laborious and almost dangerous to climb. The view from it is, however, worth the exertion. On two sides the eye wanders over the almost immeasurable plain; on the other two lies Lough Corrib, a lake thirty miles in length, behind which are the mountains of Clare; and in still remoter distance the romantic ridge of Connemara. The lake just at its middle bends inland like a river, and its waters gradually lose themselves between the lofty mountains, which seem to form a gateway for their entrance. Just at this point the sun set; and Nature, who often rewards my love for her, displayed one of her most wondrous spectacles.

Black clouds hung over the mountains, and the whole heavens were overcast. Only just at the point where the sun looked out from beneath the dusky veil, issued a stream of light which filled the whole ravine with a sort of unearthly splendour. The lake glittered beneath it like molten brass; while the mountains had a transparent, steel-blue lustre, like the gleam of diamonds. Single streaks of rose-coloured cloud passed slowly across this illumined picture over the mountains; while on both sides of the opened heavens distant rain fell in torrents, and formed a curtain which shut out every glimpse of the remaining world. Such is the magnificence which Nature has reserved for herself alone, and which even Claude's pencil could never imitate.

On our way home my young friend discoursed largely on the perfections of Mrs. L——. Among other things, he said, "Never with all her vivacity did I see, even for an instant, the least trace of impatience or ill-humour about her; never had woman a sweeter 'temper.' This word is, like 'gentle,' untranslatable. Only the nation which invented 'comfort' was capable of conceiving 'good temper,' for 'good temper' is to the moral what 'comfort' is to the physical man. It is the most contented, the most *comfortable* state of

the soul; the greatest happiness both for those who possess it, and for those who feel its influence. Perhaps it is found in perfection in woman alone; for it is rather a passive than an active quality: and yet we must by no means confound it with mere apathy, which is either tedious, or exasperates one's anger and contempt; whereas 'good temper' soothes and tranquillizes all who approach it. It is a truly kind, loving and cheerful principle; mild and balmy as a cloudless May-day. With 'gentleness' in his own character, 'comfort' in his house, and 'good temper' in his wife, the earthly felicity of man is complete. 'Good temper,' in the highest sense, is doubtless one of the rarest qualities;—the consequence of an absolute harmony, or equilibrium of the moral powers,—the most perfect *health of the soul.* Great and striking single qualities cannot therefore be combined with it; for wherever one quality is predominant, the equilibrium is destroyed. It is possible to be most captivating, to inspire passionate love, admiration or esteem, without 'good temper;'—to be *perfectly* and lastingly amiable without it, is impossible. The contemplation of harmony in all things has a salutary effect on the mind; often unconscious of the cause, the soul is gladdened and refreshed by it, whatever be the

sense through which it is communicated. A person therefore who is gifted with 'good temper,' affords us continual enjoyment, without ever awakening our envy, or exciting any vehement emotion. We gain strength from his tranquillity, courage from his cheerfulness, comfort from his resignation; we feel our anger vanish before his loving patience, and are finally the better and the happier for listening to the spiritual music of his harmony.

How many words, you will say, to describe one! And yet, dear Julia, I have very imperfectly expressed what 'good temper' is.

September 13th.

The beautiful view of yesterday evening enticed me to take a nearer survey of what I had beheld at a distance. My obliging friend speedily fitted out an equipage for this purpose, a little 'char à banc,' which was drawn by two horses 'tandem' (one horse before another). We determined to visit Lake Corrib, Cong and its caverns, and to return in the night. After four hours smart trotting, and some little accidents to our frail tackle, we reached Cong, at a distance of twenty miles, where we ate a breakfast we had brought with us, of lobster prepared after the Irish fashion*.

* An excellent dish! the receipt, *vivâ voce*.

Knives and forks are not to be had, so that we adopted the Chinese mode of eating. We then set out to the cave, accompanied as usual by a half-naked *cortège*.

Every one of them was on the watch to do us some service: if I stooped to pick up a stone, ten or a dozen scrambled for it, and then asked for money; if there was a gate to open, twenty rushed to it, and expected a like reward. After I had given away all my small money, came one who affirmed that he had shown me some trifle or other. I unwillingly refused him, and told him my purse was empty. "Oh," said he, "a gentleman's purse can never be empty!"—no bad answer; for under the form of a compliment lurks a sort of reproach. "You look too much like a 'gentleman' not to have money, but if you are so ungenerous as not to give any, you are not a true gentleman; and, if you really have none, still less are you one." The crowd felt this, and laughed till I bought my deliverance from him.

But to return to the 'Pigeon-hole.' It lies in the middle of a field, bare, and treeless, which, although flat, is covered with masses of limestone of a peculiar form, between which the scanty soil is with difficulty cultivated. These pieces of rock are as smooth as if polished by art, and look like

stones regularly piled and half prepared for some colossal building. In this rocky plain, at about half a mile from Lough Corrib, is the entrance of the cave, like a broad dark well, in which thirty or forty steps, roughly hewn in the rock, lead down to the stream, which here flows subterraneously, making its way through long and romantic arches, till at length it rises into day, and turns a mill. It then buries itself a second time in the earth, and at length appears again as a broad, deep, and crystal river, and thus flows on till it falls into the lake.

Not far from the cave before which we were now standing lives a 'Donna del Lago,' who pays the lord of the soil four pounds a year for the privilege of showing the 'Pigeon-hole' to strangers. She was admirably fitted for the porteress of such an entrance to the nether world, and indeed the whole scene could not be better 'in character,' as the English say. We had descended the steps in the dark, and heard the rush of invisible waters, when the gigantic, haggard old woman, with a scarlet cloak loosely thrown around her, long streaming white hair, and a firebrand in each hand, came down,—the living original of Meg Merrilies. It was a wild scene! her flickering torches threw fitful gleams on the rolling water,

and the lofty vaulted roof bristling with stalactites; and now and then brought out the pale and squalid figures behind her with a broad red glare. She took some bundles of straw, and with words which sounded like an incantation, lighted them and threw them blazing into the stream. As they floated rapidly away, they disclosed new grottos, more grotesque forms, and at length, after a hundred windings, disappeared in the distance like small tapers. We followed them, scrambling over the slippery stones as far as we could, and discovered here and there a trout in the ice-cold water. They have this peculiarity, that whatever bait may be offered them, no attempt to catch one has ever succeeded. The people of course think them enchanted.

On emerging from the darkness to the spot where daylight breaks faintly, as down a shaft, you see the ivy and creeping plants hang around the rocks in the most picturesque festoons and garlands. Here flocks of wild pigeons roost, whence the cave has its name. The popular superstition permits no sportsman to molest them in this spot, so that they are fearless as in a dove-cote.

We quitted this gloomy region, where all is close and oppressive, and wandered down to the

broad sea-like lake, where all seems to lose itself in boundless space. This majestic body of water fills a basin of twelve German miles long, and at its widest point, three broad. It contains just as many islands as the year days; at least so the natives assert,—I did not count them. It is bounded on two sides by the high mountains of Connemara; on the others its waters are nearly level with the plain: the approach to it opposite to the mountains was, therefore, more beautiful than the return. The navigation of this lake is very dangerous from its numerous rocks and islands, and the sudden squalls which often arise upon it. We saw in a newspaper a short time ago, that a boat, having on board a butcher and his sheep, had gone down, and man and beast perished. We had a very calm, though not a bright day. When we landed, my companion went before to give some orders; while, as the sun was setting, I visited the ruins of an abbey, which contained some striking remains of architectural and sculptural beauty.

Ireland is studded with ruins of old castles and monasteries more thickly than any country in Europe, though they do not present such enormous masses as those in England. These *old* ruins (for unfortunately even here are many new ones) are constantly used by the people as places of burial,

—a poetical idea peculiar, I believe, to this nation. As there are none of those tasteless modern monuments which deform English churches, and the grave is marked only by a mound of earth, or at most a flat stone, the touching picture of human frailty is enhanced, not impaired, by this custom. The impression is, however, sometimes heightened into horror by the little heed paid by those who dig the graves to the earlier buried, whose skeletons are thrown out without ceremony as soon as there is a want of room. The ruins are consequently filled with heaps of skulls and bones thrown confusedly together, and sometimes placed in pyramids or other forms by children at play. I climbed over a heap of mingled stones and bones, and crawled up into a ruinous chamber of the first story, where I feasted myself on the strange romantic picture. On my left the wall had fallen in, and opened to the eye the beautiful landscape which surrounds the lake, with its bright-green foreground, the mountains in the distance, and on one side the house and the high trees in the park of the Macnamaras, who reside here. Before me was a window in good preservation, surrounded with carvings like 'point d'Alençon;' above it hung large bunches of deep purple blackberries pendant from their luxuriant branches, which crept in one

continuous mass along the open wall. On the right, where the wall of the chamber remained perfect, was a low niche, which no doubt formerly contained a saint, but was now occupied by a skull: the empty eye-sockets were directed exactly towards the beautiful landscape spread before it, as if its brilliancy and freshness had power to gladden death itself. Following the same direction, I discovered a grated window just above the ground, which I had till then overlooked: it gave light to a spacious cellar, in which I descried a vast heap of bones, all arranged in the way I have mentioned, in various forms. The sunny landscape above, the dark charnel-house below, in which childhood sported with death,—it was a glance at once into life and the grave,—the joys of the one, and the unsympathizing calm of the other; while the rays of the setting sun threw a cheering glow over the living and dead, like messengers from a fairer world.

Our return in a dark night, with incessant rain, was fatiguing and unpleasant; we broke several springs of our carriage, and had all sorts of calamities to endure. We arrived at B—— after midnight, and to my real dismay found the good old Captain and the whole family still up, and waiting supper for us. The prodigal attentions and the

infinite kindness of these excellent people daily put me to shame, and I continually admire to see that their cordial hospitality is not deformed by the slightest trace of ostentation.

That my letter may not be too large, and cost too much postage, (for I have to pay some pounds sterling to the English post-office for my voluminous packets,) I close it before I leave B——m. You will know me safe and well up to this point, and in the care of people whose hearts are like your own, however inferior to you they may be in mind and cultivation.—Heaven bless and preserve you.

Your most faithful L——.

LETTER VIII.

B——m, Sept. 14, 1828.

BELOVED FRIEND,

YOUR sermon is excellent; your reasons are unanswerable;—but I happen to believe the contrary; and belief is, as you know, a thing which not only removes mountains, but often builds up such as it is impossible to see over. No conversion consequently can be effectual, be the subject what it may, till the opposite belief has already begun to totter. Till that point is reached, though you speak with the wisdom of Plato, and act with the purity of Jesus, every man will retain his belief, on which reason and good sense have ordinarily little influence. He who wishes to produce any sudden change in the minds of men before they are already disposed to it, will either be confined as a madman, or stoned and crucified as a martyr. History teaches us this in every page. What is applicable universally, is also applicable individually,—and now, 'parlez moi raison si vous l'osez.'—But, seriously speaking, a man who has the misfortune to be born with a too independent spirit, and who cares little for common opinion,

merely because it is common, should remain unchanged all his life. The consequences of such a turn of mind, and the hostilities it excites, become painful, and at length dangerous, only when he grows weak and ceases to be self-sustained; when instead of despising, as before, the opinions of others, he begins to fear them. The multitude are quick to perceive the change, and instantly begin a steady and vigorous pursuit of the game which flees before them, and which, so long as it stood at bay and looked them boldly in the face, they dared not openly attack. For getting on in the world, there is no better maxim than this, 'Bouche riante, et front d'airain, et vous passez par tout.' We Germans are almost always too earnest as well as too timid, and are capable of only momentary struggles against these defects, which, like all such attempts, generally overshoot the mark. This makes us so fond of retirement and of converse with our own fancy,—our best and faithfullest companion;—we are sovereign lords of the regions of air, as Madame de Staël says. The world, as it is, does not please us, and we are just as little fitted to please the world. Retirement, and with it freedom, are therefore what we love best.

We have had a strange accomplishment of a prophecy.—Miss Kitty, one of my host's daughters,

and a very nice girl, had her fortune told yesterday by gipseys. I was by, and heard the woman say to her, among many common-place predictions, "Be upon your guard; for a shot will be fired in at your window, and your stay in B—— will not be long after that." We thought the prediction rather serious, and communicated it to the family on our return, but were only laughed at. The next morning early, we were all alarmed by the firing of two shots; Miss Kitty rushed down stairs half dressed, and nearly fainting from terror; and every one in the house ran to see what was the matter. We found that two of Kitty's younger brothers, who had been on a visit to Mrs. M——, had returned quite unexpectedly to fetch their sister, had played the silly trick of firing their fowling-pieces up at her window, and had done it so awkwardly that they had broken it. They were soundly rated, and then drove off with Miss Kitty; so that everything happened precisely as the old woman,—Heaven only knows how!—had seen in the lines of her hand.

September 15th.

I was a little hypochondriacal and dull yesterday, but today I am better in health, and consequently full of philanthropical sentiments,—virtuous, 'faute d'occasion de pêcher,' and merry,

because I can laugh at myself 'faute de trouver quelque chose de plus ridicule.'

Meanwhile the scene here has altered. The fair African is arrived. and we immediately set out, ten in number, on a ride; in the course of which the old Captain showed us his bog cultivation and his draining with all the ardour of a young man. He was as much enchanted by a field of potatoes as I by my fair companion. Pointing to a good crop, he cried out with enthusiasm, "Is not that a magnificent sight?" it certainly never came into his head that we could be thinking of other things, and that we assented only out of civility. I found some peasants for my plan of colonization; they were all eager to go, but unfortunately had not a penny in the world in furtherance of such a scheme. One runs no risk in promising them that they will find everything better than they have here, where a man must subsist from half an acre of land; and if he be ever so willing to seek work abroad, cannot find it. Those of them who are best off live in dwellings which our peasants would think too bad for their cows or horses. I visited one of these cabins, and found the walls built of rude blocks of stone, with moss stuffed into the interstices, and a roof covered partly with straw, partly with turf. The floor consisted of the bare earth; there was no

ceiling, and the roof admitted the light in many places. Chimneys seem to be esteemed a useless luxury. The smoke ascended from the open hearth, and found its way through the holes, which served as windows. A lower shed on the right was the bed-room of the whole family; a similar one on the left, the habitation of the pig and the cow. The house stood in the middle of a field, without garden, and utterly bare, and this they all called an *excellent* house.

When we got home our pretty visitor's hands were nearly frozen, even at this season. They were perfectly white and insensible, and were rubbed a quarter of an hour before the blood and life returned to them. 'C'est le sang Africain.' She is in perfect comfort only when seated close to a glowing turf fire, which would scorch anybody else; then she recovers her child-like freedom and sportiveness, which sometimes carries even me away with it.

September 17th.

Today Mr. L—— came to visit us. How strangely are the good things of this world distributed! * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

He is a furious Orangeman: it was to be expected that such a character as his would range itself on

the side of injustice, and delight in party rage. But on what principles! As this is a specimen of the height to which the spirit of party has reached, and the shamelessness with which it dares to avow itself, I will give you the quintessence of his conversation.

"I have served my king for nearly thirty years in almost every part of the world, and want rest. Nevertheless, it is my most ardent wish, which I daily pray God to grant, that I may live to see a 'good sound rebellion' in Ireland. If I were called out to serve again, or if I were to lay down my life the very day it broke out, I should make the sacrifice willingly, could I but be sure that the blood of five millions of Catholics would flow at the same time with my own. Rebellion!—that's the point at which I want to see them, at which I wait for them, and to which they must be led on, that we may make an end of them at once; for there can be no peace in Ireland till the whole race is exterminated; and nothing but an open rebellion, and an English army to put it down, can effect this!"—Would it not be right to confine such a wicked madman for life, dear Julia, and give his sweet wife to some one more worthy of her? The youthful and uncorrupted hearts of the sons of my host were roused as much as my own:

they manfully combated these diabolical principles; but this exasperated the maniac Orangeman still more, till at length all were silent. Several had early dropped off from table to escape from such revolting conversation.

September 18th.

Mr. L——'s visit fortunately lasted only a few days, and we are once more alone. We took advantage of our recovered freedom to make an excursion of twenty miles to Mount B——, the beautiful residence of a nobleman, and did not get back till late at night. The park at Mount B—— affords a perfect study for the judicious distribution of masses of water, to which it is so difficult to give the character of grandeur and simplicity that ought always to belong to them. It is necessary to study the forms of nature for the details; but the principal thing is never to suffer an expanse of water to be completely overlooked, or seen in its whole extent. It should break on the eye gradually, and if possible lose itself at several points at the same time, in order to give full play to the fancy,—the true art in all landscape gardening. The lord of the demesne, who is rich, possesses a numerous collection of pictures, some of which are excellent. There is a winter landscape of Ruysdaal's, the only one of

its kind which I remember to have seen by that master. The character of the cold foggy air, and the crisp frozen snow, are so perfectly given, that I almost shivered before it; I felt at least that the flickering blaze in the fire-place beneath had a double charm. A fine and undoubted Rubens, the Miraculous Draught of Fishes, is chiefly remarkable for a strange singularity. St. Peter has a scarlet wig, and yet the general expression of the picture is not injured. It has the effect of a glory, and seems to shed light around. I should think it was a trial of skill, perhaps undertaken by the painter in consequence of some jest, 'pour prouver la difficulté vaincue.' A very laborious landscape on wood, by an unknown hand, was formerly in the private collection of Charles I., whose cipher and name, with the crown above, are branded on the back. The gem of the collection appeared to me a picture of Rembrandt's, supposed to be the portrait of an Asiatic Jew; it is at any rate the ideal of one. The reality of the eyes and their blighting look is almost terrific; the dark and sinister, yet sublime expression of the whole is increased by the inky blackness of the rest of the picture, out of which the fiery eyes and satanic mouth look as if peeping forth frightfully from the midst of Egyptian night.

After breakfast several hunters and racers were brought out, and we exhibited our feats of horsemanship to the ladies. The hunters of this country are not, perhaps, quite so swift as the best English ones, but they are unequalled at leaping, to which they are trained from their youth. They go up to a wall with the most perfect composure, and mount it with their fore and hind feet like a dog. If there is a ditch on the other side, they leap that also by giving themselves a fresh 'élan' on the top of the wall. The less the rider attempts to help a well-trained horse the better. If he keeps a steady light rein upon him he may safely leave him to himself.

I don't know whether these details of horsemanship are very interesting to you, but as my letters are at the same time my journal (for how should I find time to keep any other?), you must be so kind as to receive with indulgence whatever has any interest, not only for you, but for myself.

Galway, September 19th, Evening.

You know that my determinations are often of a very sudden nature,—my pistol-shots, as you used to call them. I have just discharged one. You may think that I did not quit such cordial

friends without great regret, but I had resolved to go, and adhered steadily to my resolution. To avoid the delay of sending for post-horses, I rode with James for the last time on 'Doctor,' his admirable hunter, to Tuam, leaving all needful arrangements to my servant. I intended to leave Tuam by the mail, but it was not its day for going, and no species of conveyance to Galway was to be had, except the little two-wheeled cart of the man who carries the letter-bags, in which there is room for two passengers. I did not deliberate long, but giving James a last shake by the hand, sprang into this frail vehicle, and 'clopin-clopant,' away rattled the old horse with us through the streets. The other passenger was a fine athletic young man, well dressed, with whom I soon got into an interesting conversation on the beauties and wonders of his country, and the character of his countrymen. He was not long without affording me a fresh proof of the hearty kindness and civility of the latter. I was very lightly dressed, and heated with riding, so that I suffered from the cold wind. I offered the driver some money to surrender his cloak to me: on a nearer view, however, this appeared so fearfully dirty and disgusting, that I could not bring myself to put it on. The young man immediately took

off a magnificent great-coat of vast dimensions, and almost forced me to take it, protesting that he never caught cold, that he could sleep in the water without taking any harm, and that he had put on the great-coat only because he did not know what to do with it. This friendly act of his made us more quickly acquainted than we should otherwise have been; and the time passed away, amid all sorts of talk, much more rapidly than I had ventured to hope; for the distance was six German miles, the road very rough, the equipage as bad as possible, the seat uneasy, the country monotonous and dreary. Not a hill, not a tree to be seen; only a network of walls drawn over the whole surface. Every field is enclosed within walls of loose stones without mortar, but so well constructed, that unless violently shaken they stand very firm. Many ruins of old castles were visible, but in such a flat desert plain, without one bush or bough to break it, they produced no romantic effect.

We found the ragged potatoe-eating people everywhere gay and joyous. They always beg, to be sure, but they beg laughing, with wit, humour, and the drollest expressions, without importunity, and without 'rancune' if they get nothing. Most striking, amid such singular

poverty, is the no less singular honesty of these people; perhaps, however, the one arises out of the other, for luxury makes us covetous, and the poor man can often bear the privation of necessaries more easily than the rich of superfluities.

We saw a number of labourers sitting by the road-side on heaps of stone, which they were breaking. My companion said, "Those are conquerors; their whole business is to break in pieces and destroy, and they rise on the ruins they make." Meanwhile our driver blew his horn to announce the post, for which, as with us, everything must make way: the tone, however, came forth with such difficulty and sounded so piteously, that we all laughed. A pretty boy, of about twelve, looking like a personification of happiness and joy, though half naked, was sitting on a heap of stones, hammering. He shouted with mischievous glee, and called out to the angry driver, "Oh, ho, friend, your trumpet has caught cold; it is as hoarse as my old grandmother: cure it directly with a glass of potheen, or it will die of a consumption before you reach Galway!" A loud laugh from all the labourers followed as chorus. "There," said my companion, "there you see our people,—starvation and laughter,—that is their lot. Would you believe that, from the number of labourers and

the scarcity of labour, not one of these men earns enough to buy sufficient food; and yet every one of them will spare something to his priest: and if you go into his cabin, will give you half of his last potatoe and a joke into the bargain."

We now approached the Galway mountains, over which the sun was setting magnificently. This is a spectacle which I can never behold unmoved; it always enchants me, and leaves a feeling of calm and security, arising from the certainty that this language, which God himself speaks to us, cannot lie, though human revelations be but piece-meal, differently understood by every different interpreter, and often abused to the purposes of cunning and selfishness.

We alighted at the same inn at which I had been during the races; and to make some return for my young friend's civility, I invited him to sup with me. It was late when we separated,—probably for ever; but such acquaintanceships I like: they leave no time for dissembling; ignorant of each other's social relations, each values in the other only *the man*. Whatever each obtains from the other of kind feeling or good opinion he owes to himself alone.

Sept. 20th, Morning.

I had hoped my carriage would have arrived

during the night, but it is not yet come, and I therefore employed my leisure in taking a more perfect survey of this ancient city. I was greatly assisted by some fragments of an old Chronicle, which I accidentally picked up in a grocer's shop, where I made some inquiries. In an obscure corner of the town stands a house of extreme antiquity, over the door of which are still to be seen a skull and cross-bones, remarkably well sculptured, in black marble. This house is called "The Cross-bones," and its tragical history is as follows.

In the fifteenth century, James Lynch, a man of old family and great wealth, was chosen mayor of Galway for life;—an office which was then nearly equal to that of a sovereign in power and influence. He was reverenced for his inflexible rectitude, and loved for his condescension and mildness. But yet more beloved,—the idol of the citizens and their fair wives,—was his son, according to the Chronicle, one of the most distinguished young men of his time. To perfect manly beauty and the most noble air, he united that cheerful temper, that considerate familiarity, which subdues while it seems to flatter,—that attaching grace of manner, which conquers all hearts without an effort, by its mere natural charm. On the

other hand, his oft-proved patriotism, his high-hearted generosity, his romantic courage, and complete mastery in all warlike exercises, forming part of an education singular in his age and country, secured to him the permanency of an esteem which his first aspect involuntarily bespoke.

So much light was not without shadow. Deep and burning passions, a haughty temper, jealousy of all rival merit, rendered all his fine qualities only so many sources of danger to himself and others. Often had his stern father, although proud of such a son, cause for bitter reproof, and for yet more anxious solicitude about the future. But even he could not resist the sweetness of the youth,—as quick to repent as to err, and who never for a moment failed in love and reverence to himself. After his first displeasure was past, the defects of his son appeared to him, as they did to all others, only spots on the sun. He was soon still further tranquillized by the vehement and tender attachment which the young man appeared to have conceived for Anna Blake, the daughter of his best friend, and a girl possessing every lovely and attaching quality. He looked forward to their union as the fulfilment of all his wishes. But fate had willed it otherwise.

While young Lynch found more difficulty in conquering the heart of the present object of his love, than he had ever experienced before, his father was called by business to Cadiz;—for the great men of Galway, like the other inhabitants of considerable sea-ports in the middle ages, held trade on a large scale to be an employment nowise unworthy even of men of noble birth. Galway was at that time so powerful and so widely known, that, as the Chronicle relates, an Arab merchant, who had long traded to these coasts from the East, once inquired "in what part of Galway Ireland lay?"

After James Lynch had delegated his authority to trusty hands, and prepared everything for a distant journey, with an overflowing heart he blessed his son, wished him the best issue to his suit, and sailed for his destination. Wherever he went, success crowned his undertakings. For this he was much indebted to the friendly services of a Spanish merchant named Gomez, towards whom his noble heart conceived the liveliest gratitude.

It happened that Gomez also had an only son, who, like Edward Lynch, was the idol of his family and the darling of his native city, though in character, as well as in external appearance, entirely different from him. Both were handsome;

but Edward's was the beauty of the haughty and breathing Apollo; Gonsalvo's of the serene and mild St. John. The one appeared like a rock crowned with flowers; the other like a fragrant rose-covered knoll, threatened by the storm. The pagan virtues adorned the one; Christian gentleness and humility the other. Gonsalvo's graceful person exhibited more softness than energy; his languid dark blue eyes, more tenderness and love than boldness and pride; a soft melancholy overshadowed his countenance, and an air of voluptuous suffering quivered about his swelling lips, around which a timid smile rarely played, like a gentle wave gliding over pearls and coral. His mind corresponded to such a person: loving and endearing, of a grave and melancholy serenity, of more internal than external activity, he preferred solitude to the bustle and tumult of society, but attached himself with the strongest affection to those who treated him with kindness and friendship. His inmost heart was thus warmed by a fire which, like that of a volcano buried too deep to break out at the surface, is only seen in the increased fertility of the soil above, which it clothes in the softest green, and decks with the brightest flowers. Thus captivating, and easily captivated, was it a wonder if he stole the palm even out of

the hand of Edward Lynch? But Edward's father had no such anticipations. Full of gratitude to his friend, and of affection for his engaging son, he determined to propose to the old Gomez a marriage between Gonsalvo and his daughter. The offer was too flattering to be refused. The fathers were soon agreed; and it was decided that Gonsalvo should accompany his future father-in-law to the coast of Ireland, and if the inclinations of the young people favoured the project, their union should take place at the same time with Edward's; after which they should immediately return to Spain. Gonsalvo, who was just nineteen, accompanied the revered friend of his father with joy. His young romantic spirit enjoyed in silent and delighted anticipation the varying scenes of strange lands which he was about to see; the wonders of the deep which he would contemplate; the new sort of existence of unknown people with whom he was to be connected; and his warm heart already attached itself to the girl, of whose charms her father gave him, perhaps, a too partial description.

Every moment of the long voyage, which at that time abounded with dangers and required a much longer period than now, increased the intimacy and mutual attachment of the travellers: and when

at length they descried the port of Galway, the old Lynch congratulated himself not only on the second son which God had sent him, but on the beneficial influence which the unvarying gentleness of the amiable youth would have on Edward's darker and more vehement character.

This hope appeared likely to be completely fulfilled. Edward, who found all in Gomez that was wanting in himself, felt his own nature as it were completed by his society; and as he had already learned from his father that he was to regard him as a brother, their friendship soon ripened into the warmest and most sincere affection.

But not many months had passed before some uneasy feelings arose in Edward's mind to trouble this harmony. Gonsalvo had become the husband of his sister, but had deferred his return to Spain for an indefinite time. He was become the object of general admiration, attention, and love. Edward felt that he was less happy than formerly. For the first time in his life neglected, he could not conceal from himself that he had found a successful rival of his former universal and uncontested popularity. But what shook him most fearfully, what wounded his heart no less than his pride, what prepared for him intolerable and restless torments, was the perception, which every

day confirmed, that Anna, whom he looked upon as *his*,—though she still refused to confess her love,—that *his* Anna had ever since the arrival of the handsome stranger grown colder and colder towards himself. Nay, he even imagined that in unguarded moments he had seen her speaking eyes rest, as if weighed down with heavy thoughts, on the soft and beautiful features of Gomez, and a faint blush then pass over her pale cheek; but if his eye met hers, this soft bloom suddenly become the burning glow of fever. Yes, he could not doubt it; her whole deportment was altered: capricious, humoursome, restless, sometimes sunk in deep melancholy, then suddenly breaking into fits of violent mirth, she seemed to retain only the outward form of the sensible, clear-minded, serene and equal-tempered girl she had always appeared. Every thing betrayed to the quick eye of jealousy that she was the prey of some deep-seated passion,—and for whom?—for whom could it be but for Gomez? for him, at whose every action it was evident the inmost cords of her heart gave out their altered tone. It has been wisely said, that love is more nearly akin to hate than to liking. What passed in Edward's bosom was a proof of this. Henceforth it seemed his sole enjoyment to give pain to the woman he passionately loved; and

now, in the bitterness of his heart, held guilty of all his sufferings. Wherever occasion presented itself, he sought to humble and to embarrass her, to sting her by disdainful pride, or to overwhelm her with cutting reproaches; till, conscious of her secret crime, shame and anguish overpowered the wretched girl, and she burst into torrents of tears, which alone had power to allay the scorching fever of his heart. But no kindly reconciliation followed these scenes, and, as with lovers, resolved the dissonance into blessed harmony. The exasperation of each was only heightened to desperation: and when he at length saw enkindled in Gomez,—so little capable of concealment,—the same fire which burnt in the eyes of Anna; when he thought he saw his sister neglected and himself betrayed by a serpent whom he had cherished in his bosom,—he stood at that point of human infirmity, of which the All-seeing alone can decide whether it be madness, or the condition of a still accountable creature.

On the same night in which suspicion had driven Edward from his couch, a restless wanderer, it appears that the guilty lovers had for the first time met in secret. According to the subsequent confession of Edward, he had concealed himself behind a pillar, and had seen Gomez,

wrapped in his mantle, glide with hurried steps out of a well-known side-door in the house of Anna's father, which led immediately to her apartments.—At the horrible certainty which now glared upon him, the fury of hell took possession of his soul: his eyes started from their sockets, the blood rushed and throbbed as if it would burst his veins, and as a man dying of thirst pants for a draught of cooling water, so did his whole being pant for the blood of his rival. Like an infuriate tiger he darted upon the unhappy youth, who recognized him, and vainly fled. Edward instantly overtook him, seized him, and burying his dagger a hundred times, with strokes like lightning-flashes, in the quivering body, gashed with satanic rage the beautiful features which had robbed him of his beloved, and of peace. It was not till the moon broke forth from behind a dark cloud, and suddenly lighted the ghastly spectacle before him, —the disfigured mass, which retained scarcely a feature of his once beloved friend, the streams of blood which bathed the body and all the earth around it,—that he waked with horror as from some infernal dream. But the deed was done, and judgement was at hand.

Led by the instinct of self-preservation, he fled, like Cain, into the nearest wood. How long

he wandered there he could not recollect. Fear, love, repentance, despair, and at last madness, pursued him like frightful companions, and at length robbed him of consciousness,—for a time annihilating the terrors of the past in forgetfulness; for kind nature puts an end to intolerable sufferings of mind, as of body, by insensibility or death.

Meanwhile the murder was soon known in the city; and the fearful end of the gentle youth, who had confided himself, a foreigner, to their hospitality, was learned by all with sorrow and indignation. A dagger, steeped in blood, had been found lying by the velvet cap of the Spaniard, and not far from it a hat, ornamented with plumes and a clasp of gems, showed the recent traces of a man who seemed to have sought safety in the direction of the wood. The hat was immediately recognized as Edward's; and as he was nowhere to be found, fears were soon entertained that he had been murdered with his friend. The terrified father mounted his horse, and, accompanied by a crowd of people calling for vengeance, swore solemnly that nothing should save the murderer, were he even compelled to execute him with his own hands.

We may imagine the shouts of joy, and the feelings of the father, when at break of day Ed-

ward Lynch was found sunk under a tree, living, and although covered with blood, yet apparently without any dangerous wound.—We may imagine the shudder which ran through the crowd,—the feelings of the father we *cannot* imagine,—when, restored to sense, he embraced his father's knees, declared himself the murderer of Gonsalvo, and earnestly implored instant punishment.

He was brought home bound, tried before a full assembly of the magistrates, and condemned to death by his own father. But the people would not lose their darling. Like the waves of the tempest-troubled sea, they filled the market-place and the streets, and forgetting the crime of the son in the relentless justice of the father, demanded with threatening cries the opening of the prison and the pardon of the criminal. During the night, though the guards were doubled, it was with great difficulty that the incensed mob were withheld from breaking in. Towards morning, it was announced to the mayor that all resistance would soon be vain, for that a part of the soldiers had gone over to the people;—only the foreign guard held out,—and all demanded with furious cries the instant liberation of the criminal.

At this, the inflexible magistrate took a reso-

lution, which many will call inhuman, but whose awful self-conquest certainly belongs to the rarest examples of stoical firmness.—Accompanied by a priest, he proceeded through a secret passage to the dungeon of his son; and when, with newly-awakened desire of life, excited by the sympathy of his fellow-citizens, Edward sunk at his feet, and asked eagerly if he brought him mercy and pardon? The old man replied with unfaultering voice, "No, my son, in this world there is no mercy for you: your life is irrevocably forfeited to the law, and at sunrise you must die. One-and-twenty years I have prayed for your earthly happiness,—but that is past,—turn your thoughts now to eternity; and if there be yet hope there, let us now kneel down together and implore the Almighty to grant you mercy hereafter;—but then I hope my son, though he could not live worthy of his father, will at least know how to die worthy of him." With these words he rekindled the noble pride of the once dauntless youth, and after a short prayer, he surrendered himself with heroic resignation to his father's pitiless will.

As the people, and the greater part of the armed men mingled in their ranks, now prepared, amidst more wild and furious menaces, to storm the pri-

son, James Lynch appeared at a lofty window; his son stood at his side with the halter round his neck. "I have sworn," exclaimed the inflexible magistrate, "that Gonsalvo's murderer should die, even though I must perform the office of the executioner myself. Providence has taken me at my words; and you, madmen, learn from the most wretched of fathers that nothing must stop the course of justice, and that even the ties of nature must break before it."

While he spoke these words he had made fast the rope to an iron beam projecting from the wall, and now suddenly pushing his son out of the window, he completed his dreadful work. Nor did he leave the spot till the last convulsive struggles gave certainty of the death of his unhappy victim.

As if struck by a thunder-clap, the tumultuous mob had beheld the horrible spectacle in death-like silence, and every man glided as if stunned to his own house. From that moment the mayor of Galway resigned all his occupations and dignities, and was never beheld by any eye but those of his own family. He never left his house till he was carried from it to his grave. Anna Blake died in a convent. Both families in course of time disappeared from the earth; but the skull and

cross-bones still mark the scene of this fearful tragedy.

Limerick, Sept. 21st.

At ten o'clock my carriage arrived, and I immediately quitted Galway. As long as the country remained monotonous, I beguiled the time by reading. At Gort it becomes more interesting. Not far from it flows a river, which, like that at Cong, loses itself several times in the earth. One of the deepest basins which it forms is called "The Punch-bowl." To fill such a bowl would require a larger tun than that at Heidelberg.

You now begin to approach the Clare mountains; and Nature decks herself in more picturesque attire. A park belonging to Lord Gort broke upon me like a magnificent picture: it is bounded by a broad lake, in which are thirteen beautiful wooded islands; these, with the mountains in the back-ground, and the expanse of water, which the eye never completely embraces, in front, produced a grand and striking effect. One of the most miserable of post-horses seemed to participate so intensely in my delight, that it was impossible to make him stir. After many vain attempts to induce him to change his position, during which the postilion repeatedly protested that it was only this one spot to which he was so

attached, but that if we could once get him away from it he would go like the devil himself, we were obliged to unharness him;—he had begun to kick and to break our crazy equipage. In comparison with the Irish post establishment, that of Saxony, erst so celebrated, might fairly be called excellent. Bleeding skeletons, galled all over, starved and superannuated, are fastened by rotten harness to your carriage; and if you ask your postilion (whose dress consists of a few rags,) if he thinks that such cattle can go a mile, much more a stage of twelve or fifteen, he answers very seriously, "Sure there's no better equipage in England; I shall take your honour there in less than nothing." Scarcely, however, have you gone twenty steps, when something breaks, one horse is restive, and the other falls down exhausted: this does not put him the least out of countenance, he has always some admirable excuse ready, and at last, if nothing else will do, he declares himself bewitched.

This was the course of things today. We must probably have passed the night in the park of Gort had not assistance and horses been most hospitably dispatched to us from the house. Notwithstanding this, our stay was so long that it was ten before I reached Limerick. My letter is so thick that I must send it away before its corpulence

becomes 'impayable.' You will not hear of me again in less than a fortnight, as I am determined to plunge into those wild regions, which foreign foot has seldom trod. Pray for a prosperous journey for me; and above all, love me with the same tenderness as ever.

Your faithful L——.

LETTER IX.

Limerick, Sept. 22nd, 1828.

DEAREST FRIEND,

LIMERICK is the third city in Ireland, and of the kind of cities I like, old and venerable, adorned with Gothic churches and moss-covered ruins; with dark narrow streets, and curious houses of various dates; a broad river flowing through its whole length, and crossed by several antique bridges; lastly, a busy market-place, and cheerful environs. Such a city has for me a charm like that of a wood, whose dark branches, now low, now high, afford sylvan streets of various forms, and frequently overarch the way like a Gothic roof. Modern regular cities are like a trimly cut French garden: they do not suit my romantic taste.

I was not quite well, and returned after a little walk in the town to my inn. I found a sexton of one of the Catholic churches waiting for me; he told me that they had rung the bells as soon as they knew of my arrival, and hoped I would give them ten shillings as a gratuity. 'Je l'envoyai promener.' In a few minutes a Protestant

functionary of the same sort was announced. I asked him what he wanted. "Only to warn your royal highness against the impositions of the Catholics, who annoy strangers in the most shameless manner, and to beg that your royal highness will not give them anything:—at the same time I take the liberty to ask a small contribution to the Protestant poor-house." (You must observe that the people of this country are extremely lavish of titles to anybody who travels with four horses.) 'Go to the d—l, Protestants and Catholics,' said I in a rage, and flung the door in his face.

But this was not all; I was soon waited upon by a deputation of the Catholics, consisting of the French consul (an Irishman), a relation and namesake of O'Connell, and some others, who harangued me, and begged to present me with the Order of the Liberator. I had the greatest possible difficulty in excusing myself from this honour, and in declining an invitation to dine with their club. We compromised the matter by my accepting the offer of two of them to accompany me all over the town as ciceroni.

I resigned myself very patiently, and was first conducted to the cathedral, a building of great antiquity, more in the style of a fortress than of a

church; the architecture solid and rude, but imposing by its massiveness. In the interior I admired a carved chair of the most exquisite workmanship; it is five hundred years old, and made of bog-oak, which time has rendered black as ebony. Its rich ornaments consisted of beautiful arabesques and most curious masks, which were different on every side. The grave of Thomond, King of Ulster and Limerick, though mutilated and defaced by modern additions, is a very interesting monument. Descendants of this royal line are still in existence. The head of the family bears the title of Marquis of Thomond, a name which you will remember to have seen in my letters from London, where its possessor was distinguished for the excellence of his dinners. Ireland has many families of great antiquity, who pique themselves on never having contracted a 'mésalliance,' a practice so common among the English and French nobility, that pure unmixed blood (*stiftsfähiges blut**, as we call it in Germany) is no longer to be found in either of those kingdoms. The French nobles called these marriages for money 'mettre du fumier sur ses terres,'

* Eligible to certain chapters and ecclesiastical orders, to which none could be admitted who could not prove their seventy-two quarterings.—TRANS.

a joke not very flattering to the bride.—And many an English lord owes all the present splendour of his family to such 'fumier.'

We quitted the church, and were proceeding to visit the rock near the Shannon, upon which the English signed the treaty after the battle of the Boyne; a treaty which they have not been remarkably scrupulous in observing. I remarked that we were followed by an immense crowd of people, which increased like an avalanche, and testified equal respect and enthusiasm. All on a sudden they shouted "Long life to Napoleon and Marshal ———." "Good God," said I, "for whom do the people take me? As a perfectly unpretending stranger I cannot in the least degree understand why they seem disposed to do me so much honour." "Was not your father the Prince of ———?" said O'Connell. "Oh no," replied I; "my father was indeed a nobleman of rather an older date, but very far from being so celebrated." "You must forgive us then," said O'Connell incredulously; "for to tell you the truth, you are believed to be a natural son of Napoleon, whose partiality to your supposed mother was well known." "You joke," said I, laughing: "I am at least ten years too old to be the son of the great emperor and the beautiful princess." He shook

his head, however, and I reached my inn amid reiterated shouts. Here I shut myself up, and shall not quit my retreat today. The people, however, patiently posted themselves under my windows, and did not disperse till it was nearly dark.

Tralee, Sept. 23rd.

This morning I was again received with cries of "Long life to Napoleon and your honour!" And while my servant, who was seated in my carriage, and passed for Napoleon's son, drove off in the midst of cheers and acclamations, I slipped out at a back-door, with a lad who carried my travelling bag, and took my place in the stage, which was to convey me to the lake of Killarney. My people had orders to wait for me in Cashel, where I shall probably rejoin them in a fortnight.

With my present simple exterior no human being thought of assailing me with homage; and I could not help philosophizing on this public farce, and thinking how often the desire of glory and renown leads only to disguise and false assumption. Certainly of all the dreams of life this is the most shadowy! Love sometimes satisfies, knowledge tranquillizes, art gladdens and amuses; but ambition, ambition gives only the tormenting possession of a hunger which nothing

can allay,—a chase after a phantom which is ever unattainable.

In a quarter of an hour I was comfortably established in the stage-coach. The passengers inside consisted of three women; one fat and jovial, another extremely lean, and a third pretty and well-proportioned. There was also a man who had the air of a pedagogue, with a long face, and still longer nose. I sat entrenched between the two slender ladies, and conversed with the corpulent one, who was very talkative. On my letting down a window she told us that she had lately been nearly *sea-sick* in this very coach, because an ailing lady who sat opposite to her would not allow a window to be opened on any account. That *she*, however, did not give it up; and after a quarter of an hour's persuasion had succeeded in prevailing on the lady to admit one inch of air; a quarter of an hour after another inch, and so on, till she manœuvred the whole window open. "Excellent," said I; "that is exactly the way in which women manage to get all they wish; first *one* inch, and then—as much as they want. How differently do men act under similar circumstances," continued I. "An English writer, in his directions to travellers, says, that if anybody in the mail should insist on keeping all

the windows closed, you should not enter into any 'pour parler' with him, but immediately thrust your elbow through the window as if by accident, beg his pardon, and quietly enjoy the cool air." The ruins of Adair now attracted our attention, and interrupted the conversation. Further on the Shannon appeared in all its grandeur. In some parts it is like an American river, nine miles broad, and its shores finely wooded. At Lisdowel, a little place where we dined, hundreds of beggars assembled as usual about the coach. One novelty struck me; they had little wooden cups fixed at the end of long sticks, which they reached in at the window, and thus more conveniently secured the desired 'pence.' One beggar had built himself a sort of sentry-box of loose stones in the road, in which he seemed to remain in a state of perpetual bivouac. I must conclude; for the mail drives off again in a few hours, and I want rest. More tomorrow.

Killarney, Sept. 24th.

In the course of today I saw twelve rainbows, a bad omen for the steadiness of the weather; but I receive it as a good one for me. It promises me a many-coloured journey. The company had dropped off, one by one, like ripe fruit, and I found myself alone with an Irish gentleman, a

manufacturer from the north, when I entered the pretty cheerful town of Killarney, where the incessant resort of English tourists has almost introduced into the inns English elegance and English prices. We immediately inquired for boats, and for the best way of seeing the lake, but were told that it was impossible to go on in such a storm: no boat could 'live on the lake,' as the fisherman expressed it. An English dandy, who had joined us during breakfast, ridiculed these assurances; and as I, you know, am also rather incredulous about *impossibilities*, we outvoted the manufacturer, who showed very little ardour for the undertaking, and embarked, 'malgré vent et marée,' near Ross Castle, an old ruin not far from Killarney.

We had a capital boat, an old characteristic-looking grey-headed steersman, and four sturdy rowers. The heaven was as if torn open; in some places blue, in others various shades of grey; but for the most part raven-black. Clouds of all forms rolled in wild disorder, now and then tinged by a rainbow, or lighted by a pale sun-beam. The high mountains scarcely appeared through their gloomy veil, and on the lake all was like night. The black waves heaved in busy and ceaseless tumult; here and there one bore a crest of snow-

white foam. As the motion was nearly as great as at sea, I was slightly sea-sick. The manufacturer was pale from fear; the young Englishman, proud of his amphibious nature, laughed at us both. Meanwhile the storm piped so loud that we could hardly hear each other speak; and when I asked the old steersman where we should land first, he said, "At the Abbey, if we can land anywhere." This did not sound encouraging. Our boat, which was the only one on the lake, for even the fishermen would not venture out, danced so fearfully up and down without making the smallest way, in spite of all the efforts of the rowers, that the manufacturer began to think of wife, children, and manufactory, and peremptorily insisted on returning, as he had no intention of sacrificing his life to a party of pleasure. The dandy on the other hand was ready to burst with laughter: he protested that he was a member of the Yacht Club, and had seen very different sort of danger from this; and promised the rowers, who would rather have been at home, money without end if they would but hold out. For my own part, I followed General Yermoloff's maxim, "neither too rash, nor too timid," took no part in the contest, wrapped myself in my cloak, and awaited the issue in peace. It seems I had all the beauty of

the scene to myself; one of my companions being prevented from seeing it by fear, the other by self-complacency. For some time we struggled with the waves, on which we floated like sea-birds in storm and darkness; till at last such a violent wind came upon us from a gorge in the mountains opposite to which we lay, that it grew rather too serious even for the 'member of the Yacht Club,' and he acceded to the request of the steersman, to row back with the wind, and land on an island till the storm abated a little, which was generally the case about noon.

This happened as he predicted: and after encamping for some hours on Innisfallen, a lovely little islet with beautiful groups of trees and ruins, we were able to continue our voyage. All the islands of this little lake, even to the smallest, called the Mouse, which is only a few yards long, are thickly clothed with arbutus, and other evergreens. They grow wild; and both in summer and in winter enliven the scene with the bright colours of their flowers and fruit. The forms of many of these islets are as curious as their names. They are generally called after O'Donaghue. Here is O'Donaghue's 'White Horse,' on whose rocky hoofs the surf breaks; there, his 'Library;' further on, his 'Pigeon-house,' or his 'Flower-garden;'

and so on. But you do not know how the lake of Killarney arose. Listen then.

O'Donaghue was the powerful chieftain of a clan inhabiting a great and opulent city, which stood where the lake now rolls its waters. It had everything in abundance, except water; and the legend says, that the only little spring which it possessed was the gift of a mighty sorcerer, who called it up at the prayer of a beautiful virgin; adding a solemn warning, that they should never forget to close it every evening with a large silver cover, which he left for that purpose.—The strange forms and ornaments seemed to confirm this wonderful command; and never was the old custom neglected.

But O'Donaghue, a mighty and dauntless warrior (perhaps too, like Talbot, an incredulous one), only made merry at this story, as he called it; and one day, being heated with more wine than usual, he commanded, to the terror of all present, the silver cover to be carried into his house, where, as he jestingly said, it would make him an excellent bath. All remonstrances were vain: O'Donaghue was accustomed to make himself obeyed: and as his terrified vassals at length dragged in their ponderous burthen, amid groans and lamentations, he exclaimed laughing, "Never

fear, the cool night air will do the water good, and in the morning you will all find it fresher than ever." But those who stood nearest to the silver cover turned away shuddering, for it seemed to them as if the strange intricate characters upon it moved, and wreathed like a knot of twisted snakes, and an awful sound appeared to come forth mournfully from it. Fearful and anxious, they retired to rest: one alone fled to the adjoining mountains. And now when morning broke, and this man looked down into the valley, he thought he was in a dream;—city and land had disappeared; the rich meadows were no more to be seen, and the little spring bursting forth from the clefts of the earth had swelled into a measureless lake. What O'Donaghue prophesied was true; the water had become cooler for them all, and the new vessel had prepared for him his last bath.

In very clear bright weather, as the fishermen assured us, some have seen at the lowest bottom of the lake, palaces and towers glimmering as through glass: but many have beheld, at the approach of a storm, O'Donaghue's giant figure riding over the waves on a snorting white horse, or gliding along the waters with the quickness of lightning in his unearthly bark.

One of our boat's crew,—a man of about fifty, with long black hair, which the wind blew wildly about his temples, of an earnest and quiet but imaginative look,—was stealthily pointed out to me by one of his companions, while they whispered in my ear that "he had met him."

You will believe that I quickly entered into conversation with this boatman, and sought to gain his confidence, knowing that these people, whenever they anticipate unbelief and jesting, observe an obstinate silence. At first he was reserved; but at length he became warmed, and swore by St. Patrick and the Virgin that what he was going to tell me was the naked truth. He said he had met O'Donaghue at twilight, just before the raging of one of the most terrific storms he had ever witnessed. He had staid out late fishing; it had rained torrents the whole day; it was piercingly cold, and without his whisky-bottle he could not have held out any longer. Not a living soul had been visible on the lake for a long time,—when all at once a boat, as if fallen from the clouds, sailed towards him; the oars plied like lightning, and yet no rowers were visible; but at the stern sat a man of gigantic stature: his dress was scarlet and gold, and on his head he wore a three-cocked hat with broad gold lace. The spirit-boat

passed him: Paddy fixed his eyes intently upon it: but when the tall figure was over-against him, and two large black eyes glared forth out of the mantle, and scorched him like living coals, the whisky fell out of his hand, and he did not come to himself till the rough caresses of his other half waked him. She was in a great rage, and called him a drunken fellow:—She might think the whisky had brought him to that, but he knew better.

Is it not curious that the costume here described exactly corresponds with that of our German Devil of the last century, who is now come into such great favour again? And yet Paddy had most certainly never heard of the Freischütz. It seems almost as if Hell had its 'Journal des Modes.' I was extremely amused at the old man's penitence and distress after he had finished his story. He loudly reproached himself for it, crossed himself, and incessantly repeated, "O'Donaghue, though terrible, looked like a 'real gentleman;' for," said he, looking round fearfully, "'a perfect gentleman' he was, is now, and always will remain." The younger boatmen were not such firm believers, and seemed to have a good mind to joke the ghost-seer a little, but his seriousness and indignation soon overawed them all. One of these young

men was a perfect model of a youthful Hercules. With all the overflowing spirits of a body sound to the core, he played incessant tricks, and did the work of three at the same time.

We landed at Mucruss Abbey, which stands in Mr. Herbert's park, notwithstanding which it is plentifully furnished with skulls and bones. The ruins are of considerable extent, and full of interesting peculiarities. In the court-yard is a yew-tree, perhaps the largest in the world; it not only overtops all the building, but its branches darken the whole court, like a tent. In the first story I observed a fire-place, on which two ivy branches, one on each side, formed a most beautiful and regular decoration, while their leaves covered the mantel-piece with a mass of foliage.

Our guide here gave us a curious example of the unbounded power of the Catholic priests over the common people. Two clans, the Moynihans and the O'Donaghues had been in a state of perpetual feud for half a century. Wherever they met in any considerable numbers, a shillelah battle was sure to take place, and many lives were usually lost. Since the formation of the Catholic Association, it has become the interest of the priests to establish peace and concord in their flocks. Accordingly, after the fight which took place last

year, they enjoined as penance that the Moynihans should march twelve miles to the north, and the O'Donaghues an equal distance to the south, and both pronounce certain prayers at their journey's end; that all the lookers-on should make a pilgrimage of six miles in some other direction; and in case of a repetition of the offence, the penance to be doubled. All this was executed with religious exactness, and ever since the war is at an end.

Continuing our progress for about three miles on this side the lake, we landed on a thickly wooded shore, and visited O'Sullivan's waterfall, which, swollen by the rain, was doubly magnificent. The luxuriance of the trees and trailing plants which overhang it, and the cave opposite, in which you stand protected from the wet to view this foaming cataract, increase the picturesque and wild beauty of the scene. Here are sweet lonely walks, which lead over the mountains to a village imbedded in a deep wood, and cut off from all the world.

But as the sun was still struggling with the clouds, and we were soaked through and through (by the heavens and the lake whose waters had more than once washed over us), and very weary, we resolved to close our labours for today, and to return by Lady Kenmare's pretty villa.

As we had still about four miles to go by water,

the handsome young fellow, who by the bye, in spite of his athletic frame, had a most remarkable resemblance to Mademoiselle Sontag, offered to bet three shillings that he would row us home in half an hour. The old ghost-seer would not undertake such an exertion, but young Sontag declared he would row for him. We accepted the wager; and now flew like an arrow across the lake. Never did I see a finer exhibition of power and persistency, amid constant singing, jokes, and sportive tricks. The rowers won their wager only by half a minute. but received from us more than double their bet, which all promised with great glee to drink in the course of the night. To conclude the whole, they held a conversation, already got up for the purpose, with the echo of the walls of Ross Castle. The answers had always some double meaning; for instance, 'Shall we have a good bed?'—answer, 'Bad,' and so on.

Sept. 25th.

Unfortunately two Englishmen of my acquaintance arrived today, and joined us, which destroyed my beloved incognito; for though I am no 'exalted personage,' I find as much pleasure in it as if I were. When one is unknown, one always escapes some *gêne*, and gains some freedom the more, however inconsiderable one may be. As I could not help

myself in this case. I contrived at least to perform half this day's tour by land with my worthy friend the manufacturer, and let the three Englishmen go together by boat. It was the same which we had yesterday, and had then engaged for today. My poney had the high-sounding name of 'the Knight of the Gap.' He was but a recreant knight, however, and would not move without whip and spur. Before we came to the great ravine or gap, from which he takes his name, we had a very beautiful view of the mountains from a hill which rises in the midst of the plain. Mountain, water, and trees, were so happily distributed as to produce the more refreshing harmony:—the long ravine appears all the wilder and more monotonous; in the style of Wales, but not so vast. In one part of it a large mass of rock loosened itself some years ago, and lies, split in two, across the road. A man had the project of excavating these pieces of rock as a hermitage, but remained faithful to his strange dwelling only three months. The people, with their usual energy of expression, call it "The madman's rock." Some way further on we saw an old woman lying cowering on the road, whose appearance exceeded all that has ever been invented in fairy tales. Never did I see anything more frightful and disgusting: I was told that

she was a hundred-and-ten years old; and had survived all her children and grandchildren. Although in an intellectual point of view reduced to a mere animal, all her senses were in tolerable preservation. Her form was neither human nor even animal, but resembled rather an exhumed corpse reanimated. As we rode by, she uttered a piteous whine, and seemed satisfied when we threw her money. She did not reach however to pick it up, but sank back into her former torpor and apathy. All the furrows of her livid face were filled with black dirt, her eyes looked diseased, her lips were of a leaden blue; in short, imagination could conceive nothing so shocking.

We met our boat at Brandon Castle, a ruin rendered habitable, with a high tower and neglected pleasure-grounds. There are some pieces of water through which our guides carried us on their backs. The boat appeared 'à point nommé;' it sailed round a projecting point just as we reached the shore, and had on board the best bugleman in Killarney. He blew a sort of Alpine horn with great skill, and called forth many a delightful echo. We passed the arch of a bridge, on which, when the waters are swollen, boats are often wrecked. Our bugleman told us that he had been twice upset here, and the

last time nearly drowned. He wished, therefore, to be put on shore, and climb along the rocks past this formidable place; but the old steersman would not consent, declaring that if the strange gentlemen remained in the boat it became him to stay, and be drowned with them. We all passed quite safely however.

The rock called "The Eagle's Nest," which is the almost constant abode of those kingly birds, is of a fine and imposing form. Not far from it is Coleman's Leap,—two rocks standing upright in the water at some distance; on which are the marks of feet, three or four feet deep in the rock. Such leaps and footmarks are to be found in almost all mountains.

Our boat was fully victualled for a brilliant dinner (a thing which Englishmen seldom forget), and as we espied a most romantic cottage under high chesnut trees, we determined to land here, and eat our repast. It would have been extremely agreeable, had not the dandy spoiled it by his affectation, his want of all feeling for the beautiful, and his ill-natured 'persiflage' of the less polished but far more estimable Irishman. He gave him the nickname of Liston (a celebrated actor, who is particularly distinguished in silly absurd characters), and made the poor devil un-

consciously act so burlesque a part, that I was sometimes reluctantly constrained to laugh, though the whole thing was quite 'hors de saison,' and in the most execrable taste. It is possible, too, that the Irishman only affected stupidity, and was, in fact, the most cunning of the two,—at least he addressed himself to eating and drinking with such unwearied perseverance, while the others were occupied with laughing, that very little remained for them. I cannot deny that he received powerful support in this department from me.—A fresh-caught salmon broiled on arbutus-sticks over the fire was an admirable specimen of Irish fare.

We rowed slowly back by moonlight, while the bugleman's horn started echo after echo from her repose. It was an enchanting night; and wandering from thought to thought, I reached a state of mind in which I too could have seen ghosts. The men near me seemed to me only like puppets; Nature alone, and the sweetness and the majesty that surrounded me, seemed real.

Whence comes it, thought I, that a heart so loving is not social? that men are generally of so little worth to you?—Is your soul too small for intercourse with the intellectual world, too nearly allied to plants and animals?—or have you outgrown the forms of this state of existence in

some prior one, and feel pent up in your too narrow garments? And when the melancholy tones of the bugle-horn again trembled in soft notes across the waves, and gave to my fancies the sounds of a strange language, like the voice of invisible spirits, I felt like Göthe's fisherman, —as if some irresistible force dragged me softly down into the calm element, to seek O'Donaghue in his coral rocks.

Before we landed, a curious ceremony took place. The boat's crew, with young Sontag at their head, —who always called me 'his gentleman,' in virtue of a somewhat larger fee he had received from me, —asked permission to lie-to at a little island, and to christen this after me, which could only be done by moonlight. I was therefore told to stand on a projecting rock: the six boatmen leaning on their oars formed a circle around me, while the old man solemnly pronounced a sort of incantation in a wild measure, which sounded awfully in this romantic scenery and the night. Young Sontag then broke off a large arbutus branch, and giving a twig of it first to me, and then to the gentlemen in the boat, we fixed them in our hats; the rest he divided among his comrades, and then asked me with respectful earnestness what name the island—with O'Donaghue's permission—was

in future to bear? "Julia!" said I with a loud voice: —on which this name was repeated, not very accurately, three times with thundering hurrahs. A third man now took a bottle filled with water, delivered a long address in verse to O'Donaghue, and threw the bottle with all his might against a piece of rock, so that it broke into a thousand pieces. A second bottle filled with whisky was then drunk to my health, and a threefold cheer again given to Julia Island. The boatmen, to whom the name was strange, took it for mine, and henceforth called me nothing but Mr. Julia, which I heard with a melancholy satisfaction.

Your domains are thus increased by an island on the romantic lake of Killarney: it is only a pity that the next company that lands on the same spot will probably rob you of it; for doubtless such christenings take place as often as godfathers are to be found. The real child, the whisky-bottle, is always at hand. Nevertheless, I inclose an arbutus leaf from the identical sprig which flourished on my hat, that you may at least retain undisputed possession of something from your island.

Glengariff, Sept. 26th.

To write to you today is really an effort which

deserves reward; for I am excessively tired, and have, like my father Napoleon, been obliged to drink coffee incessantly to keep me awake*.

I left Killarney at nine o'clock in the morning in a car of the most wretched construction, and followed the new road which leads along the upper and lower lake to the Bay of Kenmare. This road discloses more beauties than are seen from the lakes themselves, which have the great disadvantage of affording a picturesque view on one side only,—the other shore is quite flat. On the road which lies along the side of the mountain and through a wood, every turn presents you with pictures, which are the more beautiful from being framed. I remark, generally, that views seen from the water lose: they want the principal thing—the foreground.

Near a beautiful cascade, and in the most charming wilderness, though not far from the road, a merchant has built himself a villa, and surrounded it with a garden and park. He must have expended at least five or six thousand pounds,—

* The maître d'hotel who lately published Memoirs of Napoleon, vindicates the Emperor from this reproach with indignation. His memoirs are certainly most flattering to that great man, for they prove 'qu'il est resté heros même pour son valet de chambre.'—EDIT.

perhaps much more,—and yet the land is the property of his family only for ninety-nine years; at the expiration of that time it falls, together with all that is upon it, to the lord of the soil, Lord Kenmare, and must be delivered up to him in perfect repair. No German would feel disposed to spend his money in decorative improvements on such terms: but in England,—where almost the whole soil belongs either to the government, the church, or the powerful aristocracy, and therefore can seldom be purchased in fee; where, on the other hand, industry, fostered by a wise government, in alliance with agriculture, has enriched the middling and trading classes,—such contracts are extremely common, and obviate many of the inconveniences of the distribution of landed property, without diminishing its great utility to the state.

The ascent now became steeper and steeper, and we soon found ourselves in the midst of bare heights; for vegetation here seldom extends above midway up the mountains. It is not as in Switzerland, where luxuriant verdure reaches almost to the snowy region. To take Switzerland as a standard by which to try Ireland, would however be absurd. Both countries afford romantic beauties of a totally different character;

both excite admiration and astonishment at the sublime works of Nature, though in Switzerland they are on a more colossal scale. The road was so winding, that after half an hour's climbing we found ourselves precisely over the pretty cottage I mentioned, which with its shining gray thatch looked, at that depth, like a little mouse sunning itself in the green grass;—for the sun, after a long struggle, had at length become undisputed lord of the heavens.

Eight miles from Killarney we reached the highest point of the road, where stands a solitary inn. You look down upon the broad valley, in whose lap lies the greater part of the three lakes, so that you behold them all with one glance.

From this point the road descends, leading between naked mountains of bold forms to the sea. It was fair-time when I arrived in Kenmare, and I could hardly penetrate through the bustling crowd with my one-horse vehicle, especially from the number of drunken men who would not—perhaps could not—get out of the way. One of them fell in consequence of an attempt to do so, and knocked his head so violently on the pavement that he was carried away senseless,—a thing of such common occurrence that it attracted no attention. The skulls of Irishmen appear to be

universally of a more firm and massive construction than those of other people, probably because they are trained to receive shillelah blows. While I dined, I had another opportunity of observing several affrays. First a knot of people collect, shouting and screaming; this rapidly thickens; and all at once, in the twinkling of an eye, a hundred shillelahs whirr in the air, and the thumps, —which are generally applied to the head,—bang and snap like the distant report of fire-arms, till one party has gained the victory. As I was now at the fountain-head, through the mediation of mine host I bought one of the finest specimens of this weapon, yet warm from the fight. It is as hard as iron, and that it may be sure to do execution, it is also weighted at the end with lead.

The celebrated O'Connell is now residing at about thirty miles from hence, in his solitary fortress in the most desert region of Ireland. As I have long wished to know him, I sent a messenger from this place, and determined, while waiting for his answer, to make an excursion to Glengariff Bay, whither I accordingly set out as soon as I had dined.

Driving is now completely at an end: I can proceed only on a poney or on foot. I set out, a poney carrying my baggage, and I and my guide walking

by his side. If either of us was tired, the good little horse was to carry us too. The sun soon set, but the moon shone bright. The road was not uninteresting, though horribly bad, often leading through bog and brook without bridge or stepping-stone. It became indescribably difficult after six or eight miles, where we had to climb a high and nearly perpendicular hill, treading only on loose and pointed stones, from which we slipped back at every step nearly as far as we went forward. The descent on the other side was still worse, especially when a mountain intercepted the moon's light. I was so weary that I could walk no further, and seated myself on the poney. This little creature showed almost human intelligence. Going up-hill he helped himself with his nose, and I think even with his teeth, as a fifth leg; and down-hill, he wriggled with incessant twisting of his body like a spider. When he came to a boggy place, in which there was only here and there a stone thrown by way of step, he crept as slowly as a sloth, always trying first with his foot whether the stone would bear him and his burthen. The whole scene was most singular. The night was so clear, that I could see around me to a great distance; but nothing met my eye save rocks ranged above rocks, of every shape and kind, standing out gi-

gantic, wild and sharp, against the sky. No living creature, not a tree or bush, was to be seen, only our own shadows trailed after us; not a sound was heard but our own voices, and sometimes the distant rush of a mountain-stream, or more rarely the melancholy horn of a herdsman collecting his cattle wandering amid these pathless wilds. Once only we saw one of these cows, which, like the mountain-sheep of Wales, have caught the shyness of wild animals. She was lying in the road, but on our approach sprang bellowing over the rocks, and vanished in the darkness like a black spirit.

About an hour before you reach Glengariff Bay the landscape becomes as luxuriant and park-like as it has heretofore been dreary and barren. Here the rocks arise in the strangest forms, out of Hesperian thickets of arbutus, Portugal laurel, and other lovely and fragrant shrubs. Many of these rocks stand like palaces, smooth as marble, without excrescence or inequality; others form pointed pyramids, or long continuous walls. In the valley sparkled solitary lights, and a gentle breeze waved the tops of the high oaks, ashes, and birches, intermingled with beautiful holly, whose scarlet berries were visible even by moonlight. The magnificent bay now glittered under the web of moon-

beams which lay upon it; and I really thought myself in Paradise when I reached its shore, and alighted at the door of a pretty cheerful inn. Cheerful as was its exterior, mourning was within its gates. The host and hostess, very respectable people, came out to receive me, dressed in deep mourning. On my inquiring the cause, they told me that her sister, the most beautiful girl in Kerry, eighteen years of age and the picture of health, died the day before of a brain-fever, or, rather, of the ignorance of the village doctor:—the poor woman added, weeping, that a week's illness had changed her to forty, so that nobody could recognize the corpse of the once blooming girl, or those sweet features which were so lately the pride of her parents and the admiration of all the young men in the neighbourhood.

She lies close by my bed-room, dear Julia! parted from me only by a few boards.—Four feet from her stands the table at which I am writing to you. Such is the world;—life and death, joy and grief, are never far apart.

Kenmare, Sept. 27th.

At six o'clock I was stirring, and at seven in the magnificent park of Colonel W——, brother of Lord B——, whose family possesses all the coun-

try around the bays of Bantry and Glengariff, perhaps the most beautiful part of Ireland. The extent of this estate is princely, although in a pecuniary point of view not so considerable, the greater part of the land consisting of uncultivated rocks and mountains, which pay only the rent of romantic beauties and magnificent views. Mr. W——'s park is certainly one of the most perfect creations of that kind, and owes its existence entirely to his perseverance and good taste. It is true, that he could nowhere have found a spot of earth more grateful for his labours; but it seldom happens that art and nature so cordially unite. It is enough to say that the former is perceptible only in the most perfect harmony; otherwise, it appears to vanish into pure nature: —not a tree or a bush seems planted by design. The vast resources of distant prospect are wisely husbanded; they come upon the eye by degrees, and as if unavoidably: every path is cut in a direction which seems the only one it could take without constraint and artifice: the most enchanting effects of woods and plantations are produced by skilful management, by contrast of masses, by felling some, thinning others, clearing off or keeping down branches; so that the eye is attracted now into the depths of the wood, now

above, now below the boughs; and every possible variety within the region of the beautiful is produced. This beauty is never displayed naked, but always sufficiently veiled to leave the requisite play for the imagination: for a perfect park,—in other words, a tract of country idealized *by art*,—should be like a good book, which suggests *at least* as many new thoughts and feelings as it expresses.

The dwelling-house is not visible till you reach an opposite height; it then suddenly emerges from the mass of wood, its outline broken by scattered trees and groups, and its walls garlanded with ivy and roses and creeping plants. It was built after the plan of the possessor; in a style not so much Gothic as antiquely picturesque, such as a delicate feeling of the suitable and harmonious conceived to be in keeping with the surrounding scenery. The execution is excellent; for the imitation of the antique is quite deceptive. The ornaments are so sparingly and so suitably interspersed, the whole so well constructed for habitation and comfort, and the part which appears the oldest has such a neglected and uninhabited air, that the impression it made, on me at least, completely answered the intention of the architect; for I took it to be an old abbey, lately

rendered habitable, and modernized just so far as our habits rendered necessary. At the back of the house are hothouses and a walled garden in beautiful order, both connected with the sitting-rooms,—so that you live in the midst of flowers, tropical plants and fruits, without leaving the house. The climate is the most favourable possible for vegetation,—moist, and so warm that not only azaleas, rhododendrons, and all sorts of evergreens stand abroad through the winter, but even, in a favourable aspect, camellias. Dates, pomegranates, magnolias, lyriodendrons, &c. attain their fullest beauty; and the three last are not even covered. The situation affords extensive views, remarkable variety, and yet a complete whole, inclosed within high mountains. Bantry and Glengariff bays are seas in miniature, and supply to the eye the want of the ocean. On the land side the wavy lines of mountain seem nearly endless.

The lesser bay of Glengariff, which stretches in front of the house, is nine miles, the other fifty miles in circumference. Among the mountains immediately opposite to the park rises another sugar-loaf, and at its foot a narrow line of hills stretches into the midst of the bay, where its termination is picturesquely marked by a deserted

fort. The park itself lies along one entire side of the bay, and at its lesser end borders on that of Bantry, where Lord B——'s house forms the principal object from this side. This whole beautiful domain was called out of nothing only forty years ago, and is yet only half finished. Such a work deserves a crown: and the excellent man who with slender means, but with singular talent and perseverance, has accomplished it, ought to be held up as a model to those Irish proprietors who spend their money abroad. I heard with real satisfaction, that on his and Lord B——'s estates party hate is unknown. Both are Protestants,—all their 'tenants' are Catholics; nevertheless they render an obedience as boundless as it is voluntary and cordial. Colonel W——, indeed, lives like a patriarch among them, as I learnt from the common people themselves, and settles all their differences, so that not a penny is spent in the wire-drawings of the law.

You may be sure that I was eager to make the acquaintance of so admirable a man: I esteemed myself, therefore, highly favoured by fortune in meeting him in the park inspecting the operations of his workmen. Our conversation took a very interesting and, to me, very instructive turn. I readily accepted his invitation to breakfast with

him and his family; and found in his wife a lady with whom I had made a transient acquaintance in the whirl of London. She received so unexpected a guest most cordially, and introduced me to her two daughters of seventeen and eighteen. They are not yet out; for as I have told you, in England, where they bring out horses 'sans comparaison' too early, the poor girls are let to grow almost old before their leading-strings are taken off and they are launched into the wicked world.

The family show me all possible civility and kindness; and as the ladies saw me so passionate a lover of nature, they urged me to stay some days, that I might visit the various wonders of their neighbourhood, especially the celebrated waterfall, and view from Hungry Hill, in their company. It was impossible for me to stay, as I had already announced myself at O'Connell's; but I shall certainly avail myself of their invitation on my way to Cork, for such society is not of the kind that I shun.

I therefore contented myself for the present with taking a long walk with the whole family, first along the bay, to obtain a general view of the park and garden; then into a wood, in which Lord B—— has a 'shooting lodge.' This spot is as if invented for a romance. All that the most

secluded solitude, the richest vegetation, the freshest and greenest meadows, surrounded by rocks and mountains; valleys on whose sides precipitous walls of rock, sometimes a thousand feet high, thickly-wooded glens, a rapid torrent dashing over masses of rock and over-arched by picturesque bridges of trunks and arms of trees; groves amid which the sunbeams play, and the cool waters refresh a thousand wild flowers; animals sporting about in joyous security, majestic eagles and gay-plumed singing birds, all rendered doubly dear to the poetic heart by the sweetest repose and retirement;—all that such elements can produce is here found combined in the richest profusion. With melancholy regret I quitted these enchanting fancies of our dear mother earth, and tore myself away, when we reached the rustic gate, at which my guide and poney were already waiting for me.

As I took leave of my new friends, and turned my back on the lovely valley, the heavens were overclouded anew, and on my entrance into the dreary rocky region which I described to you yesterday, assumed the hue most suited to my disposition and to the surrounding objects. Tired of my long ride of yesterday, I wished to walk; but on my inquiring for my over-shoes, which

the wetness of the road rendered needful, I found that the guide had lost one of them; and as fine scenery is better enjoyed dry-footed, I sent him back, hoping to restore to my sorrowful galoche its faithful mate, at least for the morrow: for today I resolved to continue my way through thick and thin on foot.

A soft rain began to fall,—one mountain after another was veiled from sight; and I wandered on, to the region where only the vast bones of the earth are visible, casting back many a melancholy lingering thought to the lost paradise. Meanwhile the rain became more and more heavy, and sudden gusts of wind soon announced a serious storm. I had to climb the high mountain which lies in the middle of the first half of the way, and already I was met by torrents of water which gushed like little cascades through every cleft. As I am seldom in the way of enjoying such a bath in the open air, I waded with a great feeling of satisfaction and pleasure through the streams, throwing myself in some degree into the pleasurable state of mind of a duck. Nothing of that kind is, as you know, impossible to my mobile fancy. But as the weather became every minute more dark and stormy, my thoughts also became more gloomy, and indeed fell almost into the

fashionably scornful, satanic vein. The superstition of the mountains surrounded me; I could not withstand it, and Rübezahl, the Bohemian Huntsman, elfs, fairies, and the Evil One himself, all passed before my mind; and I asked myself, "why should not the Devil appear to me, as well as to other respectable gentlemen?" At this instant I reached the highest point of the steep mountain.

The storm howled furiously, water fell in sheets from the heavens, and the deep basin below me appeared now and then for a minute from behind its black curtain, and then vanished again in the rolling mist and the gathering twilight.

A sudden gust of wind now completely inverted my umbrella, and nearly threw me down. I felt as if some giant fist had struck me. I turned and saw—nothing:—But how? does not something move there in the corner?—by heaven it does! My amazement was not slight when I now discerned, as clearly as darkness and rain would permit, a figure clad in black from head to foot, with a scarlet cap on its head advancing at a slow and limping pace towards me.

Now, dear Julia, 'est-ce moi ou le diable qui écrira le reste?' or do you think I am inventing a fable to amuse you. 'Point du tout'—*Dichtung*

*und Wahrheit** is my motto. At all events I must close my letter here: I venture to hope my next will be expected with some impatience.

Wholly yours,

L——.

* *Poetry and Truth*,—the title of Göthe's auto-biographical work.

LETTER X.

Kenmare, Sept. 28th, 1828.

BELOVED FRIEND,

WAS it the devil or not then? you ask. 'Ma foi, je n'en sais rien.' At any rate he had assumed a very 'recommendable,' though rather dangerous form,—that of a pretty girl, who, wrapped in her long dark blue cloak, made darker by the rain, and with the red cap of Kerry on her head, barefoot and shivering with cold, was going to pass by me, when I asked her what made her limp? and why she was wandering alone in such weather? "Ah!" said she, in half-intelligible patois, and pointing to her foot bound up, "I was only going to the next village, and I am belated, and I fell into the terrible weather, and I have hurt myself very much;" and then she looked down with an arch bashfulness, and showed the pretty wounded ancle. We walked on together and shared the difficulties of the way,—helped one another where we could, and at length found in the valley, first, better weather; then a place of

shelter; and last, a refreshing draught of new milk.

Thus invigorated I wandered on by night; and when I reached Kenmare, I had walked four German miles in something more than six hours: I was, however, heartily tired, and as soon as I reached my bed-room I exclaimed with Wallenstein,

"Ich denke einen langen Schlaf zu thun!"*

Derrinane Abbey, Sept. 29th.

This accordingly happened; and I had plenty of time, for the weather was so horribly bad that I waited in vain, alas! till three in the afternoon for better. I had sent a messenger to O'Connell the evening before, and had very inconsiderately paid him beforehand. I found him at the inn, without an answer and with broken shins. As soon as he felt the money in his pocket he had been unable to resist the whisky, and in consequence he and his horse had fallen down a rock in the night. He had, however, had the extraordinary sense and thought to send on a friend of his to fulfil his mission; and at my waking I found a very polite invitation from the Great Agitator.

I have already said that I did not set out till

* "I purpose to take a long sleep."

three o'clock; and although I had to ride seven hours with a most violent rain beating in my face, and in this desert, where not even the shelter of a single tree is to be found, I had not a dry thread upon me after the first half hour. I would on no account have missed this extraordinary part of my adventures.

The beginning was certainly difficult. At first I could not get a horse, for that which I had ridden at Glengariff had hurt his foot. At length appeared an old black cart-horse, which was destined for my use, and a sort of cat-like little animal intended for my guide. I was also in an *imbroglio* with regard to my toilet. The lost galoche had not been found, and the umbrella was already unreeled on the haunted mountain. I replaced the first by a large slipper of my host's; the second I tied together as well as I could, and then holding it before me like a shield, with a pocket-handkerchief covered with a piece of oil-cloth over my head, I galloped off in search of fresh adventures,—a perfect Don Quixote, and attended by a no less faithful representative of Sancho Panza.

Before I got a quarter of a mile from the town a destructive gust of wind made a deplorable end of my umbrella, once the ornament of New Bond Street, and since the companion of so many a

disaster. All its cords broke, and left only a torn piece of silk and a bundle of whalebone in my grasp: I gave the remains to my guide, and surrendered myself without further solicitude or defence to the elements, determined to bear good-humouredly what could not be altered.

As long as we coasted the bay of Kenmare, we rode on as quickly as possible, the road being tolerable. Soon, however, it assumed a worse aspect. The entrance to the wilder mountain country is marked by a picturesque bridge, thrown across a chasm an hundred feet high, called "The Bridge of the Black Water." The sides of the chasm were clothed with oaks,—the last trees which I beheld. I remarked that my valise, which my guide had fastened on his horse, must inevitably be soaked through, and ordered the man to endeavour, if possible, to get a mat or sack at the nearest cabin, to lay over it. This incautious act I had abundant cause to rue: he too was, apparently, detained by the fascinations of whisky; at any rate, though I frequently stopped in the hope that he would overtake me, I did not see him again till just at the end of my journey, which afterwards caused me the greatest perplexity.

The road, which gradually grew worse and worse, lay for the most part close to the sea,

which the storm threw into magnificent agitation; —sometimes across a dreary flat of bog, sometimes by the side of chasms and steep precipices, or through wide chaotic plains, in which masses of rock were thrown together in such wild confusion, that it seemed the spot from which the giants had stormed heaven.

At rare intervals I met a solitary ragged wanderer; and the thought often recurred to me, how easy it were in this desert region to rob or murder me without the slightest risk of discovery. My whole travelling property resides in my breast pocket; for in the Grecian fashion I carry 'omnia mea' with me. But far removed from all predatory thoughts, these poor good-hearted people invariably greeted me with respectful kindness, although my exterior was anything but imposing, and to an English eye by no means bespoke a 'gentleman.' I was frequently in utter uncertainty which of the half-imperceptible roads I ought to take, but fortunately determined to keep as near to the sea as possible, which, though not the nearer, was the surest. Meanwhile time passed on; and when, at long intervals, I met a human being, and asked "How far is it to Mr. O'Connell's?" the object of my visit always drew down a blessing upon me. I was answered with a

"God bless your honour!" but the miles seemed rather to increase than to diminish.

At length it began to grow dark just as I reached a part of the coast, which assuredly it would be difficult to parallel. Foreign travellers have probably never been thrown into this desolate corner of the earth, which belongs rather to owls and sea-mews than to men, and of whose awful wildness it is difficult to give an idea.—Torn, jagged, coal-black rocks, with deep caverns, into which the sea breaks with a ceaseless thunder, and then again dashes over the top of the tower-like crags its white foam; which, drying, is borne by the wind in compact masses, like locks of wool, over the highest points of the mountains;—the wailing cry of the restless fluttering sea-fowl, piercing through the storm with its shrill monotonous sound;—the incessant howl and roar of the undermining waves, which sometimes suddenly dashed over my horse's hoofs, and then ran hissing back again;—the comfortless removal from all human help;—the ceaseless pattering rain, and the coming-on of night on an uncertain and entirely unknown road.

I began really to feel uneasy, in earnest,—not half in jest as the day before. Your eager search for the romantic will turn out as ill for you, as for the Sorrowful Knight, thought I, and urged on my

tired horse to his utmost speed. He stumbled every moment over the loose stones, and with great difficulty I at length brought him into a heavy trot. My anxiety was increased by O'Connell's letter. He had written to me that the proper approach to his house was from Killarney,—that carriages must cross thence by water;—but that the road from Kenmare was the most difficult, and that I must therefore be sure to provide myself with a safe guide. And, as is generally the case when we pursue one train of thoughts with great pertinacity, a popular tale of Croker's which I had lately read came into my mind. "No land," says he, "is better than the coast of Inveragh to be drowned in the sea; or if you like that better, to break your neck on shore." Yet thought I—and here my horse suddenly stumbled, shyed, and turned with such a leap as I had hardly given the old mare credit for. I now found myself in a narrow pass. It was still light enough to see several steps before me clearly, and I could not understand what had struck this panic into my horse. Making all the resistance he could, and only in obedience to the admonitions of my shillelah, he at length went on again; but in a few steps I perceived with astonishment that the path, which had appeared pretty well tracked, terminated directly

in the sea. The bridle nearly dropped out of my hand, as a foaming wave chased by the storm sprang upon me like a huge monster, and scattered the narrow cleft far behind me with its spray. Here was really a difficult situation. Bare inaccessible rocks surrounded me on every side;—before me rolled the ocean,—there was nothing for me but to retreat. But if I had lost my way, as I could not but suspect, how could I reckon on meeting my guide, even by returning; and if I did not meet him, where was I to pass the night? With the exception of O'Connell's old castle, there was no hope of meeting with the least trace of a shelter for twenty miles round. I was already shivering with cold and wet, and my constitution would certainly not carry me through a bivouac in such a night. I had doubtless cause for some alarm. It was useless, however, to consider: I must ride back, that was clear; and as quickly as possible. My horse seemed to have come to the same conclusion; for, as if inspired with new force, he bore me away from the spot at a gallop. But would you believe it: a black figure was again destined to help me in my difficulty! You will say this is too much. 'Ce n'est pas ma faute; le vrai souvent n'est pas le vraisemblable.' In short, I saw a black figure glide

like a dim phantom across my path, and disappear behind the rocks. Invocations, prayers, promises, were in vain:—Was it a smuggler allured to this coast by the ample facilities it offers? or a superstitious peasant who took my unhappy person for a ghost? At all events it appeared that he did not choose to venture from his hiding-place, and I began to despair of the help I had thought at hand; when suddenly his head peeped out close to me from the cleft of a rock. I soon succeeded in tranquillizing his fears, and he explained to me the puzzle of the road terminating in the sea. "This road was made for low water; the tide is now," he said, "about half in; a quarter of an hour later it is impossible to pass; but now, if you'll pay me well, I will try and bring you through,—but we must not lose a moment." With these words he seated himself at one bound on the horse behind me, and we made what speed we could back to the sea, which was rolling with great rapidity.

I felt a strange sensation as we now appeared deliberately to plunge down into the stormy sea, and had to make our difficult way amid the white waves and the rocks, which looked like ghosts in the dim twilight.

We had the greatest trouble too with the horse:

however, the black man knew the ground so perfectly that we reached the opposite coast in safety, though bathed up to the arms in salt-water.

Unluckily, the terrified beast shyed again here at a projecting rock, and broke both the rotten girths directly in the middle, a mischance for which there was no remedy here. After all my disasters, I had the agreeable prospect of riding the last six miles balancing on the loose saddle. My black guide had, indeed, given me the clearest directions for the prosecution of my journey; but it was now so dark that the landmarks were no longer visible.

The road lay, as it appeared to me, across a wide moor, and was at first quite level. After half an hour of rough and stumbling trotting, during which I pressed my knees as hard as possible together, that I might not lose my saddle, I remarked that the road turned again to the right into the higher range of mountains; for the climbing grew steeper and more continual. Here I found a woman, who was passing the night with her pigs or goats. The road branched off into two divisions, and I asked her which I must take to reach Derrinane Abbey? "Oh! both lead there," said she; "but that on the left is two miles nearer." Of course I took this, but soon

found to my cost that it was practicable only for goats. I execrated the old witch, and her traitorous intelligence:—my poor horse exhausted himself in vain efforts to climb through the blocks of stone, and at length, half stumbling, half falling, he threw both saddle and me. It was impossible to keep the saddle on him alone; it fell down incessantly, and I was obliged to load my own shoulders with it, and to lead my horse besides. Till now I had kept in pretty good temper;—the spirit was still willing, but the flesh began to be weak:—the man on the cliff had said, only six miles further, and you are there; and now, after half an hour's hard riding, the woman insisted upon it that it was still six miles, the shortest way, to Derrinane. I began to fear that this mountain fortress was not to be found, and that I was the sport of Kobolds, who bandied me from one to another. I seated myself on a stone quite out of heart, fevered with alternate heat and cold; when, like the voice of an angel in the wilderness, the shouts of my guide resounded in my ear, and I soon heard the trampling of his horse's hoofs. He had taken quite a different way through the interior of the mountains, to avoid the sea, and had luckily met the woman whose direction I had followed.

In the delicious feeling of present security, I forgot all my disasters, loaded my deliverer with the saddle and my wet cloak, gave up my horse to his guidance, and seated myself upon his, thus making what speed I might. We had, in fact, five miles yet to ride, and that through a mountain-pass surrounded by precipices,—but I can give you no further description of the road. The darkness was so complete, that I was obliged to strain my eyes to the utmost to follow the man, who appeared only like a dim shadow flitting indistinctly before me. I perceived by the stumbling of my horse that we were on uneven ground; I felt that it was a continual alternation of steep ascents and descents; that we waded through two deep and rapid mountain torrents,—but that was all:—now and then, indeed, I suspected, rather than saw, that a bare wall of rock rose by my side, or the deeper black beneath me betrayed the precipice which yawned below.

At length,—at length a bright light broke through the darkness; the road grew more even; here and there a bit of hedge was visible; and in a few minutes we stopped at the gate of an ancient building standing on the rocky shore, from the windows of which a friendly golden radiance streamed through the night.

The tower clock was striking eleven, and I was, I confess, somewhat anxious as to my dinner, especially as I saw no living being, except a man in a dressing-gown at an upper window. Soon, however, I heard sounds in the house; a handsomely-dressed servant appeared, bearing silver candlesticks, and opened the door of a room, in which I saw with astonishment a company of from fifteen to twenty persons sitting at a long table, on which were placed wine and dessert. A tall handsome man, of cheerful and agreeable aspect, rose to receive me, apologized for having given me up in consequence of the lateness of the hour, regretted that I had made such a journey in such terrible weather, presented me in a cursory manner to his family, who formed the majority of the company, and then conducted me to my bedroom.—This was the great O'Connell.

On my return to the dining-room I found the greater part of the company there assembled. I was most hospitably entertained; and it would be ungrateful not to make honourable mention of Mr. O'Connell's old and capital wine. As soon as the ladies had quitted us, he drew his seat near me, and Ireland was of course the subject of our conversation. He asked me if I had yet seen many

of the curiosities of Ireland? whether I had been at the Giant's Causeway?—"No," replied I, laughing, "before I visit the Giant's Causeway, I wished to see Ireland's Giants;"—and therewith drank a glass of claret to his high undertakings.

Daniel O'Connell is indeed no common man,—though the man of the commonalty. His power is so great, that at this moment it only depends on him to raise the standard of rebellion from one end of the island to the other. He is, however, too sharp-sighted, and much too sure of attaining his end by safer means, to wish to bring on any such violent crisis. He has certainly shown great dexterity in availing himself of the temper of the country at this moment, legally, openly, and in the face of the government, to acquire a power scarcely inferior to that of the sovereign; indeed, though without arms or armies, in some instances far surpassing it:—for how would it have been possible for His Majesty George IV. to withhold 40,000 of his faithful Irishmen for three days from whisky-drinking; which O'Connell actually accomplished in the memorable Clare election. The enthusiasm of the people rose to such a height, that they themselves decreed and inflicted a punishment for drunkenness. The delin-

quent was thrown into a certain part of the river, and held there for two hours, during which time he was made to undergo frequent submersions.

The next day I had fuller opportunity of observing O'Connell. On the whole, he exceeded my expectations. His exterior is attractive; and the expression of intelligent goodnature, united with determination and prudence, which marks his countenance, is extremely winning. He has, perhaps, more of persuasiveness than of genuine large and lofty eloquence; and one frequently perceives too much design and manner in his words. Nevertheless, it is impossible not to follow his powerful arguments with interest, to view the martial dignity of his carriage without pleasure, or to refrain from laughing at his wit. It is very certain that he looks much more like a general of Napoleon's than a Dublin advocate. This resemblance is rendered much more striking by the perfection with which he speaks French,—having been educated at the Jesuits' Colleges at Douai and St. Omer. His family is old, and was probably one of the great families of the land. His friends, indeed, maintain that he springs from the ancient kings of Kerry,—an opinion which no doubt adds to the reverence with which he is regarded by the people. He himself told me,—and

not without a certain *pretension*,—that one of his cousins was Comte O'Connell, and 'cordon rouge' in France, and another a baron, general and chamberlain to the Emperor of Austria; but that he was the head of the family. It appeared to me that he was regarded by the other members of it with almost religious enthusiasm. He is about fifty years old, and in excellent preservation, though his youth was rather wild and riotous.

Among other things he became notorious, about ten years ago, for a duel he fought. The Protestants, to whom his talents early made him formidable, set on a certain Desterre,—a bully and fighter by profession,—to ride through all the streets of Dublin with a hunting-whip, which, as he declared, he intended to lay on the shoulders of the king of Kerry. The natural consequence was a meeting the next morning, in which O'Connell lodged a bullet in Desterre's heart; Desterre's shot went through his hat. This was his first victory over the Orangemen, which has been followed by so many more important, and, it is to be hoped, will be followed by others more important still.

His desire for celebrity seemed to me boundless; and if he should succeed in obtaining emancipation, of which I have no doubt, his career, so far

from being closed, will I think only then properly begin. But the evils of Ireland, and of the constitution of Great Britain generally, lie too deep to be removed by emancipation.—To return to O'Connell ; I must mention, that he has received from Nature an invaluable gift for a party-leader; a magnificent voice, united to good lungs and a strong constitution. His understanding is sharp and quick, and his acquirements out of his profession not inconsiderable. With all this, his manners are, as I have said, winning and popular; although somewhat of the actor is perceivable in them, they do not conceal his very high opinion of himself, and are occasionally tinged by what an Englishman would call "*vulgarity.*" Where is there a picture entirely without shade!

Another interesting man, the real though not ostensible head of the Catholics, was present, Father L'Estrange, a friar, and O'Connell's confessor. He may be regarded as the real founder of that Catholic Association so often derided in England, but which by merely *negative* powers, by dexterous activity in secret, and by universally organizing and training the people to one determinate end*, attained a power over them as boundless as

* All the Catholic children in Ireland are carefully instructed, and can at least read; while the Protestant are

that of the hierarchy in the middle ages; with this difference, that the former strove for light and liberty, the latter for darkness and slavery. This is another outbreak of that *second* great revolution, which solely by intellectual means, without any admixture of physical force, is advancing to its accomplishment; and whose simple but resistless weapons are public discussion and the press. L'Estrange is a man of philosophical mind and unalterable calmness. His manners are those of an accomplished gentleman, who has traversed Europe in various capacities, has a thorough knowledge of mankind, and with all his mildness cannot always conceal the sharp traces of great astuteness. I should call him the ideal of a well-intentioned Jesuit. As O'Connell was busy, I took an early walk with the friar to a desert island, to which we crossed dry-footed over the smooth sand now left by the ebb. Here stand the genuine ruins of Derrinane Abbey, to which O'Connell's house is only an appendix. It is to be repaired by the family, probably when some of their hopes are fulfilled.

often utterly ignorant. The morals of the Catholic priesthood in Ireland are everywhere exemplary, as were those of the Reformers in France. The oppressed Church is everywhere the most virtuous; the causes of which are easily found.—EDITOR.

On our return we found O'Connell on the terrace of his castle, like a chieftain surrounded by his vassals, and by groups of the neighbouring peasantry, who came to receive his instructions, or to whom he laid down the law. This he can the more easily do being a lawyer; but nobody would dare to appeal from his decisions: O'Connell and the Pope are here equally infallible. Lawsuits therefore do not exist within his empire; and this extends not only over his own tenantry, but I believe over the whole neighbourhood.

I wondered, when I afterwards found both O'Connell and L'Estrange entirely free from religious bigotry, and even remarked in them very tolerant and philosophical views, though they persisted in choosing to continue true Catholics. I wished I had been able to conjure hither some of those furious imbeciles among the English Protestants,—as for instance Mr. L——, who cry out at the Catholics as irrational and bigoted; while they themselves alone, in the true sense of the word, cling to the fanatical faith of their politico-religious party, and are firmly predetermined to keep their long ears for ever closed to reason and humanity.

In the course of the day we were to have a hare hunt, (for O'Connell has a small pack of hounds,)

which would certainly have presented a most picturesque spectacle on these mountains and broad naked steeps: the bad weather, however, prevented it. I found much greater enjoyment in repose, and in the very interesting company, to which I am indebted for much instructive information.

Kenmare, Sept. 30th.

Although my kind hosts with true Irish hospitality pressed me to stay a week longer for a great festival which is in preparation, and to which a large company is expected, I did not think it right to take this entirely 'à la lettre;' besides which I had such a longing after Glengariff, that I did not wish to absent myself from it longer than was necessary for the end I had in view. I therefore took leave of the family this morning, with the sincerest thanks for the friendly welcome they had given me. O'Connell himself escorted me to the boundaries of his demesne, mounted on a large and handsome gray horse, on which he looked more military than ever. The rugged way is bare of all vegetation, but affords many sublime views, sometimes inland, sometimes to the sea, studded with rocks and islands, some of which rise completely isolated out of the water like high-peaked mountains. O'Connell pointed out one to me,

on which he told me he had ordered an ox to be landed that he might fatten on the rich and undisturbed herbage. After some days the animal took such decided possession of the island that he was furious if anybody attempted to land on it, and attacked and drove away even the fishermen who used to dry their nets on the shore. He was often seen, like Jupiter under his transformation, with uplifted tail and glaring eyes, bounding furiously along to reconnoitre the bounds of his domain, and to see if any intruder dared to approach. The emancipated ox at last became so troublesome and dangerous, that they were obliged to shoot him. This appeared to me a good satire on the love of liberty, which as soon as it has gained the power it seeks, degenerates into violence and tyranny; and the association of ideas brought many comical images involuntarily before my mind.

We afterwards came to a remarkable ruin, one of those so-called Danish forts, which were built not *by* the Danes but *against* them. They are more than a thousand years old, and the lower walls, although put together without mortar, remain in excellent preservation. At the ruins of a bridge carried away by the swelling of a mountain-stream, O'Connell stopped to take a final leave of me. I

could not help expressing to the champion of the rights of his countrymen, my wish that when we next met, the dungeons and fortresses of English intolerance might be overthrown by him and his allies, as completely as these ruined walls had been by the swollen and overflowing torrent.* So we parted.

As I returned by nearly the same way as I had come, I have little new to say about it, except that, though the day was fine, it tired me twice as much as before; probably because my mind was less excited. Not far from Kenmare I met several loads of stones, planks, beer, and butter. Every thing is conveyed on the backs of horses. The Irish are very ingenious in means of transport. I have already described their admirable cars, with which one horse can so commodiously draw five or six persons. They have also a sort of car, equally well contrived, for the carriage of hay, wood, &c.; by means of which one horse does as much work as three with us. This is accomplished entirely by the skill with which the weight is balanced. A car is loaded with long timber, for instance, in such a manner that the horse is hardly visible under the complete covering of wood, the

* The wish of my departed friend is already in part fulfilled, and the future is big with yet greater changes.—Editor.

ends of which project many yards before the horse's head and behind the car. The division of the weight at each end is thus so perfect that the timbers press only on one point, and the horse has thus comparatively little to draw. The driver helps a little, going up or down hill, by heaving up or bearing down the ends, which the slightest force is sufficient to move.

In the same manner five or six heavy oak planks are laid flat across the saddle of a horse, who carries them thus, like a balancing pole, without much labour, though the same weight in a different volume, a chest for instance, would suffice to crush him. They have another ingenious contrivance for transporting stone; a sort of wooden baskets or cradles which they hang over the saddle, binding them on the horse's back over a thick bundle of straw.

The merry humour and goodnatured politeness of the people I met were very engaging. I know no nation of which the lower classes appear so little selfish; so thankful for the least friendly word vouchsafed to them by a gentleman, without the least idea of gain. I really know no country in which I would rather be a large landed proprietor than here. What I did elsewhere, and earned only ingratitude and opposition of every

kind, would here attach ten or twelve thousand people to me body and soul;—the only difference is, that here with much less time and cost I should have attained infinitely greater results, since here nature and man make almost everything attainable. The people taken in a body, with all their wildness, unite the frank honesty and poetical temper of the Germans, with the vivacity and quickness of conception of the French, and the pliability, naturalness and submissiveness of the Italians. It may with the fullest justice be said of them, that their faults are to be ascribed to others, their virtues only to themselves. Now I am upon this subject, I must relate to you an incident of no great importance which befell me some days ago: it deserves mention, as illustrative of the national character.

As I was going from Killarney to Kenmare, I met a continual succession of people driving cattle from some neighbouring fair. Most of them were riding colts they had just bought, without bridles; and as man and beast were strangers to each other, the latter were not in a very perfect state of subordination: we were therefore often forced to stop. At last I grew tired of this; and at the third or fourth rencontre of the kind, I called out to the people that I had not time to spend half the day

on the road on account of their clumsiness; and somewhat hastily ordered the coachman to drive on. In an instant two colts set off with their riders, galloping before the carriage as hard as ever they could, while the whole drove of cattle took to the mountains. I was now sorry for my impatience, and desired the driver to stop again. There were in all four or five drovers whom I had thus routed, all sturdy young fellows; and the trick I had played them was certainly one of the most disagreeable that could be imagined, as it would take them at least half an hour to collect their dispersed cattle. If a traveller in a miserable one-horse vehicle, with a ragged driver, had given such a job to Germans, Englishmen, or Frenchmen, they would certainly have attacked him with appropriate abuse, and very likely have tried to catch him and do him some injury. The behaviour of these goodnatured fellows was far different: at once respectful and witty. "Oh! murther, murther!" cried one, while his 'crantancarous' colt made another attempt to dart up the hill, and nearly threw him; "God bless your honour! but every *gentleman* in England and Ireland gets out of the way of cattle! Oh, for God's sake stop now, your honour, stop!" I immediately stopped: and after the poor devils had had the greatest trouble

in fetching back the part of the cattle that had run the furthest, they came back to my car, with "Long life to your honour!" to thank me for my goodness, and went merrily off with their recaptured prize. I must confess that their behaviour was far more commendable than mine, which I repaired as well as I could by means of a handsome present.

October 1st: Morning.

Although dreadfully tired I could not sleep last night, and asked the host if he had a book. He brought me an old English translation of the Sorrows of Werther. You know how highly, how intensely I honour our prince of poets, and will therefore hardly believe me when I say that I had never read this celebrated book. The cause would appear to many very childish. The first time it came into my hands, the passage at the beginning in which Charlotte wipes the little boy's dirty nose excited in me such disgust that I could read no further; and this disagreeable image remained always present to my mind. I now, however, set earnestly to work to read it, struck with the strangeness of the accident which led me to read Werther for the first time in a foreign tongue, and in the midst of the wild mountains of Ireland. But even here, I must honestly confess I could

not feel any hearty relish for the antiquated "Sufferings;"* the quantity of bread and butter, the provincial and obsolete manners, and even the ideas, which were then new, but are now become common-place,—like Mozart's beautiful melodies degraded into street ditties; lastly, the involuntary recollection of Potier's admirable parody,—it was absolutely impossible for me to work myself up to the right "communion frame of mind," as Madame von Frömmel calls it. But thus much I could perceive, jesting apart, that the book was calculated to 'far furore' at one period; for the morbid state of mind under which Werther sinks is truly German, and German feeling was just then beginning to make its way through the materialism which had taken possession of the rest of Europe. Wilhelm Meister indeed followed it with far different steps; and Faust has since traversed it with giant strides. We have, I think, outgrown the Werther period, but have not yet reached that of Faust; nor will any age, so long as men exist, outgrow that.

In the tragedy of Faust, as in those of Shakspeare, the whole inward man is mirrored forth;

* The translation of the title of the book is of a piece with all the rest. *Leiden* does not mean *sorrows*, but *sufferings*. —TRANSL.

the principal figure is a personification of the eternal mysterious longings of the human heart, the restless striving after the Unknown and the Unattainable. Hence this drama can obviously never have a fully definitive end, even were it extended through many more acts than it is. But as the lofty spirit here treads a path dizzy as the bridge of Al Sirat, he is every moment nearer to the bottomless fall than the human animal who remains quietly on the secure plain, and feeds.

A cousin of O'Connell's, who gives hunting parties on the lake of Killarney, had promised me one for tomorrow. I have, however, a positive antipathy to going to see what I have seen before, as long as there is anything new to see; and I cannot imagine that dogs and horses can make any great alteration in the features of a scene I know so well. On the other hand, in Glengariff, amiable people and a great deal of novelty awaited me: I therefore preferred it, rode once more across the Devil's Mountain, this time by daylight, and arrived here about an hour ago. I am established in a pretty little room, and all the glories of the Bay are spread before my window.

Before I quitted Kenmare my vanity was put to a severe trial. The Irish naïveté of the innkeeper's daughter made such an agreeable impres-

sion on me, that on my return to her father's inn I scarcely talked to anybody else, and thus won her good graces. She had never quitted her native mountains, and was as ignorant of the world as it is possible to conceive. I asked her, in jest, if she would go with me to Cork.—"Oh no," said she, "I should be afraid to go so far with you.—Do tell me now who you really are: You are a Jew;—that I know already." "Why, are you mad?" said I; "what makes you think I must be a Jew?" "Ah, you can't deny it; hav'n't you a black beard all round your chin, and five or six gold rings on your fingers? And are you not an hour washing yourself in a morning, and don't you go through ceremonies such as no Christian ever saw? Confess it now,—you are a Jew, ar'n't you?" My disclaimer was of no use. At last, however, she said good-humouredly, that if I positively would not allow that I was one, she wished at least that I might 'become as rich as a Jew,' (an English phrase). I confirmed this with a Christian 'Amen.'

October 2nd.

I am just returned from an excursion of sixteen miles with Colonel W—— to Hungry Hill, a lofty mountain at the end of Bantry Bay, remarkable for its waterfall, and for Thomas O'Rourke's flight

to the moon on an eagle's back, which began here, and has so often been related in prose and verse! Even in Germany this amusing tale has been repeatedly translated, and has probably fallen into your hands. The hero of the story is a gamekeeper of Lord B——'s, who is still alive, and almost always drunk. On our return Colonel W—— introduced him to me at the inn. He is now extremely proud of his celebrity, and seemed to me, when I saw him to be projecting another visit to the moon.

The quantity of rain which has fallen these few days has added much to the beauty of the waterfalls. The fall at Hungry Hill entirely disappears in dry weather, but after violent rains exceeds the Staubbach and Terni. Hungry Hill is a huge mass of naked rock about two thousand feet high. On the land side it forms two steep terraces, on the 'plateau' between which there is a lake, which of course is not visible from below, whence you see only the continuous lines of these colossal terraces. The upper one consists of bare rock, and is divided in the middle by a deep vertical groove, which looks as if cut by art; the lower, although, also free from any visible inequality, has its side clothed with heather and coarse grass, on which hundreds of goats are seen grazing.

Through the groove or channel mentioned above the mass of water shoots from the highest point of the mountain, falls into the lake on the lower terrace, and filling that, rushes down afresh in four distinct cascades on the valley below. These form such vast arches, that the goats feed peacefully under them, while the streams convert the meadows below into a temporary lake.

As the spectator who stands below cannot see the division between the upper and the lower falls, nor the lake which lies between them, the whole appears one enormous cataract, the effect of which exceeds all description. Colonel W—— assured me that when the waters are at the highest he has seen the arch so enormous, that, to use his expression, a regiment of soldiers might have marched under it without a man being wetted; and, as he added, the noise would serve admirably for the thunder of the cannon.

One of the neighbouring glens was, according to the somewhat fabulous history of Ireland, the scene of a memorable battle between the great O'Sullivan and O'Donovan. The people show the remains of a very old arbutus, on which, as they relate, O'Donovan was hanged. It is very certain that money and jewels have recently been found buried deep in the earth in this inclosure.

The eagles of these mountains, who build on inaccessible rocks, play a very principal part in the popular stories. They are extremely large and strong, and it is certain that they sometimes carry off even children. Some time ago an eagle carried off a boy of three years old, and deposited him, probably because he was too heavy, nearly uninjured on a shelf of rock, to which the people below climbed and saved him. The new Ganymede, the 'corpus delicti,' is now living, and in full vigour. Another more tragical circumstance of the same kind occurred a few months ago. An eagle bore off a little girl before her father's eyes, and disappeared with her among the rocks; nor could the least trace of the poor child ever be discovered.

October 3rd.

Colonel W—— is as great a 'parkomane' as I, but not quite such a 'gourmet.' Field-sports by land and water furnish his table with many delicacies. The grouse or moor-fowl are particularly good; and the oyster-bed on the edge of the park supplies oysters of a peculiarly fine flavour, and as large as a plate. The bay swarms with fish and sea-dogs:—I saw one of the latter sitting on a projecting cliff just opposite my window, and listening with a delighted and almost dancing

motion to the music of a bagpipe which resounded from a neighbouring public-house. These creatures are so passionately fond of music, that they follow the pleasure-boats, with bands of music on board, in herds of twenty or thirty. They are decoyed in this way by sportsmen. It is really barbarous thus to abuse their love of the arts!

Unfortunately it rained all day, so that I was obliged to remain in the house. In the morning I attended the daily worship of the family, the female members of which are somewhat bigoted as to form, though, as it seemed to me, sincerely pious. We all sat round in a circle, and the mother read one verse out of the Church of England Prayer-book, the eldest daughter the next, and so on, alternately, imitating the parson and clerk at a church. After this, the daughter, who has something reserved and enthusiastic about her, began a strange and very long prayer, which lasted a full quarter of an hour; during which all (and of course I among the number,) turned decorously towards the wall, fell on their knees before their chair, and hid their faces in their hands. The mother sighed and groaned; the father seemed somewhat 'ennuyé;' the youngest daughter,—a charming girl, who is a good deal

more mundane than her sister,—had now and then fits of absence; and the son had thought it expedient to absent himself altogether. I, who think every sincere feeling or virtuous aspiration, at whatever time of the day, a prayer to God, believed myself not impiously employed in observing a little what was going on.

After the company had all stood up, brushed their knees, and smoothed down their petticoats (for English enthusiasm does not easily forget *itself*), a chapter from the Gospel was read by the mother. The one chosen was that in which six thousand men were fed on three loaves and two fishes, if I remember right, and much was still left remaining.

Happily for us, our dinner was not measured out to us upon this scale, and the gifts of God were consumed with great cheerfulness and satisfaction. To this, however, I soon gave an involuntary shock: I happened to speak in jest of the comet of the year 1832, which, it is predicted, is to approach nearer the earth's orbit than any hitherto known. I remarked that, according to Lalande's reckoning, a comet which should approach within fifty thousand miles of the earth must inevitably exercise such a power of attraction as to raise the waters of the sea above the top of Chim-

borazo. If the one of 1832 comes so near us, said I, we shall infallibly all be drowned. "I beg your pardon, that is impossible," replied Mrs. W——very earnestly, "for that would be a second deluge, and you appear to have entirely forgotten that we are promised in the Bible that there should never be another deluge, but that the earth should at last be destroyed by fire." ('Il faut avouer que la faveur n'est pas grande.') "That this destruction is at hand," continued she, sighing, "I certainly believe; for the most learned of our pious men are agreed that we are now, probably, in the seventh kingdom of the Revelation of St. John, in which the end of the world is predicted, and in which our Saviour will come to judge us." What singular people these 'saints' are! On this, mother and daughter fell into such a violent, and at last such a bitter dispute, that I, unworthy layman, was obliged to interpose, and endeavour to re-establish peace. The question was, whether, at the time of this final catastrophe, men were to be immediately judged and then burnt, or first burnt and then judged. The daughter indignantly asked ('je vous jure que je ne brode pas') if our Saviour, on his coming, was to wait to pronounce judgement till the world was burnt? She said it was plainly written in the Scriptures that he would

come to judge the quick and the dead; and how would this be possible if all were first burnt? It was clear that the world would not be burnt till all were judged. This the mother declared was perfect 'nonsense,'—that men must necessarily first die, before they could receive either eternal blessedness or damnation,—that the passage which speaks of the quick and the dead, regarded only on the one hand those who would be still living at the time of the conflagration, or on the other, those who had long lain in the grave. She insisted therefore, "*first* burnt, and *then* judged." Both now appealed to me, in the hope of strengthening themselves by the accession of a partisan. I ventured to reply that I really was not much skilled in these details, and that their dispute appeared to me very like that in which Madame du Deffant was called upon to decide; viz., whether St. Denis had walked one mile or six without his head: to which she replied, "que dans ces sortes de choses ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute!" That I must confess that in the doctrines of Christ I had always chiefly sought to imbibe rules of duty, confidence in God, meekness, and love to man, though I had unhappily rarely succeeded to the extent of my wishes. I hoped, however, that I might dismiss all anxiety as to whether we were

to be first judged and then burnt, or first burnt and then judged; that I believed whatever God did was perfectly well done. I must confess that I considered myself just as much in the hand of God, and just as near to his power, in the present life as after the close of my earthly career, or even after the destruction of the little globe which we call 'the world'. That judgement was in my opinion for ever going on, and was as eternally active as the spirit which creates and vivifies the universe. This confession of faith had the effect of entirely reconciling the combatants, by uniting them against me. I retreated from the field, however, in so dexterous a manner as not entirely to lose their favour.

In the evening, between torrents of rain, twilight, and sunset, we had another magnificent effect of light. *Our* waterfall in the park was so swollen that it took upon itself to thunder a little too, and grass and bush were prettily illuminated with gay sunbeams. We walked about till it was quite dark, saw the Great Sugar-loaf gradually change its hue from dark blue into rose-colour, and feasted our eyes on the clear mirror of the lake, the leaping of the fish on its surface, and the peaceful sporting of the otters.

Everything here is beautiful,—even the air,

which is famed for its salubrity. There are no tormenting insects; for the bay is so deep, that the ebb leaves no muddy shore, and the constant gentle breeze of the valley is probably not agreeable to them. The climate is extremely equable, neither too hot nor too cold; and the vegetation so luxuriant, that only one thing more and one less are wanting to clothe the greater part of the bare mountains, and even the interstices between the rocks, with the richest and most beautiful woods: these two things are, planters, and goats. The former have no money, or none that they choose to spend in planting *here;* the latter suffer nothing to grow that is not inclosed within double walls. It appears that these mountains were formerly covered with forests; but the English, who have never had any other thought with regard to Ireland but how to draw as much money from her as possible, felled them all. Their remains are still visible in many places.

Another advantage of this spot is, to my taste at least, its perfect seclusion. It can hardly be reached in a carriage; and with the exception of a few curious travellers, like myself, no attempt is made to overcome the difficulty of the approach. It is inhabited by a goodnatured people, not congregated in villages, but scattered in solitary

dwellings amid the mountains, and living a patriarchal life, unspoiled by the tumult of cities. For are they so distressingly poor as in other parts of the country: their wants are few; turf for fuel they have for the fetching, grass for their cows in the bogs, and the sea supplies them with an abundance of fish far beyond what they can consume. For a landowner, inspired with a spirit of enterprise and a love of improvement, an inexhaustible field here presents itself. Were I a capitalist, this is the spot where I would settle.

My worthy host takes upon himself to forward this letter immediately. Heaven grant that it may find you in the same happy state of mind which has inspired it! Remember the favourite saying of my venerable ancestress,—'Cœur content, grand talent.'

Your truly devoted,

L——.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

Printed by Richard Taylor, Red Lion Court, Fleet Stree

00086143

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 16 January, 2016